This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

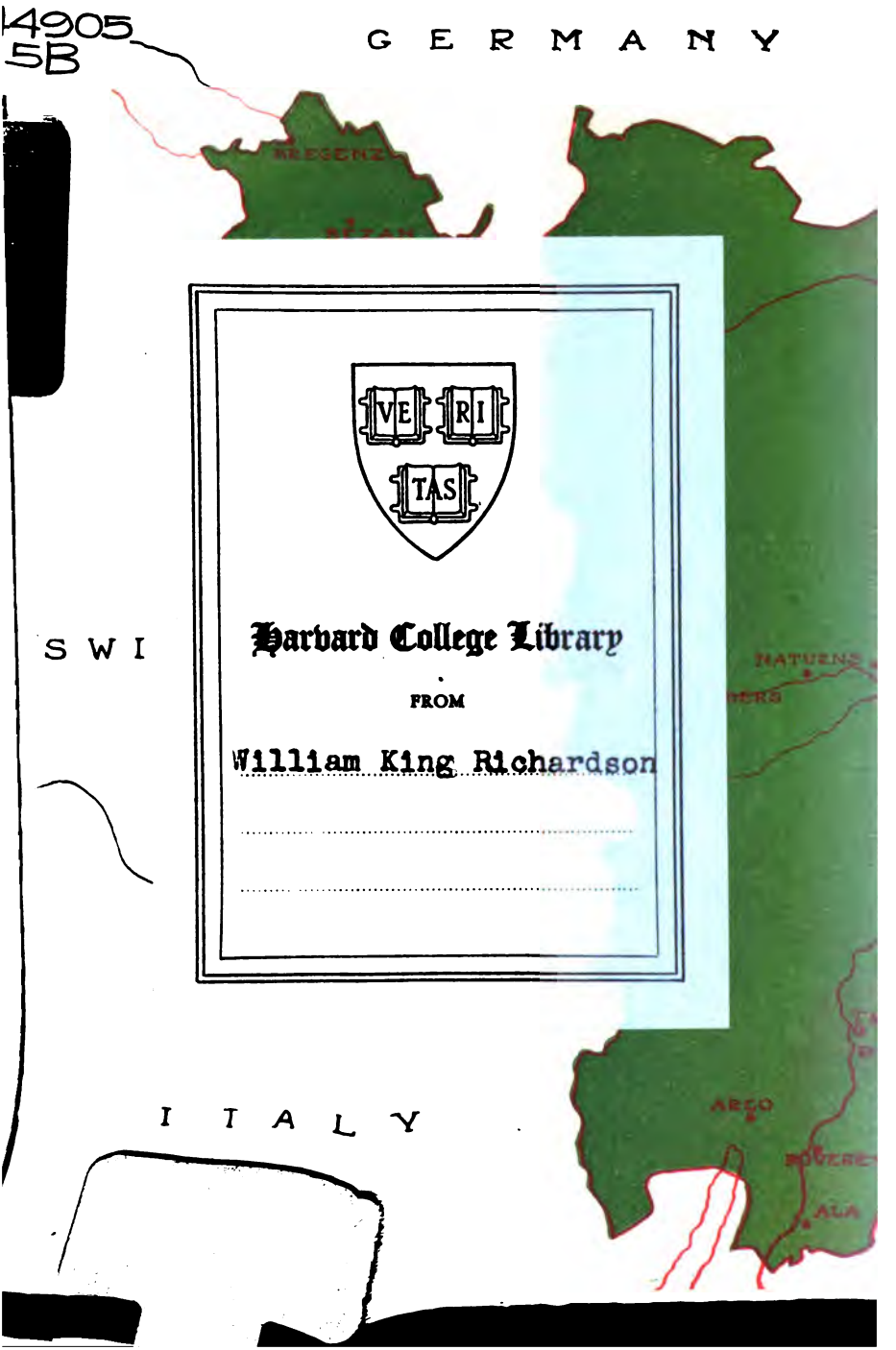
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

WIDENER
HN NYSI E

14905
5B



VE RI TAS

Harvard College Library

FROM

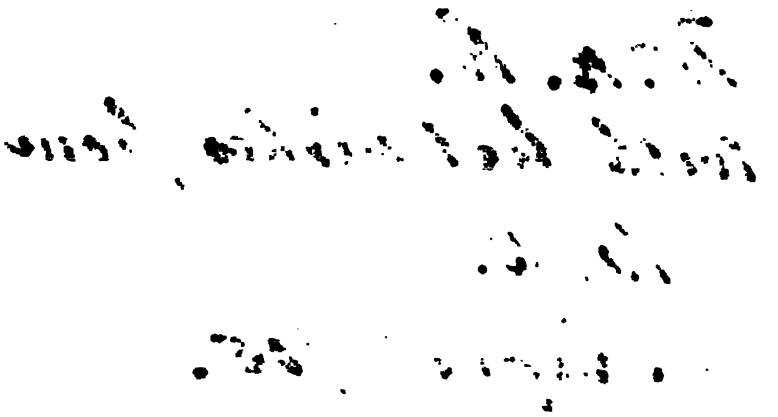
William King Richardson

AUSTRIA
ITALY

HONORE
ET
AMORE
EX LIBRIS
WILLIAM KING RICHARDSON

THE FAIR
LAND TYROL

F. K. R.
with best wishes from
W. S.
August 1905.



STATUE OF ANDREAS HOFER ON BERG ISEL

(See page 33)

The Tyrol

BY

W. F. McCracken

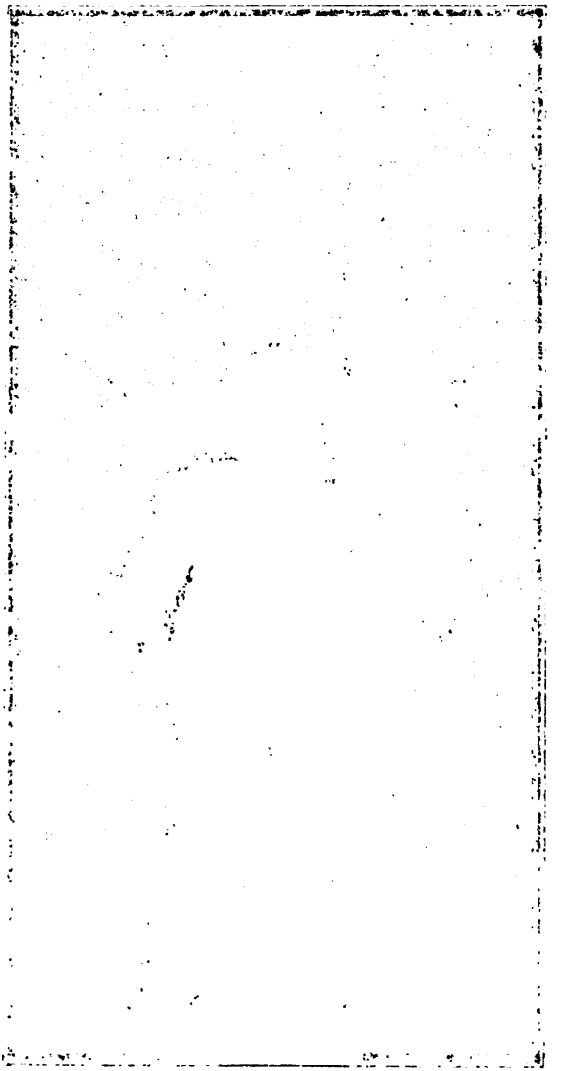
Author of "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland,"
"The Rise of the Swiss Republic," etc.

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

DUCKWORTH & CO

MDCCCCV



STATUE OF ANDREAS HOFER ON BERG ISEL

(see page 35)

The Tyrol

BY

W. D. McCrackan

Author of "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland," "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," etc.

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

DUCKWORTH & CO.

MDCCCCV

Aus 44905.5
B
✓

All rights reserved

COLONIAL PRESS
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

THIS

BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO MY DEAR BROTHER

Rev. John H. McCrackan

A LOVER OF THE TYROL

AND ITS PEOPLE

Some of the material contained in this book has already appeared in various periodicals: "Frescoes of Runkelstein" in Harper's Monthly Magazine; "The Sette Comuni" in The Bulletin of the American Geographical Society; "Andreas Hofer" in the New England Magazine; and "Toy Town and Toy Land" and "Trent" in The Churchman.

I take this opportunity of thanking the editors of the foregoing publications for permission to reprint.

My thanks are also due to the Curator of the Ferdinandeum at Innsbruck for kindly and courteous assistance and to Miss Charlotte H. Coursen, of New York, for the use of her Collection of Tyroliana.

THE AUTHOR.

FOREWORD

IN writing about a land and people the first thing needful is to bring appreciation and affection to the task. It is well to be able to discriminate in a kindly manner between the transitory idiosyncrasies of men and things and their enduring qualities; it is admirable to set aside the grotesque and the fantastical in behalf of the good, the true, and the beautiful; it is wise to be always just in estimating motives and acts; but it is more important still to admire and to write from the heart rather than from the head only.

No one can travel and tour in the Tyrol, see its glorious scenery, enjoy the hospitality of its inns, receive the pleasant deference, and hear the warm-hearted sentiments of its inhabitants, without learning to love both land and people.

It is the province of this book to praise, to repay in a measure the friendly reception which was everywhere accorded the writer, to wish good speed and long life to all the

dwellers in that greatly blessed and beautiful country, as well as to help the foreign wayfarer to a true understanding and full enjoyment of that happy land Tyrol.

It is not the purpose of the writer to attempt any profound analysis of things Tyrolese, but merely to set down here some of the characteristics which impress the visitor upon crossing the frontier. A change is apparent in men and manners, in habits and customs, in the speech, the dress, and the very carriage of the people. The scenery may not differ greatly from that of the rest of the Alps, the mountains, the torrents, and the forests may resemble each other, the very houses may look like those of Switzerland, Bavaria, and other highland districts, still at the frontier of the Tyrol a subtile change takes place in the general mental atmosphere, and this mental change translates itself naturally into visible differences and outward acts.

In the Tyrol, men, women, and children display a great fondness for greens of all shades, from yellow to grass and brown-greens. Especially is green the favourite colour for hats, but in many villages also for braids, embroideries, and other ornaments. While the men of Meran wear broad green

suspenders, at Lienz even green woollen trousers may be seen.

The moment you enter the country, you will also notice feathers on the hats, — generally the short, curly ones of the blackcock, or straight, defiant, eagle's quills, but often ordinary, every-day feathers, dropped by the barn-yard fowl. Strolling singers from the Zillerthal or the Salzkammergut usually display drooping white feathers, that make a wide sickle sweep at the back of the head.

The ornament known as the *Gamsbart,* or beard of the chamois, is not strictly a beard at all. In winter, namely, the hair of the chamois grows long and thick over the spine; this is cut off by the hunters, bunched together and worn at the back of the hat, side by side with the feather. The taller the tuft, the prouder the hunter.

The *Rücksack* is another distinctive possession of the Tyrolese, and their neighbours in the Eastern Alps. It is a simple loose sack of canvas, which hangs from the shoulders by straps, and settles in the small of the back in such a manner as to distribute the weight to the best possible advantage. Its colour, of course, is green.

The Tyrolese commonly harness one horse

to a carriage made for two. This may be noticed even of the cabs in Innsbruck. When two horses are used the custom prevails of passing an extra rein from the bit of the horse on the right hand to the whiffletree of the horse on the left. The explanation given is that the stronger horse is always placed on the right, and this check is intended to equalize the drawing-power of the two horses.

Not the least interest which attaches to the Tyrolese and their neighbours, is due to their speech. A common characteristic, is the broadening of the *a* until it becomes almost *oa, e. g.,* in *Wasser* the *a* is pronounced as in our English "water." This pronunciation is noticeable throughout the German-speaking portions of the Austrian empire, as well as in parts of Bavaria. Other vowels are modified in a similar manner, *e. g.,* in the Zillerthal *u* becomes *ü,* and *o, ö,* so that *du* is pronounced *dü,* and *so, sö.*

A peculiarity is the use of plural endings when the singular is meant; a man will order *"eine Flaschen Bier"* at the inn; the conductor shouts at the small stations, *"eine Minuten."*

The Tyrolese are ever ready to add a diminutive *erl* to their words in token of affection.

In the mouths of educated people, Austrian German becomes truly charming. Such dialect expressions as "*gehn's*" or "*gebn's her*" possess a certain quality which the niceties of mere literary language do not give.

In eating, it is well to remember that, off the beaten track, the Tyrol is not the land of table d'hôte dinners. The Crown Land possesses many splendid hotels with such dinners, but Austrians eat somewhat more frequently than we do, though not necessarily more. With them it is apparently a habit of "little and often." You order what you want from a bill of fare, which is often signed by the host with an engaging "respectfully yours." A very pretty expression is the *Wünsch gut zu speisen,* "Wish you may eat well," which is commonly said to you as the soup is brought in. When you have finished, you must call for the *Zahl Kellner,* or *Kellnerin,* the pay waiter or waitress, as the case may be, who alone is authorized to receive payment. You are expected to dictate what you have had to eat, while the pay-waiter jots down the items and renders the bill.

There are certain gradations in many a well-ordered Austrian hotel or restaurant

which present novel features. After the pay-waiter, in the family of waiters, come the *Speisenträger,* or carriers of the viands. Then comes a curious little specimen of humanity called facetiously the Piccolo, a boy in apprenticeship, between eight and fourteen years old. He wears a dress suit like his superiors, and carries the less weighty orders.

This elaborate order will not be found in the country inns, nor in the higher placed summer resorts, but a warm-hearted welcome, and the kindliest of attentions await the wayfarer and sojourner at every point in the country. Much old-fashioned hospitality and many pleasant old world ways attract the tourist and call forth responsive feelings of gratitude toward the Tyrolese. This friendly attitude on the part of the people constitutes a truly valuable possession, and by its results adds much to their popularity and general welfare.

The tourist can do much to make travel agreeable and profitable by meeting the Tyrolese at least half-way in their pleasant manners and their simple overtures toward friendship. Nothing but mutual benefit can come from a trip in the Tyrol, undertaken under such circumstances, and lasting good should surely

result from the inspiration which the mountains shed broadcast over the traveller's stay in the Tyrol.

A breath of exalting power passes from range to range. Exquisite colours continue a constant interplay upon the mountain flanks, from the sombre bases to the topmost peaks of white. The torrents flow swift and gray from the glaciers into the lower valleys, where, purified by their headlong struggle, they gleam clear and clean under the sun. It is they which feed the transparent lakes of green and blue that fill the pockets of the Alps, and make up their gems and jewelry.

Within the sweet-scented forests of the lower slopes, the hares, squirrels, and some lesser game birds seek shelter and protection. On the timber line the splendid blackcock flies, while beyond the utmost trees, on green oases, watered by the melting of snow, the chamois graze on the watch, and the marmot colonies dig their holes. Up there the stretches of grass are brilliant with clusters of vivid blue gentians, the slopes rejoice in the friendly red of the alpine roses, massed against green hillsides in ordered rows, or bordering the sharp edges of the crags like decorative hedges. On bare summits, and

beside the abrupt precipices, the edelweiss, hiding from the curiosity seeker, imitates the limestone and the granite with its inconspicuous gray and buff.

Between the timber line and the perpetual snow line lie the thrice-blessed summer pastures, carpeted for many thousand cattle. The summer pasture, known in the Eastern Alps as the *alm,* and in Switzerland as the *alp,* is a world apart, with occupations, manners and customs, joys and sorrows, songs and sayings, and men and women of its own.

Perchance, after the sights of the lower valleys have been visited and praised, the call to mount higher will come, and other sights and sounds will please and fill out the memory of your trip in the Tyrol with the tinkling of bells, the smile of flowery slopes, and the peace and serenity of this upper world of the earth.

One of the many charms of the Alps consists in their intimate appeal to the affections. With all their grandeur and immensity, in spite of their perils and difficulties, the Alps invite a closer and kindlier memory by reason of the presence of man and the signs of man's activity throughout their length and breadth. No recess seems too secluded or remote, no

slope too steep, no corner too abrupt, and no fleck of grass too tiny to escape the mountain craft of the alpine dwellers. Even the perpetual snow can no longer exclude the railroad, the shelter hut and the observatory.

Casual visitors must be impressed with this happy characteristic, and for the student and lover of the Alps it forms a striking feature to be long remembered.

The valleys are cultivated with utmost minuteness, and in small patches, so that their variegated crops present an aspect of singular picturesqueness.

The forests are tended with special care, because they form a screen against the high lying masses of snow in winter, and afford a partial shelter against the avalanches.

The rivers, torrents, and brooks are as completely as possible controlled with stone sluiceways, breakwaters, and guards.

The summer pastures, offering grazing-ground for the cattle during fully half the year, are preserved and nourished almost as industriously as the hay-fields in the lower valleys. On many an *alm* the loose stones which have splintered away and rolled down from above are gathered into heaps, and thus new

ground won for the sprouting grass and the sweet flowers.

Elsewhere the rivulets and brooks from the melting snow are guided over the slopes in miniature canals, and made to irrigate the fields.

Great industry and tireless activity is apparent in the Alps, and the traveller cannot fail to admire the results in enhanced productions and beauty.

What shall be said of the alpine dwellings? What adequate return can be made by the traveller for the sight of cozy cottages, picturesque and high-perched against the sombre scenery of rocks and ravines? Who can measure the gratitude due to the pioneers who penetrated into the primeval forests in the centuries long passed, cut their clearings for the hungry cattle and the rude crops, overcame the wild beasts in their lairs and the eagles in their eyries, laid out the first zigzags up the frowning slopes and over the connecting saddles and mountain passes, and built the primitive timbered huts, which have formed the basis of alpine architecture pretty much over the whole range from Styria to Savoy.

The general tendency in the Alps is to build

in wood where the forests are abundant and best preserved. The wooden house is also found principally in the Teutonic portions of the Alps, the stone house generally betraying the nearness of Romance influences.

In the Tyrol the house built entirely of wood is not as often seen as, for instance, in the Bernese Oberland in Switzerland, at least the substructure and the first story of the Tyrolese house being generally built of stone and mortar, and mural paintings of historical and ethical interest abound throughout the Crown Land.

In Italian-speaking Tyrol, wooden houses disappear almost entirely except in such districts as that of Auronzo, where noble forests and wood in plenty lie close at hand for building purposes. But the Tyrol surpasses the rest of the Alps in its array of castles, which smile or frown from crag and plateau in brilliant and bewildering array.

Thus, even to the robber knights of old, some thanks are due from tourist and traveller for their good taste in selecting apt and noble sites for their dwellings.

Then let the journey in the land Tyrol be punctuated with words and works of genuine appreciation for the good, the true, and the

beautiful, so greatly in evidence on peak and plain. May good-will pervade, and fraternal fellow-feeling mark the traveller's days, so that in the retrospect the memories evoked may radiate health and happiness and a pardonable desire to return and revisit.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	INNSBRUCK — AN ALPINE CAPITAL	3
II.	THE HOFKIRCHE — TYROL'S WESTMINSTER ABBEY	15
III.	MAXIMILIAN — THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS (1459–1519)	21
IV.	ROUND ABOUT INNSBRUCK	32
V.	PHILIPPINE WELSER (1527–1580)	39
VI.	THE VORARLBERG APPROACH	45
VII.	DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE INN	53
VIII.	KITZBÜHEL — LIFE ON THE ALM	68
IX.	THE ACHENSEE	76
X.	THE ZILLERTHAL	80
XI.	OVER THE BRENNER PASS	89
XII.	THE PUSTERTHAL	97
XIII.	FRANZ VON DEFREGGER: PAINTER OF THE PEOPLE	113
XIV.	BRIXEN	128
XV.	THE GRÖDEN VALLEY	134
XVI.	TWO MINNESINGERS	143
XVII.	THE BASIN OF BOZEN	157
XVIII.	THE ROSENGARTEN — A GARDEN OF ROSES	167
XIX.	THE FRESCOES OF RUNKELSTEIN	177
XX.	MERAN, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF TYROL	186
XXI.	ANDREAS HOFER (1767–1809)	197
XXII.	THE VINTSGAU	217

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXIII.	ABOVE THE SNOW LINE	223
XXIV.	THE ORTLER: THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE TYROL	227
XXV.	TRENT	239
XXVI.	DANTE IN THE TRENTINO	247
XXVII.	VALSUGANA	256
XXVIII.	THE SETTE COMUNI: A TEUTONIC SURVIVAL ON ITALIAN SOIL	264
XXIX.	THE DOLOMITES	278
XXX.	A STRING OF PEARLS: PRIMOLANO, PRIMIERO, PANEVEGGIO, PREDAZZO, AND PERRA	284
XXXI.	CORTINA DI AMPEZZO	296
XXXII.	FROM CORTINA TO PIEVE DI CADORE .	301
XXXIII.	TO CORVARA	308

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
STATUE OF ANDREAS HOFER ON BERG ISEL (*See page 33*)	*Frontispiece*
INNSBRUCK	4
INNSBRUCK: ARCH OF MARIA THERESA — HOUSE OF THE GOLDEN ROOF	6
STATUE OF KING ARTHUR OF ENGLAND IN INNSBRUCK	16
STATUE OF THEODORIC IN INNSBRUCK	18
MARBLE TABLET ON TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN IN INNSBRUCK	26
CASTLE AMBRAS	37
LANDECK	50
MÜNZERTHURM IN HALL	56
MAN OF KUFSTEIN	67
WOMEN OF THE ZILLERTHAL AND INNTHAL	84
STERZING	91
MITTEWALD AND PFLERSCH ON THE BRENNER ROUTE	93
CASTLE BRUNECK	101
THE ZITHER-PLAYER (*From painting by Franz von Defregger*)	120
CASTLE TROSTBURG	134
KLAUSEN	144
STATUE OF WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE IN BOZEN	162
THE ROSENGARTEN	167
CASTLE KARNEID	174

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
CASTLE RUNKELSTEIN	178
MERAN AND ITS PEASANTS	186
CASTLE TYROL FROM THE SOUTHEAST AND WEST	190
IN THE PASSEIER VALLEY	200
INNS IN THE PASSEIER VALLEY	213
SCHLANDERS IN THE VINTSGAU	219
THE ORTLER FROM TRAFOI	228
SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE IN TRENT, WHERE THE COUNCIL WAS HELD	245
STATUE OF DANTE IN TRENT	247
CORTINA DI AMPEZZO	296
ANNEX OF HOTEL AQUILA NERA IN CORTINA DI AMPEZZO	298
THE DÜRRENSEE AND MONTE CRISTALLO	312

NORTHERN TYROL

The Fair Land Tyrol

CHAPTER I

INNSBRUCK — AN ALPINE CAPITAL

INNSBRUCK is preëminently the alpine capital of Europe. The mountains seem to block the ends of its streets. The houses look as though they ran right up against a lofty range, which is white most of the year and only turns gray for the summer months.

Let every place receive its due. Innsbruck lies 1,880 feet above the level of the sea, higher than Salzburg, higher than Zürich, Luzern, and Bern, higher even than Interlaken. Truly, Innsbruck is under the very shadow of the mountains, closely overtopped. At the same time the plain of the river Inn widens here to its greatest extent, allowing the eye to

range southward over Berg Isel and the charming foot-hills of the Mittelgebirge sown with white villages, church steeples, cultivated fields and wooded groves. These foot-hills rise like terraces toward the higher mountains of the Patscher Kofel and the pyramidal Waldrast Spitze, or Serles Spitze. East and west the valley of the Inn lies flat and streaked with long strips of real American corn, while the stream itself glitters under the sun, coiling its way between narrowing ranges into remote mauve and blue monotones, where stands the Kaisergebirge and Kufstein lies.

Innsbruck is a full-fledged city, containing, with its suburbs, more than fifty thousand inhabitants. It has its rows of stores, its churches, theatres, museums, monuments, cafés, and its special industries. It has an imperial palace, military barracks, a university, schools, and even a botanical garden; but when you look up from the Maria Theresienstrasse, you think you must be in some village summer resort. While the city basks warm in the lap of civilization, the cool clouds drift over the savage scene above. In this contrast lies the chief charm of Innsbruck. While you enjoy the art treasures in the Hof-

INNSBRUCK

kirche and the Museum Ferdinandeum, while you dine at the restaurant, or hear good music of an evening in the concert halls, while everything down below seems to be cozy and comfortable in a warm-hearted Tyrolese world, up there the Frau Hitt, the Hafelekar, the Rumer Spitze, or whatever those fantastic peaks may be called, turn a cold shoulder upon you, and sometimes even in the height of summer suddenly appear white, Arctic, and remote.

Innsbruck (*The Bridge-over-the-Inn*) is well placed to catch the tourist travel, being at the intersection of an international traffic that passes from Paris to Vienna, and from Berlin to Rome, over the Arlberg and Brenner routes.

In the height of the season the place makes a distinctly gay impression. Travellers come from pretty much everywhere, but the greatest contingents flock in from near-by Germany, and from other provinces of Austria itself. These Teutonic contingents enliven the streets with their cheery enthusiasm. Mountaineers in costume range the city, doing a little sightseeing; peasant women return from market with baskets on their arms, wearing black felt sailor hats, heavily embroidered in gold

under the brim, and flying two long ribbons at the back. Porters in brilliant red and green caps wait, not too impatiently, at the street corners; cabs, pulled by one horse, though made for two, stand by the curb, and officers in uniform clink their swords on the pavements. There is everywhere a great deal of green, and a great many feathers point in a great many different directions, to show that we are really in the Tyrol at last.

Nobody can be more than a few hours in Innsbruck without passing through the Maria Theresienstrasse; if for no other reason, because the K. K. Post Office is there with its *Poste Restante*. At one end of the street rises a triumphal arch, erected by the citizens in 1765, in commemoration of the visit of Emperor Francis I. and Maria Theresa to the city on the occasion of the marriage of Archduke Leopold to the Infanta Maria Ludovica. As the wedding festivities were suddenly stopped by the death of Emperor Francis I., only the southern side of the arch displays symbols of joy, the northern being decorated with those of sorrow.

Farther down, in the middle of the busy street, stands the Annasäule. It is a shaft rising from an ornate pedestal, and crowned

ARCH OF MARIA THERESA

HOUSE OF THE GOLDEN ROOF

INNSBRUCK

by a figure. The sculpture is unmistakably Italian, and so we are not surprised that a certain Benedetti from Castione near Trent was its maker. This monument celebrates the expulsion of the Bavarians and French from Tyrolese soil on St. Anne's day (July 26, 1703) during the War of the Spanish Succession. It was unveiled on another St. Anne's day, in 1706.

Some noteworthy houses flank the Maria Theresienstrasse. No. 18, for instance, the former Oesterreichischer Hof, has a court façade, frescoed by Ferdinand Wagner; large figures represent Industry, Good Fortune, Prudence, Honesty, Commerce and Competition. Almost opposite is a house decorated by a bust of the poet Hermann von Gilm, to denote where he was born. The Ottenthalhaus has frescoes by Plattner (the Virgin and five famous Tyrolese, Peter Anich, Andreas Hofer, Oswald von Wolkenstein, Count Frederick, "With the Empty Pockets," and Jos. Ant. Koch). The Landhaus contains a hall of sessions for the Tyrolese Landtag, lighted by fine stained-glass windows. The K. K. Post and Telegraph Offices are lodged in the former palace of Thurn and Taxis.

The so-called Paris Saal is rich in frescoes by Knoller.

In spite of these many evidences of culture, every time you look up to the heights, there are the limestone peaks peeping into the street, to remind you that you are in an Alpine city after all.

When the snow melts in spring, certain fantastic figures in black stand out from the snow on the limestone range, — veritable silhouettes on a grand scale. These are called locally *Ausaperungsfiguren.* A sudden south wind may bring them to life in a night, or a day's sunshine free them from their white shroud. There are groups called "The Torch-bearer and the Angel," the "Landsknecht," "The Hunter and Dog," "The Water-carrier," "The Witch," and "The Knitting Woman." The townspeople have learned to look for these recurring images, and to measure the approach of warmer weather by them.

At its northern end the Maria Theresienstrasse suddenly contracts and becomes the Herzog-Friedrichstrasse. You find yourself in mediæval Innsbruck, caught in the half-light of quaint and curious arcades. Many bow windows and hanging signs project into the street. A very ordinary-looking house,

with a very extraordinary balcony, closes the vista of the Herzog-Friedrichstrasse. It is the house of the "Goldene Dachl," — of the Golden Roof. The balcony consists of two stories, supported from the ground by delicate arches, the balustrades being decorated with carved armorial bearings in marble, and the walls with paintings. The roof, the Dachl, is covered with gilded copper tiles. The style is late Gothic, and the whole is brilliantly pictorial. The Goldene Dachl has now undergone a complete restoration. After being hidden from public view for many months, it was unveiled again on Aug. 3, 1899. The stone-cutters and fresco-painters had effected a transformation, and the 3,450 tiles had been regilded at an expense of about eight thousand gulden.

For a long time it was supposed that the Goldene Dachl owed its origin to that popular favourite, Count Frederick of Tyrol, nicknamed "With the Empty Pockets." The story went that he deliberately built this costly gilded roof in order to disprove the slur implied by his nickname. The fact is that Frederick built the house, but not the ornate balcony nor its gilded roof. It was the Emperor Maximilian who added these

features after his second marriage, the one with Bianca Maria Sforza of Milan. The date 1500 is to be read above the central window.

In the little square where the house of the Goldene Dachl stands, you cannot fail to notice a highly decorated rococo house, the Hölblinghaus. Near by, too, rises the Stadtthurm, which is often climbed for the view. Around the corner is the Gasthof zum Goldenen Adler, the Inn of the Golden Eagle, where so many celebrities have lodged in their day: Goethe, Heine, Andreas Hofer, and crowned heads like Emperor Joseph II., King Ludwig of Bavaria, and Gustave III. of Sweden. The proprietor will show you the middle window from which Andreas Hofer is said to have delivered his speech to the crowd in the street, on August 15, 1809. This was after the third battle on Berg Isel, when Andreas Hofer entered Innsbruck as the victorious commander-in-chief. A copy of this speech and two portraits of the hero are shown in the inn. Goethe was here in 1790, accompanying the widowed Duchess Amalie of Sachsen-Weimar. The room he occupied is now adorned with a bust. Heine wrote that he found such naturally antagonistic portraits

as those of Andreas Hofer, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Ludwig of Bavaria hanging peacefully side by side in the dining-room. Niebuhr also visited the inn.

There are many interesting features about mediæval Innsbruck which deserve to be noticed. The Ottoburg, for instance, is the oldest building in the city. It was the original castle of the Andechs family. Frederick, "With the Empty Pockets," inhabited the house with the Goldene Dachl. During the reign of Maximilian I., the seat of local authority was transferred to a castle which stood on the site of the present Hofburg. This modern Hofburg was patched together by Maria Theresa at the end of the last century, out of the remaining parts of the former castle. It looks rather bare and barrack-like on the outside, but there are some fine rooms in the interior, and a Riesensaal with pictures by Maulbertsch.

For a complete review of life in the Tyrol, it is well to visit the handsome, well-appointed Ferdinandeum on the Museumstrasse. If you have special studies to pursue, you will find the Custos a learned, and, what is more, an enthusiastic guide.

There is a rich archæological collection,

containing among its rarest objects the coffin of a Longobardian prince, which was ornamented with gold bands and contained a golden cross. It was found at Civezzano, near Trent. In another room are the globes made by the peasant geographer, Peter Anich; also peasant costumes, musical instruments and carnival masks. Philippine Welser's jewel-case is shown, as well as a priest's vestment embroidered by her. Special care is bestowed on the souvenirs of Andreas Hofer, Speckbacher, and Haspinger, which are viewed by the Tyrolese with almost religious feelings. Among the paintings of modern Tyrolese artists, there is Karl Anrather's "Chancellor Biener," but, best of all, there is the Defregger rotunda, where the master's pictures relating to the war of 1809 are exhibited. Only three of the paintings, however, are actual originals: (1) "Speckbacher and his son Anderl in the Inn of the Bear at St. Johann;" (2) "The Three Patriots, Andreas Hofer, Speckbacher, and Haspinger;" and (3) "The Innkeeper's Son" (the son of the Tharer Wirth at Olang in the Pusterthal). The rest are copies of Defregger's masterpieces made by his pupils under his personal supervision: "Speckbacher's

Call to Arms" (the original in the possession of Herr Franz Lipperleid in Matzen, near Brixlegg); "The Mountain Forge" (original in the Dresden Gallery); "The Last Ban" (original in the Kunsthistorische Museum in Vienna); "The Return of the Victors" (original in Berlin); "Hofer in the Castle of Innsbruck" (original in the possession of the Emperor Francis Joseph); "Hofer Going to Execution" (original in Kõnigsberg).

A valuable library of Tyroliana is also maintained by the Ferdinandeum. Here, too, are kept the archives of the German and Austrian Alpine Club.

Take it all in all, there is a great deal of individuality about this Alpine capital. Innsbruck does not go to sleep in the winter, but has become a popular resort all the year round, where the pleasures of open air, out-of-door life are made accessible to a growing contingent of visitors.

Pretty much everything in the way of educational facilities is provided by the city. There are babies in the kindergarten and students in the university. There are all manner of games and amusements. There is a theatre; a panorama of the Battle of Berg

Isel; a relief model of the Tyrol, and a permanent industrial exhibition; while the brand-new Stadtsäle supply concerts. Beyond the Hofgarten park, on the banks of the Inn, a peasant theatre gives representations of highly romantic knightly plays, or of droll, local comedies. Innsbruck, being the capital of a province, is also the seat of a governor, and the headquarters of an Austrian army corps of several thousand men.

Hence, let us rejoice in Innsbruck, while the dear old peaks of the limestone ridge look down as severely as they may, or withdraw within their circling clouds; let the rapid Inn whirl by in a gray flood of melted snow, while the winds sweep across the meadow-lands, or whisper through the rustling patches of corn; let the sun lighten the mountain flanks and the groups of young trees in the forests; let the smell of flowers hover over the sloping pastures, while the smoke of pine-wood fires, rising from many a high-placed alm, denotes the meek and humble homes of the sturdy toilers in the heights.

CHAPTER II

THE HOFKIRCHE — TYROL'S WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE Emperor Maximilian I. made arrangements during his lifetime for a sumptuous, monumental tomb to himself, and this was slowly finished in the course of the sixteenth century. To-day the tomb and its accompanying statues almost fill the church. The Hofkirche has become the veritable Westminster Abbey of the Tyrol. For not only does it contain the tomb of Maximilian I., but also that of the national hero of the war of 1809, Andreas Hofer. On either side of the latter lie his companions in arms, Josef Speckbacher and Joachim Haspinger.

When you enter the Hofkirche, a certain lightness of form makes itself felt. Ten lofty red marble columns rise to the ceiling, which is decorated in rococo, and in the centre Maximilian in bronze is represented, kneeling on a monster marble sarcophagus. He is clad

in crown and armour and in imperial robe. Twenty-eight bronze figures surround the tomb, acting as the mourners and torch-bearers. All but two of these figures have the right hand stretched forward, and their hands rounded as in the act of holding torches.

It is said that Maximilian himself chose the personages who were to do court duty around his tomb. Twenty-three of the twenty-eight were ancestors of his, or contemporary relatives, male or female; five were his favourite heroes of antiquity. Among the latter stands King Arthur of England.

The writer first saw this statue one mid-winter day, just before Christmas, while passing through Innsbruck on the way to Meran. It was then little known in England or America, and has, in fact, only recently become well known to the outside world at large. In making the round of the bronze figures, the writer suddenly came upon this masterpiece among them, and was amazed that the whole world had not long since sung its praises. Americans may justly feel proud of the fact that the first plaster cast ever made from the King Arthur statue was one for the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The cura-

STATUE OF KING ARTHUR OF ENGLAND
IN INNSBRUCK

tor of that institution deserves much credit in having popularized this artistic treasure among Americans.

King Arthur stands erect; a tall, soldierly young man. The pose is faultless. It is one of military readiness and alertness, yet without provocation. The whole forms an ideal of knighthood which recalls the age of chivalry at its best. The head is encased in a close-fitting helmet, the ornate visor is turned up, showing a manly face of the Teutonic order. One can almost imagine the eyes to be blue and the hair blond. Arthur wears a costly breastplate, plain greaves, and pointed shoes, while he holds the shield of Great Britain in one hand.

It is now generally conceded that Peter Vischer, of Nürnberg, was the maker of this statue of King Arthur.

Another statue ascribed to Peter Vischer is that of Theodoric the Great (Dietrich von Bern), King of the Goths, or *Konig der Goott,* as the inscription reads.

It seems quite probable that the same man served as model for both statues, but Theodoric, though he has his fine points, is no King Arthur. He leans somewhat too dejectedly upon his halberd, to inspire the same

admiration. Still Theodoric finds favour with many sightseers, and copies of this work are to be seen in the store windows almost as often as those of King Arthur.

Beginning on the right as we enter, we find (1) Chlodwig, King of the Franks, a powerful-looking warrior, with curly beard and spiked crown. (2) Philip I., surnamed the Handsome, King of Spain, eldest son of Maximilian, a young man with classic features, and an air of much distinction. (3) The Emperor Rudolf of Habsburg, who wears his hair plastered very smooth down to his neck, where it curls up stiffly. (4) Duke Albrecht II., surnamed the Wise. (5) Theodoric the Great. (6) Duke Ernest of Austria and Styria. (7) Theodobert, Duke of Burgundy, who is entirely encased in most elaborate armour. (8) King Arthur. (9) Archduke Sigismund of Austria. (10) Bianca Maria Sforza, second wife of Maximilian. (11) Margaret, his daughter. (12) Cymburgis, wife of Ernest, Duke of Austria and Styria. The statues of (13) Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, and of his father (14) Philip the Good, are sharply contrasted. Charles is represented as a cheerful, happy, and wholesome sort of man, while the good Philip is given

STATUE OF THEODORIC IN INNSBRUCK

a somewhat unsympathetic appearance. (15) Emperor Albrecht II. (16) Emperor Frederick III., father of Maximilian. (17) Leopold III., Margrave of Austria. (18) Count Rudolf of Habsburg, grandfather of the Emperor Rudolf. (19) Duke Leopold III. of Austria, who fell at Sempach, fighting against the Swiss. (20) Frederick IV., Count of Tyrol, surnamed "With the Empty Pockets." (21) Emperor Albrecht I. (22) Godfrey de Bouillon, with a crown of thorns. (23) Elizabeth of Hungary, wife of Albrecht II. (24) Mary of Burgundy, first wife of Maximilian. (25) Eleonora of Portugal, the mother of Maximilian. (26) Kunigunde, sister of Maximilian. (27) Ferdinand of Aragon. (28) Johanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and wife of Philip I., surnamed the Handsome, Maximilian's son.

The bronze figure of Maximilian himself is by Ludovico Scalza, called Del Duca, while the four allegories of Justice, Prudence, Strength, and Wisdom, are by Hans Lendenstreich.

The authorship of the surrounding bronze statues is no longer in doubt. Apart from those of King Arthur and Theodoric, which, as already stated, were by Peter Vischer of

Nürnberg, they have all been identified as the work of Gilg Sesselschreiber of Munich, of Stephan Godl of Nürnberg, or of Christoph Amberger of Nürnberg. There was a foundry at Mühlau near Innsbruck, where almost all the casting was done.

It is evident that a big book could be written around these personages, and made to cover the history of Europe during several centuries.

Twenty-four reliefs in marble decorate the sides of the great sarcophagus on which Maximilian kneels. They may well be described as veritable pictures in stone of Carrara, as fine as ivory. So delicate is the workmanship that they are kept under glass, and one has to secure the services of the custodian to open the screen which surrounds the sarcophagus. In making the rounds as a tourist, it is, of course, difficult to estimate such minute work at its full value. The scenes represent various striking incidents in Maximilian's reign. All but three tablets in the series are by that Alexandre Colin who, though born at Malines, in Flanders, lived forty years in Innsbruck, and died there in 1612. The remaining three are by Bernhard and Arnold Abel of Cologne.

CHAPTER III

MAXIMILIAN — THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS (1459 - 1519)

WE cannot do much sightseeing in Innsbruck, or for that matter in the Tyrol at large, without continually coming upon traces of Emperor Maximilian I., of the house of Habsburg-Austria.

His was an all-pervading personality, filling his age, and leaving a trail of legends to his credit in the mouths of his people. What did Maximilian I. look like? He was a man with an aquiline nose set in a broad face, with a delicately chiselled mouth, of which the lower lip protruded slightly, with keen, dark eyes, and long hair hanging to his shoulders, — he had the face of an artist, strong and sensitive, romantic and imaginative. His personality was commanding, yet full of temperament, full of kindliness. These traits appear in the many portraits of him which are extant, whether we take that su-

perb portrait by Bernhard Strigel in the Pinakothek at Munich, his full face, by Lucas of Leyden, in the Gemäldegalerie of Vienna, his kneeling figure in Bernardo Zernale's picture in the Pinacoteca of Milan, his profile by Ambrose de Predis in the Kunsthistorische Museum in Vienna, or, finally, that portrait by Albrecht Dürer, showing him in his declining years, which is now kept in the Gemäldegalerie in Vienna. The features are everywhere the same, even on numerous medals, coins, and in woodcuts.

The marble tablets that surround Maximilian's cenotaph, in the Hofkirche, tell the story of his life. Let us turn the leaves of that illustrated text-book. We find, (1) "The Wedding of Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy." Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, had no son to succeed him. He left an only daughter, Mary, who presently found herself beset with difficulties, plunged into that network of intrigue into which the wily Louis XI. had drawn her father, the Swiss Confederates, and the house of Habsburg. She found her subjects in Flanders rebellious, at the same time that Louis XI. was drawing the duchy of Burgundy to himself and pressing upon her the unwelcome suit of his son.

In her troubles she appealed to young Maximilian, her betrothed from childhood. He started for Flanders to protect his bride, and to fight the King of France. He was only eighteen at the time, and she twenty. The wedding took place on August 19, 1477.

It is not often that people marry for politics and find love, but the marriage of these two young people, who had never seen each other before, certainly proved an exception to the rule. Their children were Philip, born in 1478, and Margaret in 1480. Mary of Burgundy was a young woman of considerable charm. Her portraits do not show great beauty, but her eyes were attractive, her temperament bright, her carriage graceful, and she proved an eager companion for Maximilian on his rides and hunting expeditions. There is a touching little woodcut extant, in which the young couple are shown sitting together: Maximilian teaching his bride German and she teaching him French.

In 1479 Maximilian defeated the French in (2) "The Battle of Guinegate."

But his married happiness came to an end in 1481. In the spring of that year Mary accompanied her husband on one of his expeditions, and during the hunt her horse stum-

bled, threw her, and finally fell upon her. She died of her injuries, and was buried in the cathedral in Bruges, where the body of her father, Charles the Bold, already lay.

(3) "The Storming of Arras," 1482.

In 1486, Maximilian's father, the Emperor Frederick III., called an imperial diet of the Princes Electors, to Frankfurt, to determine the succession. A marble tablet represents: (4) "The Coronation of Maximilian as Roman King," 1486. The festivities at Aachen were on a sumptuous scale. After a triumphal entry into the city, Maximilian was crowned in the minster with the Roman crown, then he sat in Charlemagne's stone chair and knighted two hundred followers. A whole ox was roasted for the populace; inside the ox was a pig, inside the pig a goose, inside the goose a chicken, and so on to the smaller animals. This has been aptly called an example of the "grotesque gastronomy" of those days.

(5) "Victory of the Tyrolese over the Venetians at Calliano, on the Adige between Trent and Rovereto," 1487. In the meantime Maximilian, the Habsburg widower, began to look about him for a second wife. He first applied for the hand of a daughter

of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. His overtures were not received. Two years later he turned his attention upon Anne, the young Duchess of Brittany. He offered his hand and was accepted. Anne of Brittany was hardly more than a child, and had been much attracted by what she had heard of Maximilian. But political necessity overthrew this project. As once before, the French broke into Maximilian's plans. Young Charles VIII., son of Louis XI., made war upon Anne's possessions, undermined her authority, and brought her into his power. As Maximilian did not come to her aid, he being involved in affairs in Hungary, she at first decided to go to him. But at the last moment, the poor young thing, hemmed in on all sides, gave up this attempt, and ended by marrying Charles VIII. and becoming Queen of France.

Vienna had for several years been held by Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, but upon his death there followed the (6) "Entry of Maximilian into Vienna after its abandonment by the Hungarians," 1490. This was followed by a short campaign in Hungary itself to establish the rule of Habsburg there. (7) "The Storming of Stuhl-

weissenburg," the city where the Hungarian kings were crowned, 1490.

Maximilian's grievance against Charles VIII. of France was twofold, — not only had he robbed him of his bride, but he had broken his engagement with Maximilian's daughter, Margaret, who had been betrothed to Charles since childhood. Maximilian had given her in charge of Louis XI. when she was only two years old. She had grown up at the French court. Now Charles held Margaret as hostage on account of Artois and Franche Comté, which were her dowry. Maximilian, deeply humiliated, was eager for war, but managed to obtain a treaty which gave him back his daughter and her dowry in lands.

(8) "Return of Margaret," in 1493.

Maximilian's second wife was Bianca Maria Sforza, niece of Ludovico Moro of Milan. A portrait of her by Ambrose de Predis, now kept in the Gemäldegalerie in Vienna, shows the pure Italian oval of her face, and a quaint and dainty arrangement of hair and jewelry. This marriage brought Maximilian four hundred thousand ducats in cash, and an opportunity of extending his power over the Alps into the rich plains of

MARBLE TABLET ON TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN IN INNSBRUCK

Lombardy. The wedding took place in Innsbruck in 1494.

(9) "Expulsion of the Turks from Croatia."

The mere mention of the subjects depicted in the tablets shows Maximilian's restless activity.

(10) "Alliance between Maximilian, Pope Alexander VI., Venice, and the Duke of Milan against Charles VIII. of France."

(11) "Investment of Ludovico Sforza with the Duchy of Milan."

(12) "Wedding of Philip, Maximilian's eldest son, to Johanna of Arragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella."

In the same year Margaret was married to Johanna's brother, Don Juan.

(13) "Victory of Maximilian over the Bohemians at Regensburg," 1504.

(14) "Siege of Kufstein," 1504.

(15) "Taking of Guelders," 1505.

(16) "The League of Cambrai," 1508.

(17) "Entry into Padua."

(18) "Expulsion of the French from Milan," 1512.

(19) "The Second Victory at Guinegate," the Battle of the Spurs, 1513.

(20) "Meeting of Maximilian with Henry

VIII. of England at the Siege of Tournai," 1513.

(21) "Battle of Vicenza against the Venetians," 1513.

(22) "Battle of Murano," 1514.

(23) "Double wedding of Ferdinand, Maximilian's grandson, and Maria, his granddaughter, with Anne and Ludwig, children of Vladislaw, King of Hungary," 1515.

(24) "Defence of Verona against the French and Venetians," 1516.

The marble tablets of the Hofkirche, no less than the bronze figures which stand around the sarcophagus, recall many decisive moments in the world's history.

The name of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, recalls his attempt to found a middle kingdom between France and Germany. The mention of Louis XI. of France brings forward historical events of great moment. Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain are brought into the story at the very time when Christopher Columbus was discovering our new world. The tablets show us the Republic of Venice at the beginning of its decline, and the Swiss Confederation at the height of its military power. They give us a kaleidoscopic

picture comprising also Hungary, Turkey, and the Papal States. In them we are reminded of that long struggle for the possession of the duchy of Milan; of the Flemish cities with their wealthy and independent citizens; of many leagues, marriages, and festivities. But Maximilian marches from one tablet to another, *débonnaire* and mediæval. He goes a-hunting between chapters in history-making; and appears now and again in his character of "The Last of the Knights." Throughout his life Maximilian remained proud of the house of Habsburg, and did not hesitate to place on his seal that play upon the vowels: A, E, I, O, U, which reads, *Alles Erdreich Ist Oesterreich Unterthan,* All the World is Austria's Subject.

It is to be observed that nothing appears in these tablets to show Maximilian's defeat at the hands of the Swiss Confederates in 1499; and nothing of his imprisonment in his own castle by his Flemish subjects soon after his coronation. In truth, our hero was not always victorious. The tremendous hold which he obtained upon the popular imagination must be sought in certain personal traits, in his activity, his generosity, his interest in

the life and pursuits of the people, as distinguished from the aristocracy, and especially in his patronage of the arts and sciences.

He caused certain series of woodcuts to be made to celebrate the deeds of the house of Habsburg and of himself. The first series, by Hans Burgkmair of Augsburg, was called "Geneologie." It contained seventy-seven drawings of Maximilian's ancestors in the flesh and in fantasy, beginning with Hector, Priam's son.

Then came the "Austrian Saints," by Leonhard Beck of Augsburg. "The Freydal" contained pictures of tourneys and festivities in which Maximilian participated. Other biographical series were called "Weisskunig" and "Teuerdank." Albrecht Dürer, himself, in coöperation with the court historian Stabius, drew up plans for an "Ehrenpforte," or Triumphal Gate. Ninety-two sheets of this work were finished, though not paid for, and were sold singly after Maximilian's death. Finally Maximilian ordered a series called the "Triumphzug," the Triumphal Procession. When completed, this work contained 137 sheets, of which sixty-seven were by Hans Burgkmair, seven by

Leonhard Beck, and the rest, certainly one of the imperial chariot, and of the several triumphal cars, by Albrecht Dürer, himself.

CHAPTER IV

ROUND ABOUT INNSBRUCK

Martinswand

ALTHOUGH Maximilian liked to surround himself with men of the arts and sciences, he was an outdoor man of the most pronounced kind.

If you look up from Innsbruck toward the limestone range to the north, you will see the Weiherburg, a favourite hunting castle of Maximilian.

Maximilian's name is also connected with a great wall of rock lying westward from Innsbruck toward Zirl. The Martinswand is nothing more than a vast precipitous spur of the limestone range, already mentioned in the description of Innsbruck.

The story goes that one day in 1493, Maximilian, while out chamois hunting on top of this spur, missed his footing, and rolled to the

edge. There he clung, unable to move up or down. But his peril was observed from below, and a chamois hunter climbed around by the back and managed to rescue the much exhausted Maximilian. This chamois hunter was afterward ennobled under the name of Hollauer. A little path with a railing now leads up to the site of the rescue, where a cross and a bust of the emperor have been erected within a grotto.

Berg Isel

Pass out under the triumphal gate some morning to see the sights toward the south. Turn your back upon the cruel limestone range of the north and let your eye search the gentle spurs of the Mittelgebirge and the green mountains beyond where the Brenner Pass winds its way. The name of Berg Isel is popularly given to that little hill, off there, at the exact entrance of the Pass, although the name really covers the whole of the spur which runs down from the Stubai Valley in the direction of the valley of the Inn. Berg Isel recalls the heroic figure of Andreas Hofer, whose statue stands in the tiny park on the top of the hill. This statue is the work of the Tyrolese sculptor, Heinrich Natter.

We find a powerful figure, dressed in the costume of Hofer's native valley, the Passeierthal. The costume is of the beginning of last century. Andreas Hofer faces Innsbruck and points down upon it with his right hand, while his left presses the flag of Tyrol to his heart. The monument is flanked by two eagles. A bronze tablet bears the words, "For God, Emperor, and Fatherland."

The notable dates for Berg Isel were April 13th, May 25th and 29th, August 13th, and November 1, 1809. The Tyrolese, under Andreas Hofer, took Innsbruck three times in the same year from the Bavarians and the French.

The sculptor frequently visited the Passeierthal in making his studies for the statue, but he died in 1892, a year before the unveiling, which took place amid great popular rejoicings. The Emperor Francis Joseph himself unveiled the monument in the presence of the archdukes, the local authorities, and a vast concourse of peasants.

The hill belongs to the Kaiser-Jäger, or imperial sharpshooters, who also have a museum there, and a little monument to themselves, in memory of those of their number

who have fallen in battle, in the Tyrol, in Italy, Hungary, and in Herzegovina. A rifle range is to be found on the side toward the Sill Valley.

The Tummelplatz

On the way from Berg Isel to Schloss Ambras lies one of the most impressive and characteristic spots in the whole of the Tyrol. During the wars of 1798 and 1809 Schloss Ambras was used as a military hospital and its ancient tournament grounds as a cemetery for friend and foe, to the number of almost eight thousand.

The tournament grounds have now been changed into a sweet and silent grove. Parties of peasants wind their way among the trees, singing antiphonally. The soft sward under the pines muffles every footfall. The breeze sighs peacefully in the branches. The woodland smell is sweet, and in this moist shelter, away from the glare of the country road, there is great calm and serenity, so that the voices of a jolly party, coming along the forest-path, drop to whispers as each person comes within the quiet circle of the trees.

Schloss Ambras

It may be generally assumed that every castle in Europe was once a Roman castellum. Ambras, too, had a Roman beginning, but the first structure on the spot, which was worthy of the name of castle, was erected here by the family of Andechs, that family which was extremely influential in the valley of the Inn, before the rise of the Counts of Tyrol. They were a characteristic feudal race, these Andechser, distinguished on battle-field and in council-hall. They were crusaders, pilgrims to Rome, officers of the empire, founders of many ecclesiastical institutions, and owners of estates from Burgundy to Istria.

Edmund Oefele, their historian, claims for them that they were "beloved on earth, especially by singers, for whom they always kept open house, and beloved in heaven, which they supplied with several saints." Upon the death of the last Duke Otto II., the family possessions passed into the hands of the Counts of Tyrol.

The reader must be cautioned against deriving the name Ambras, or Amras, as it is often written, from "Am Rasen," "By the

CASTLE AMBRAS

Turf or Grass Plot." This derivation is not countenanced by historians.

Enter the castle gate and you find yourself in a court, where a ticket of admission is required. This can be obtained gratis, but only at the Hofburg in Innsbruck. Three parts of the castle are shown to sightseers: the Unterschloss, the Spanish Hall, and the Hochschloss. Since 1882 the three form a series of museums. In 1806, the main collections were transported to Vienna, but in 1880 portions of them were returned. The Unterschloss contains a collection of armour and weapons, covering the period from the fifteenth century to our own day. The frescoed Spanish Hall in its present restoration is brilliant in colour, and interesting to the historian on account of its portraits of counts and dukes of the Tyrol from 1229 to 1600. Among the hunting trophies are many horns of the steinbock, an animal now extinct in the Alps, except in the royal Italian preserves in Piedmont. The curios, bric-à-brac, and portraits of the Hochschloss are not of great value, and on the whole Ambras is not much of a success as a museum, but it captivates the visitor by reason of its charms of site and ar-

chitecture. Moreover, it was the home of that interesting woman, Philippine Welser, the burgher wife of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria.

CHAPTER V

PHILIPPINE WELSER (1527 - 1580)

THERE is a portrait of Philippine Welser which no one who visits Innsbruck can fail to see in photographic reproductions. The original is in Vienna.

She may not look a great beauty in the portrait, owing to the somewhat peculiar headdress of her day, but serenity sits upon her forehead and a light shines from her face, Her blond hair was such a marvel to the Italian artists who frequented the archducal court, that they called her simply "la bella Filipina."

For a long time the romantic story-tellers had their way undisturbed with her life, but recently scientific historians have been probing and setting facts in order. These will be found at their best in the account published by Wendelin Boeheim, and issued from the press of the Ferdinandeum in Innsbruck. Philippine Welser's father, Franz Welser,

was a well-to-do merchant of Augsburg. His brother Bartholomaus was, in fact, very rich. It was with ships supplied by the Welser family that Venezuela was conquered by the Spaniards and colonized from Seville as the point of departure.

Philippine was born in Augsburg, in 1527, in a house on the corner of the Maximilian and Katharinen Streets. The exact day of her birth is not known.

Her marriage with Archduke Ferdinand took place in Bresnic, in Bohemia, in January of 1557, Ferdinand being twenty-eight years of age at the time, and Philippine thirty, two years his senior.

In 1563, Ferdinand was appointed Governor of the Tyrol. He enlarged Schloss Ambras, filled it with works of art, and made Philippine a present of it. In 1567 she moved in. The marriage was an exceedingly happy one. They had two sons, Andrew and Charles, the latter becoming ruler of Tyrol, under the title of Archduke Ferdinand Karl. Philippine was the typical *Hausfrau* living in a castle. The Venetian ambassador, after a visit to Ambras, reported to his Senate that "he [the archduke] could not be an hour without her." Philippine looked after

Ferdinand's comforts in the true Teutonic way, and when he was ill she tried her special medicines on him, for she kept a large store of them at Ambras. Once he came all the way from Hungary, where he was campaigning, in order to be nursed by her. Twice they travelled together to Karlsbad for the waters. She also went about nursing the sick of the neighbourhood, and kept a book in which she noted down those medicines which she thought were efficacious. This book, a folio of 127 pages, is also kept in the Court Library of Vienna, while in the archives of Innsbruck more than fifty petitions are preserved, directed to her from rich and poor, asking for favours of various kinds. She took special delight in surprising young women by giving them their wedding-dresses.

Especially did she pride herself on her cooking, and actually wrote a cook-book. Hence she has her place in literature, as well as in romance. She was one of the first of that long line of ladies who have found pleasure in putting down their recipes. Her cook-book, with its 136 pages, reposes with the above mentioned documents in the Court Library of Vienna.

I quote the following recipe, to show how

Philippine used to make a "Black Torte," for Ferdinand. "You begin by taking eight to fourteen pears, according as they are large or small, then roast them, until they are soft, but not burned. Do the same with a quince, which will need more time, because it is harder. These fruits are then carefully peeled and pared, and placed in a pint dish, half-full of milk. Add nine eggs (yolk and white), sugar (rather too much than too little), and half a measure of grated almonds, making sure that there are no bitter ones among them. Force this mixture through a sieve, add cinnamon bark, cloves, pepper, ginger, and nutmeg, according to taste. The whole is served on a crust as thin as paper; finally, a frosting made of rose-water, white of egg, and sugar is poured on top." This is one of the simpler recipes in the cook-book; others are marvels of even greater complexity.

Altogether, considerable state was kept up at Ambras, and there was much entertaining of one kind or another. The castle sheltered not only the usual assortment of servants, pages, and ladies in waiting, but also artists, scholars, clowns, giants, and dwarfs. At one time even some Turkish prisoners were stationed there. Philippine had an enormous

larder to keep stocked, and Ferdinand was ready to expend vast sums on festivities, dances, banquets, mummeries, comedies, tournaments, and hunting expeditions. He also amused himself in a well-furnished workshop in hammering gold and silver, or in turning objects of wood. He could even blow glass and cast metal.

Philippine was in frequent communication with the Bavarian and Florentine courts. Sometimes she would send the Duke Alphonso of Ferrara good things to eat, such as pots of preserves, Preisselbeeren, etc. Then the duke would retort with a present of fine hunting dogs. Philippine managed to get on very well with Ferdinand's ducal sisters, and Ferdinand was very good to her people, although some of the latter apparently tried to make his life a burden by constant appeals for money and place.

From 1570 to 1580 the mistress of Ambras suffered from recurring attacks of sickness. On the 24th of April, in the latter year, she finally succumbed and died, attended by her husband, her sons, and many friends, for each of whom she had a kind word. At the last she is reported to have looked up and smiled. "Why do you smile?" asked Ferdinand.

"I see something which pleases me," she answered, simply, and with this happy thought we may close the recital of her earthly career. News of her death was sent at once to the various European courts, and in Innsbruck her many modest friends and beneficiaries mourned for her greatly and long missed her sweet presence.

Her will stipulated a great number of bequests which Ferdinand executed scrupulously. Her body lies buried in the Silver Chapel of the Hofkirche at Innsbruck. A mass of traditions and anecdotes quickly clustered around the figure of Philippine Welser, but we can best read her simple career in the souvenirs of the Ferdinandeum in Innsbruck, or in the Court Library of Vienna. Her prayer-book, cook-book, and medicine-book tell their stories. The cradle of her children tells another. A tournament favour embroidered by her, a little desk, and even a leather case, containing knife and fork and spoon, her Essbesteck, all these bring her daily life before us.

Hers was truly a sweet and capable individuality, graced by much beauty of thought and gentle serenity of disposition.

CHAPTER VI

THE VORARLBERG APPROACH

AS you journey from Switzerland to Innsbruck you pass through the Vorarlberg, a small Austrian crown land. The name Vorarlberg means very simply "Before-the-Arlberg," and includes all that is Austrian on the westward side of the Arlberg Pass — with the exception of the tiny vassal state of Liechtenstein. The summit of the Arlberg Pass forms the watershed between the Rhine and the Danube. The crown land is administered from Innsbruck in combination with the Tyrol. There is the same Statthalter, or imperial and royal governor, for them both, and the official documents are issued "For Tyrol and Vorarlberg." The latter also sends representatives to the Landtag at Innsbruck.

There was an historic moment at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the Vorarlberg, and a part of the Tyrol, too, came very near joining the Swiss Confederation.

It was just after the mountaineers of Appenzell and St. Gallen had thrown off allegiance to their abbot, and had beaten back the house of Habsburg at the battle of the Stoss.

In alliance with the men of Schwiz, these mountaineers of Appenzell then crossed the Rhine valley and plunged into the Eastern Alps, crying liberty to the peasantry there, and destroying the castles of the nobility. In fact, Ital Reding of Schwiz had planned a new Alpine Peasant Republic. All Vorarlberg and Western Tyrol had already taken the oath of allegiance, and the machinery of the feudal system had practically broken down, showing itself temporarily powerless to check the aspirations of this League of the People, when there occurred one of those strange reversals which history shows can hinge on very small matters.

In January of 1408, a body of the men of Appenzell lay before Bregenz under the leadership of a certain captain from Schwiz. Here they were surprised and defeated by an army of Swabian knights, in league with Austria. This comparatively insignificant loss resulted in breaking the backbone of the Appenzell movement.

In the end, the League of the People was

dissolved by imperial sentence; the men of Appenzell withdrew once more to their mountains, and were admitted into partial membership within the Swiss Confederation; while the Vorarlberg, with the Western Tyrol, returned to the rule of Habsburg-Austria.

The Bregenzerwald

The northern part of the Vorarlberg is called the Bregenzerwald. It is a well-wooded region, rolling and crossed by torrents, a region, too, of soft slopes, given over to cattle raising and dairying. It has been named the Austrian Black Forest. There is an Outer and Inner district, just as Appenzell has its Outer and Inner Rhoden. Near Bezau, in the Inner district, stands a memorial which shows how closely the political organization of the Bregenzerwald peasantry once resembled that of their neighbours, the Swiss.

A Gothic column marks the spot where an ancient council-chamber formerly stood. There the " popularly elected Landammann and Council of the Inner Bregenzer Wald " made laws for the people. A simple wooden house stood on four wooden columns. The

councillors mounted by a ladder, and then the ladder was withdrawn. It was not put back until the councillors had come to an agreement.

There was a chief magistrate called the Landammann, as in the pastoral Cantons of Switzerland to-day; with him were associated a Landschreiber, or secretary, and Waibel, or sheriff, and twenty-four councillors. Then there were forty-eight representatives from the different Gemeinden, or parishes. The election of the Landammann took place in a large field near Andelsbuch.

This method of direct democracy and pure self-government lasted for centuries, until 1807, when the wooden house disappeared. At present Bezau is only the seat of a district court.

Angelika Kaufmann (1740 - 1807)

The village of Schwarzenberg, close by Bezau, was the home of Angelika Kaufmann's parents. " Miss Angel," herself, as Sir Joshua Reynolds used to call her, was born in Chur, Switzerland, and died in Rome.

The parish church contains an altar-piece by her, and a marble bust of her stands in the

left aisle. A pretty outlook hill near Schwarzenberg has been called the Angelikahöhe. So, too, at Bezau there is a house with eight pictures by her, which may be seen for a fee.

Her father, John Joseph Kaufmann, was a painter, and little Maria Anne Angelika Catherine, to give her full name, very early proved her talent. At twelve she was already painting the portraits of persons of distinction, and at fourteen she was studying the old masters at Milan.

She visited Rome, Bologna, and Venice. In Rome, especially, she enjoyed great popularity not only on account of her talent as a painter, but also by reason of her personal charms. Lady Wentworth, the wife of the English ambassador in Rome, persuaded her to go to London.

Angelika Kaufmann was twenty-five when she made her appearance in England, in 1765. Among her most noted portraits were those of Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Lady Hamilton. In the first catalogue of the Royal Academy, that of 1769, her name was followed by an R. A. Reynolds, especially, befriended her. In his pocket-diary her name appears as Miss Angelica, or Miss Angel. Royalty smiled upon her. She was appointed

with others to decorate St. Paul's. She contributed largely to the Royal Academy, principally in the way of classical and allegorical subjects.

The last twenty-five years of her life were spent in Rome, and, when she died, in 1807, she was honoured by a great funeral under the direction of Canova.

"The entire Academy of St. Luke's, with ecclesiastics and virtuosi, followed her to the tomb in St. Andrea delle Frate, and, as at the burial of Raphael, two of her best pictures were carried in the procession."

Her pictures are to-day found widely scattered, in London, Paris, Dresden, St. Petersburg, and Munich. Three portraits of herself have retained a certain popularity, one in the Munich Pinakothek, another in the Uffizi at Florence, and a third in the National Portrait Gallery of South Kensington.

Landeck

Between Feldkirch and Mayenfeld lies the station of Schaan. It gives access to Vaduz, the capital of the independent principality of Liechtenstein, which contains forty-two square miles, and ten thousand

LANDECK

inhabitants; has a prince who is a vassal of Austria, a legislature of fifteen members, — and no taxes.

In the valley of the young Rhine meadows and fields of American corn alternate with swamps and beds of gravel. There are monstrous mountains to right and left; they culminate in torn teeth, and their walls are blank and staring.

As far as Feldkirch, the train travels, generally speaking, within sight of the Rhine, which forms the boundary between Switzerland and Austria. There, however, it turns eastward to climb over the Arlberg to Innsbruck. It mounts by successive curves and tunnels over embankments and bridges to the Arlberg Tunnel. Thence it descends with equal care on the other side to Landeck.

At Landeck, that "*Corner-of-land,*" we meet another much frequented approach from Switzerland: the Finstermünz carriage-road from the valley of the Engadine.

Hence it happens that Landeck is often the first place of any size which the tourist sees in the Tyrol. Strictly speaking, it is a village, but so large a one that it looks more like a town. The old fortress has lost much of its value since the alliance between Austria and

Germany, so that nowadays Landeck is prized more as a railroad station than as a strategic point. The big church is decorated in a modern way with glass windows from Innsbruck and Munich, and on the open valley floor fertile crops wave in the Alpine air.

The Finstermünz is the tailing-off of the Engadine. It is a cañon-like gorge, at the base of which the Inn flows turbulently, and seeks an outlet from Swiss upon Austrian soil. The road runs along the face of the bare wall with an air of great skill and not a little bravado. Altogether, it affords one of the choicest sights in the Alps and is characterized by a keen and grim daring which is heightened by the fortifications that are still maintained.

After Landeck, Imst deserves mention on account of an industry which flourished there during the eighteenth century. It was the centre of a great trade in canaries. Dealers in these birds found their way from Imst as far as Constantinople. There was even a regular depot for them in Moorefield Square, in London. Spindler's romance of the "Vogelhändler" is said to give a good picture of this trade in its heyday.

CHAPTER VII

DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE INN

THIS trip takes us from the capital of the Tyrol down to the farthest tip of the province, where the Inn slips from our sight into Bavaria. We follow the course of the stream, attracted by the pale horizon, the mountains apparently meeting at times, but always moving apart as we approach. The floor of the valley is sown with strips of different crops, like a quilt of many colours. White church towers mark the towns, castle turrets dot the countryside, and noble forests flank the valley on either side with their stately presence.

Every gradation in the Alps has its distinctive charms. Those visitors who do not mount to the topmost peaks to clamber among the everlasting snows, may find their solace in the wonderful wastes of stone, in the summer pastures, or in the forests of pine on the slopes. One need ascend no higher than the lower

woods to enjoy a great measure of pleasure and profit from a stay in alpine regions.

Many a spot will be found where noble beech-trees abound, rearing their smooth gray trunks amid the tender green of their foliage. At their bases and in the sockets of their branches these beeches are adorned with rich green moss of opulent depth and smoothness well designed to set off the gentle mouse colour of the trunks. Elsewhere larches spread their pale green lace-work to the sky, and carpet the ground with fragrant needles.

Beneath the trees hypaticas and anemones dot the ground in spring, and in places favoured by woodland rills and quiet pools sweet-smelling cyclamen balance themselves gracefully on their stems and nod to the wayward breeze.

It is pleasant, too, to wrest a secret from the cyclamen plant, and to find the under side of its smooth green leaves resplendent with a fine and noble red.

A multitude of joyous surprises lie along the paths in the lower woods. Wild strawberries, blackberries, and huckleberries bloom, blossom, and ripen in their seasons. Mushrooms are there for those who understand them. A great variety of lovely butterflies

spread their wings and hover over the flowers of the forest glades. Red squirrels, with sharp-pointed ears, dart and dangle among the interlacing branches, or stop to scold from their points of vantage. Ever and anon also in these lower woods of the Alps the cuckoo calls rhythmically and systematically from his hiding-places, and gives a characteristic note ever after to be associated with the forest landscape.

Hall

Hall is " the Nürnberg of the Tyrol," a tiny pocket edition of the big Bavarian folio. The town for a time seemed to present a case of arrested development. It stopped growing in the sixteenth century, like many another Tyrolese town, and we see it to-day very much as it was then, quaint and compact, with mediæval accoutrements.

A steep little street leads to the heart of the miniature municipality, to the principal square, where the Rathhaus and the great parish church stand facing each other. As for peaked roofs, jutting balconies, swinging signs, street fountains, carved doorways, Hall abounds in them all, to the delight of the anti-quarians, historians, artists, and tourists alike.

But Hall is also now feeling the rejuvenating and awakening spirit of modern enterprise, as witness the steam tram which connects it with Innsbruck, and the excellent water-works and electric lights which have been installed.

Certain salt mines in the mountains at the back gave Hall a start in life. For more than a thousand years salt has been mined there. Then Hall was also the head of navigation on the Inn. Boats came up the Danube into the Inn, and thence as far as Hall, where merchandise was transferred to carts. Many hundred men and horses were regularly employed in this primitive method of transportation. A certain Joseph Pirnsyder had a printing-press here as early as 1524, that being the first printing-press in the Tyrol.

Hall was, furthermore, the seat of a Tyrolese mint, in evidence of which a delightful old tower called the Münzerthurm still stands not far from the station. In 1809 Andreas Hofer minted his so-called "Hofer-Zwanziger" here.

The town archives, which are said to be unusually rich, show that Hall was in the full blast of its activity during the fifteenth century, when the traffic from Venice to

MÜNZERTHURM IN HALL

Germany passed through the town, and when the salt mines were being worked under full pressure. In those days even the courts of justice were opened with feasts of eating and drinking. Emperor Maximilian was often within hailing distance, and was frequently prevailed upon to grace the flourishing town with his imperial presence.

The end of Hall's feudal prosperity came on slowly during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with the decay of the mining industry, and with a change in trade routes. To-day Hall is reviving slowly and placing itself upon a modern basis. It contains active, loyal, and devoted citizens, who are filled with the spirit of enterprise, and desire to see their native town take a prominent part in performing the great tasks toward which the Tyrol is steadily advancing.

Jakob Stainer, Violin Maker (1621 - 1683)

Absam is a village near Hall, on a height to the north. Here Jakob Stainer, "the father of the German violin," was born in 1621.

Little is known of his life, and apparently nothing at all of the manner in which he

learned to make violins. Stories of his visits to Venice or Cremona lack historical foundation, but it is known that when Stainer was a young man, the ducal court at Innsbruck was particularly hospitable to Italian artists and musicians. He may, therefore, have become acquainted with one of the violinists stationed there, and may have started his life-work by imitating an Italian instrument. There is reason to believe that Stainer's first model was an Amati, but he undoubtedly developed a form of his own, as he progressed in workmanship.

One thing is certain, namely, that in 1641, when Stainer was only twenty years of age, he was already peddling his violins about the fairs at Hall, selling them for six florins apiece.

At one time a prosperous future seemed to stretch before him, after Archduke Ferdinand Karl had called him to Innsbruck, and named him violin maker to the ducal court. Later in life he was created violin maker to the imperial court by Emperor Leopold I., but nothing seemed to be able to keep him out of debt, or to overcome his dire poverty and want. He was constantly harassed and hampered by want of funds, and at length

was actually dismissed from his much-cherished official positions. When he wrote to the emperor in his troubles, the latter refused to help him. At length the violin maker, overwhelmed by his cares, stopped work, and died in a pitiable condition in 1683, but his good work survived him and made his name honoured and respected. To-day a genuine Stainer is a highly prized possession, and through the sweet and noble tone of the instruments he produced, the poor violin maker left a rich legacy, and earned the lasting gratitude of many friends.

Fortunately, Stainer worked diligently, and turned out many violins. He was especially careful in selecting the wood for his instruments. Indeed, the pains which he took in this matter are astonishing. He would wander for days in the forests back of Absam, studying the trees. As a rule, he chose mellow, old ones, which were already beginning to die off at the top. Before he felled them, he would always strike their trunks with a hammer in order to try the tone. But Stainer had also observed, what is familiar to every mountaineer, that tree-trunks, in coming down the lumber slides, give forth singing notes as they strike against obstacles.

Stainer used to listen near these lumber slides, and then pick out for his purpose the trees that sang best. For certain parts of the violin, he preferred to use the seasoned wood of old doors or tables.

Stainer also introduced innovations in the construction of the violin. The tops of his instruments are more highly curved than the Italian types. If a genuine Stainer is held sideways, and one looks into one of the *f* holes, one ought to be able to look out through the other. These *f* holes are also a trifle shorter than is usual in violins, and their end points are quite round. It is said that Stainer's changes made the vibrations in the instrument describe an ellipse instead of a circle, as had been the case before.

Connoisseurs claim that the tone of a genuine Stainer is more flutelike, more sympathetic and singing than that of an Italian violin, while the latter is conceded to be more brilliant, and in general, better suited to resound in concert halls.

Mozart is reported to have owned a Stainer. The instrument bore the maker's name, and the date 1656. Many imitators arose after Stainer's death. Klotz, a pupil of Stainer, turned out many copies of his master's work

from Mittenwald, a village just over the frontier in Bavaria, not far from Oberammergau. To this day the chief industry of Mittenwald is the manufacture of violins and guitars, which are exported in considerable quantities to England and the United States. Even Cremona, it is alleged, did not think it beneath her dignity to send out false Stainers. Violin experts of to-day have no easy task, therefore, in separating the spurious from the genuine Stainers, but whatever their success, it remains a curious commentary upon modern improvements that the form of the violin has hardly varied at all in all its history, and that the older the instrument the better it grows, the sweeter, the nobler, and the more sympathetic its tone.

Joseph Speckbacher (1767 - 1820)

The second in the trio of heroes in the war of 1809 was Joseph Speckbacher, who was born on a farm in the Gnadenwald, back of Hall. His father was a well-to-do peasant. Young Speckbacher earned some notoriety as a poacher, then settled down on a farm at Rinn, in the Mittelgebirge, almost opposite Hall. The house of this "Man of Rinn"

is about half an hour's walk from the Baths of Rinn.

The facts in his life which are of historic interest, may be summed up very briefly.

He threw himself into the struggle of 1809 with fiery enthusiasm. The Tyrolese historian, Zingerle, says that he represented the strategic and intellectual side of the insurrection, as Hofer represented the patriarchal, and Haspinger the ecclesiastical. His early poaching made him an ideal leader of sharpshooters. He fought with more or less success until he was disastrously defeated on October 17, 1809, at Melegg, on the road to Reichenhall. Here his forces were completely routed by the Bavarians, he himself severely wounded in the ensuing hand-to-hand struggle, and his little son, Anderl (Andrew), taken prisoner. King Max of Bavaria himself took charge of the boy, and had him educated for seven years at his own expense. At the time of his defeat, Speckbacher barely escaped to his farm at Rinn, and remained in hiding there for seven weeks before he could escape from the Tyrol.

Many conflicting accounts concerning the leader's sufferings and wanderings found their way into print, but Doctor Steub, an

enthusiastic and indefatigable traveller in the Tyrol, took pains to extract the truth from Speckbacher's own descendants, and has set down the result in his interesting work.

It appears that Bavarian soldiers were actually quartered in Speckbacher's house during the whole period of his concealment. He took refuge in a pit under his house. It was about four feet deep, and he could only hide there in a sitting posture. His wife, the doctor of the village, and two neighbours alone knew of his presence. He would move out of his hiding-place when the soldiers went off to drill in the village of Rinn. After his broken rib (a wound received at Melegg) healed, *i. e.,* in about three weeks, he took shelter in the sheep stall, and finally, toward the first of May, after many narrow escapes, managed to cross the frontier into the Province of Austria, where he was well received and rewarded.

In 1814, when the war was over, Speckbacher returned to Rinn, sold the farm, and settled in near-by Hall with his wife. He was now a real major, retired, on a pension of a thousand gulden a year. Here he spent six quiet years, until his death, in 1820.

He was generally well pleased to talk over his stirring career.

In 1870, Doctor Steub was fortunate enough to hear some further details of Speckbacher's life from the parish priest of Rattenberg, F. X. Asher, who spent several years in Speckbacher's house at Hall.

It appears from this account that Speckbacher was present in Vienna at the great Congress of 1815. When King Max of Bavaria arrived in that city, the Emperor Francis of Austria said to Speckbacher: "You must go to the King of Bavaria and thank him for having had your boy learn something." The emperor addressed Speckbacher with the familiar *du,* which pleased the sharpshooter immensely; so did the present of a golden medal and fifty ducats. Speckbacher thanked King Max as he had been told to do, and King Max generously said:

"Enter my service as a major and I will promote you at once to be a general. Leave your son; he will do better in Bavaria than in Austria."

Speckbacher thanked the king for his kind intentions, but declined the honours. In our own day a play entitled "Speckbacher" is

enacted in the big village of Brixlegg during the summer season.

Toward Kufstein

In our progress down the valley of the Inn to Kufstein, we pass a succession of attractive and interesting places where the traveller will do well to linger for a closer acquaintance. The old town of Schwaz, across the river from the railroad, once contained some thirty thousand inhabitants, and its silver mines greatly enriched the princes of the Tyrol. To-day only a little iron and copper mining remains to tell the tale of former work and wealth.

A little farther along a sudden opening in the mountains appears on the left, and high up against the green of the forest are seen a white church and house, perched upon a precipitous crag. That is St. Georgenberg, an ideally placed pilgrimage resort.

Below Schwaz the castle of Tratzberg rises on the left, one of the most imposing of Tyrol's many castles, as well as one of the richest in antiquities and objects of art.

Now Jenbach looms in the distance, and two new valleys open on either hand: one to the

north, leading to the Achensee, and another to the Zillerthal on the south.

For the present let us keep straight on down the valley of the Inn.

Just before Brixlegg is reached three castles start up on our right: Kropfsberg, Lichtwer, and Matzen. The last is the property of Mr. Baillie-Grohman, whose book on "Tyrol and the Tyrolese" has done so much to familiarize English-speaking travellers with land and people.

Brixlegg itself has attracted attention in recent years on account of its Passion Play, which is given there periodically. The play has been given in 1868, 1873, 1883, 1889, and 1903.

The train passes under the castle of Rattenberg, with which place the name of Wilhelm Biener, Chancellor of the Tyrol until 1651, is associated. His story has inspired Karl Anrather's large painting in the Ferdinandeum at Innsbruck, as well as an historical novel, "Der Kanzler von Tyrol," by Hermann Schmid.

After Rattenberg there is open ground for awhile, then comes the railroad junction of Wörgl, and finally at the very end of our journey down the Inn stands Kufstein, block-

MAN OF KUFSTEIN

ing the narrows of the river, so that there is barely room for the river, the carriage and the railroad to pass.

With what wonder and delight does the eye welcome the splendid and courageous little city. It is not possible to see Kufstein for the first time unmoved. It belongs to the category of Austrian cities with citadels, like Salzburg and Graz. Though not as large as they, it yet belongs to the class of dramatic and proudly perched cities whose very aspect challenges attention and respect.

Kufstein's position is eminently strategic, and, in fact, it has had more than its share of sieges on account of the curious hostility which once existed between the Tyrolese and Bavarians. This feeling has now happily changed to one of mutual good-will between the allied German and Austrian empires, and peace and prosperity reign undisturbed on the border.

CHAPTER VIII

KITZBÜHEL — LIFE ON THE ALM

COME, my friend, the valleys seem too confining, and the mountains call. There are slopes where anemones bloom and gentians gleam in their full pride; where straying bees flutter over the early heather, and the breeze is fresh with the keen tonic of the mountains. Come to the summer pastures, smooth as velvet, swelling and sinking in monster billows; I know where there are bare crags casting jagged shadows, and where tiny huts, huddled together in basin-like depressions, will give us shelter, and where we can study the life on the *alm,* and hear its songs.

Kitzbühel is our starting-place, and the Kitzbühelhorn our goal.

Pass your stick between the straps of your *Rücksack* as a chamois hunter carries his rifle. Then get into the steady swing of the mountaineer and lean well forward to perfect your balance, for the path is steep.

As we mount, our figures pierce the morning mist that clings to the mountainside in thin streamers. When we have left the last groves of pine, and have come out above the timber line, it is time to stop for a moment to send a shout into the valley below. Here and beyond begins a new world; a new air fans the cheeks and new sounds come to the ears. The jingling of bells rises and falls on the breeze. The cattle are being driven off from the huts to feed in the open, to wander all day among the Alpine flowers.

At the door of the first hut we stop for a drink of milk. The woman herder in charge of the hut smiles pleasantly as she hands out a shallow wooden bucket, which serves as well as a glass.

There is no better district in the Tyrol for studying that life on high, than the Kitzbühel range. Over the border, in Salzburg, the territory contiguous is equally profitable. In fact, the whole mountain group which lies between Kitzbühel, Saalfelden, Zell am See, and Mittersill, is good ground for our researches. Here customs are retained which have disappeared elsewhere. Annual athletic contests are held on certain plateaux, whither champion wrestlers come from the valley of

the Inn, the Pinzgau, the Oetzthal, and the Pusterthal. The contest on the Kitzbühelhorn takes place every June, on a level space near the mountain inn.

The view from the tiny white chapel on the summit of the Kitzbühelhorn is certainly one of the most paying for the pains.

The Hohe Salve, though equally accessible, and rejoicing besides in the subtitle of "The Rigi of the Lower Innthal," is not quite as high as the Kitzbühelhorn, and its view does not comprise quite so many snow peaks.

From the Kitzbühelhorn the whole Tauern range gleams toward the south. So do the Zillerthal mountains. The Gross Glockner and the Gross Venediger lie silver-white upon the horizon, like spring clouds resting upon the west wind.

Northward, the naked, gray Kaisergebirge rear massive limestone walls, bleak and bristling. Down over the edge from where we stand, lies Kitzbühel, the town. A train on the long curve near the town, leaves a tail of smoke behind it. There is a thin, distant whistle, and a long-drawn rumble. From the lower woods comes the call of the cuckoo, a recurring fluty rhythm, pulsating through the

atmosphere. A peal of bells rings up from the parish church below.

The peculiarity of the Kitzbühelhorn-massif is, that the pastures rise and fall for miles. It is possible to walk for days at an average altitude of about five thousand feet, first to the Gaisstein, then by the Pinzgauer Promenade to the Schmittenhöhe, in the province of Salzburg. This mountain group forms a vast dairying summer resort.

Stopping at another hut, we ask if anybody plays the zither there. A young herder is pointed out to us, but he shakes his head, and will have it that he cannot play. The peasants have a way of denying any accomplishment, when first asked, but presently, after some parleying, the herder takes down his zither from the wall, and begins to play. And how he enjoys it, that young fellow! How his instrument tingles, and the syncopated notes leap from the ring on his thumb! Think of making music up there, above the timber line, in the full sunshine, with nothing between you and the sky! Only the herds of cattle look on, and jingle their bells on the summer pastures.

Cloudy days, too, have their charm on the *alm,* days when a silent mantle of mist or haze

settles upon the scene, inviting meditation and the sweet solace of an alpine quiet. The day may have dawned surpassingly fair and clear, but suddenly, from many quarters, the clouds are detected creeping upon us like some stealthy enemy, to surround and hedge us in. They prove to be a welcome, kindly enemy, that means no harm. They come from around the corners of the ridges, over the mountain saddles, and between the peaks. They feel their way along the precipices, and advance fitfully over the green, halting once and again to scout and reconnoitre the ground. Little streamers and separate cloudlets are sent on ahead, or to the sides, and there they hover timidly till the main body of clouds overtakes them, and the whole mass pushes forward to capture the landscape with a gentle and moist caress. The clouds blot out one by one the landmarks of the *alm,* the farther slopes, the little alpine lake, where the cattle drink, and the isolated cedars that have stood the storm and stress of a century. Finally the mist cuts off from view the near-by huts and the grazing cattle as they munch the damp grass, dotted with many perfumed flowers. A pleasant stillness pervades the *alm,* a peaceful, protective hush enfolds it, until such time

as a clearing gust shall blow through the ravines. The clouds have for the present brushed aside distracting sights. We seem to be at sea, or up in the air, separated from the humdrum human occupations of another world.

As we listen, there comes through the mist a measured jingling from the bells of unseen cattle. Close by a cow gives her bell a rapid rattle as she rubs against the rough side of a stable hut, or briskly switches off the flies. The dull thud of the strokes of an axe reaches us from where some one is splitting wood for the fire, or a herder calls to the sheep ranging in the lofty recesses of the surrounding mountains.

It is a great privilege to know the *alm* at any time, even in the hour of the clouds. But in the heights, clouds and mist do not always mean rain, for they come and go uncertainly, flitting and drifting before the wind. There may be the smell of fog, and the touch of the hand may grow moist, but the dwellers on the *alm* go about their work unheeding and unmindful of the change. A sudden break may come at any time, and even while we look, behold the peaks stand out once more clean cut against the blue, the landmarks of the *alm* return one by one to view, and the cattle are

seen again browsing unconcernedly and contentedly just where the clouds found them and left them.

As the day declines, the cows are driven in, to be milked. Herds of calves are shooed into enclosures for the night. Now the children also are caught and put to bed, in spite of some remonstrance on their part. They are mostly tow-headed little things, the little girls with their hair in pigtail braids, and the boys wearing faded felt hats, ornamented with cock's feathers. Women wash wooden pails at a fountain, surmounted by a rudely carved figure of St. Florian. Presently a man is seen making his way cautiously toward the central hut, where the cheese is made. He carries a hod full of fresh milk. When he has carefully deposited his milk, the herders and their women take a short rest on the benches in front of the huts, before going to bed, while the fountain trickles and gurgles complacently.

From near by comes a shout and a laugh, and a man comes striding down the mountain path. The moon is up, and he carries his shadow with him. He is going the way we shall go to-morrow, — down the slopes to St. Johann-in-Tyrol. Occasionally he disappears behind a knoll.

Kitzbühel

To the south the impalpable snow mountains glisten in the faultless air. The cattle, after having been milked, have been driven off, and are out for the night. Sometimes a cow, standing on a projecting hillock, bellows triumphantly over the scene.

The cool night-wind draws through the recesses of the range. The footfall of the passing herder can no longer be heard, nor the vibration felt on the sod, but after awhile a cry comes from afar off, through the Alpine stillness, a final yodel, tense, defiant, and true, but mellowed and refined by the distance. It is time to turn in and leave the little flowers to the gentle dew, and this blessed and benign scene to the peace of the end of the day.

CHAPTER IX

THE ACHENSEE

THE Achensee is so very blue, that, by contrast, the other lakes of the Tyrol would seem to have turned green with envy. The blue of the Achensee has a quality apart, as unmistakable as the blue of the gentian or the forget-me-not, when it climbs above the timber line.

Among the lakes of the Alps, Lago di Garda, the Walensee, and Lake Leman are blue, yes, marvellously blue, but the Achensee is blue in its own way. Take ultramarine and mix into it a little of the early morning sky and the pure glitter of the glacier, and you will get the colour of the Achensee when the sun shines.

A little mountain railroad climbs from Jenbach to Seespitz. There are some people who never walk when they can ride, but if you care to make the ascent on foot, settle your *Rücksack* more firmly into the small of your

back, and take the road along the mountain torrent. You may see much on the way to repay you as you swing along.

At Seespitz a whole gallery of Defregger types walked into the inn where I sat. They were gamekeepers from the neighbouring chamois preserves of the Duke of Coburg. Their tight-fitting toggery had weathered into strange colours, their bare knees were brown from exposure, and their iron-shod shoes made a great clattering and scrunching on the stone floor.

The picture was complete, when they laid their rifles aside, and sat there smoking and pounding the table, while some crooked-legged *Dachshündchen* waddled about, looking for scraps.

A steamboat makes the tour of the Achensee, and rowboats of the usual flat-bottomed, Alpine type can be hired at the various settlements on the shores.

The Pertisau is a delta-shaped pasture that creeps down to the water's edge from the shelter of the mountains. Here are several hotels, notably the Fürstenhaus, the property of the Benedictine abbey of Viecht, near Schwaz. The Fürstenhaus was once a shooting-lodge of the princes of Tyrol. The Abbot

of Viecht rebuilt it into a summer residence, and it is now kept as an open house for guests.

Seehof, across the lake, was built by Ludwig Rainer, nephew of Joseph Rainer, the famous yodeler from the Zillerthal.

The Scholastika Inn, at the upper end of the lake, calls for comment. Its name comes from a certain good spinster, Scholastika, niece of Anton Aschbacher, one of the heroes of the insurrection of 1809. Under her care the place became quite famous as the resort of scholars and men of letters. Dr. Ludwig Steub describes the life of the inn during the early half of last century as one of great charm and interest. The evening hours were filled with discussions, when a dozen or fifteen guests sat under the patriarchal sway of Dr. Johann Schuler of Innsbruck.

The old spinster is now long since dead, and the inn has grown into a hotel, as indeed the Achensee itself has become one of the most important among the show places of the Tyrol, since the railroad brings an annual stream of many thousand tourists.

The descent from Seespitz to Jenbach may be made by way of Eben, along a pleasant foot-path that goes turn and turn about, over

and down, this way and that, zigzagging into the green valley of the Inn from the shores of that thrice blue Achensee, greatly blessed with beauty.

CHAPTER X

THE ZILLERTHAL

The Valley of Song and Dance

THE Zillerthal is the valley of the zither (music), the *Schuhplattler* (dance), and the *Schnaderhüpfl* (poetry). Three, at least, of the Muses are always at home there to their friends.

From the village of Strass the Zillerthal stretches in a wide and flat floor as far as Maierhofen. It is even swampy in parts, for the torrent of the Ziller has built up a bed of rubble for itself above the level of the valley, and a constant process of infiltration and inundation has made the valley floor spongy and mossy.

On either hand, however, the higher slopes glow with velvet pastures, and the mountains wear their regulation clothing of green-black firs up to their waists. The greeting of the

people is that genial *"Grüss Gott!"* which carries with it peace and kindliness.

The Tyrolese Yodel

Fügen, in the Zillerthal, was the home of that Joseph Rainer, who, in the early years of last century, started the Tyrolese yodel carolling round the world.

He was first of all a cattle dealer, like many another man from his native Zillerthal. His business carried him frequently into the great outside world of plains, even to Mecklenburg and Prussia. One day, in Leipzig, his attention was caught by a poster which advertised a concert by four Tyrolese singers. He went to the concert. It proved to be a great success, and Rainer promptly wrote home to his brothers and sisters that there was money in yodeling. He told them to take some gloves along, to peddle, in case their songs failed to draw audiences. Gloves were then, and are still, a common merchandise for peddlers from the Zillerthal.

Four of the family joined Rainer, three brothers and one sister. They met at Freising-on-the-Isar, north of Munich, and there began to sing before small audiences. In

1828, the Grand Duke of Baden invited them to sing in the theatre at Karlsruhe. That was the beginning of great things. Finally, a tour in England netted them 56,000 gulden, or about $23,000. Rainer returned to Fügen, bought an old castle, turned it into a hotel, hung the rooms with English prints, and eventually died there.

Various members of the original Rainer family continued for many years to yodel in distant parts of the world, even in the United States. Their example was followed by others, notably by certain Leo brothers, who were very successful.

The first Tyrolese song was the *Schnaderhüpfl,* of four lines, which the dancer extemporized as he threw down his money for the musicians. This pay gave him the privilege of the floor for his *Ländler* (waltz), or his *Schuhplattler.* By process of selection, the best of these *Schnaderhüpfl* survived, and were added to the permanent stock of folk-lore. But the *Schnaderhüpfl* was found to be too short for concert purposes, and new songs had to be written for the strolling singers. The songs we hear nowadays are not, as a rule, local products at all; they are written in the

plains, though many of them have worked their way back into the Alps.

A change has likewise taken place in the make-up of these singing companies. At first the singers went out into the world by families, merely transferring their performances from the family hearth to the concert hall. But after awhile the demands of art called for tenors, sopranos, altos, and basses, and took no account of family ties. Still, however, the selections were made from the same valley or district. Now even this requirement has been abolished, and it is alleged that some so-called Tyrolese quartettes are made up of artists who have never been in the Tyrol at all, but come from the neighbouring highlands.

Zell am Ziller

Zell is the chief place of the valley, the capital of the Zillerthal. Seen from the surrounding slopes, it looks as though it had been dropped ready-made from the sky upon the banks of the rapid torrent of the Ziller, a little place of a distinct individuality which has been derived from the time when intercommunication between different valleys was

rarer than now, and there was no steam-engine to disturb the stillness of Alpine life.

Early one morning of my stay there was a tremendous burst of gunpowder from mortars fired on the neighbouring hills. Every house was seen to be beflagged with the red and white colours of the Tyrol, or the black and yellow ones of Austria, and through the streets thus made brilliant, a procession slowly wound its way. In front marched a company of *Schützen* (sharpshooters), clad in tight black breeches, white stockings, high laced shoes, wide belts, marked with the wearers' names, red vests, and gray jackets, bordered with black braid.

But the crown of the costume was the Zillerthal hat. This is made of black felt, and in shape resembles somewhat the traditional cap worn by Mercury in his statues, though the crown is not quite as flat. It is enlivened by a cord, and two gilt, or silver tassels, which hang down in front. The whole forms as simple and becoming a bit of head-covering as can be found the world over. Curiously enough, this hat has been discarded by the men, except in the case of these local companies of *Schützen*. On the other hand, almost all the women still wear it on Sundays,

WOMEN OF THE ZILLERTHAL AND INNTHAL

— young and old, tassels and all, with the most charming results. It expresses a quality which the Tyrolese greatly appreciate, *Schneid,* which means dash, sauciness, ready wit, and a great many other qualities too numerous to mention. And, indeed, it was a pretty sight, the bevy of women walking sedately to the tune of a brass band, their eyes shaded by the glinting tassels.

If your itinerary permits an extra day or two in Zell, it will pay to climb to the Gerlos range, lying to the east of the valley, in order to visit the summer pastures up there, and see the life on the *alm.* Though the fare may be primitive, and possibly confined to bread and milk, and though you may have to sleep on the hay, with the cold night air drawing through the slits in the sides of the barn, yet the outlook will amply repay. Whoever has not looked off from a high-placed *alm* upon the world beneath, has yet much joy ahead. You seem to be suspended in space, and yet you stand on a firm green foreground and gaze into a blue distance. The air and sun are both keen and caressing, and give relish to your thoughts. From the Gerlos range the whole of the Zillerthal proper is visible with its villages and river. At daybreak the valley

lies in the nebulous half-light of the waking earth. A yellow line of road winds southward to Mayerhofen, where the Zillerthal divides into four branches, or ramifications, and these in turn into many *Gründe* or bottoms, as we should say, until the great snow mountains cut them off short at the end. It is all glorious and grand, and calls for gratitude. The impression and recollection will deepen as you descend once more into the expectant valley while the rays of the rising sun penetrate farther and farther into its recesses.

Ginzling

From Mayerhofen, at the end of the Zillerthal proper, a path leads through the superb gorge, known as the Dornauberg-Klamm, into the Zemmthal. This Alpine ravine can hold its own with many of the more celebrated narrows of the Alps.

When we emerge on the other side, we are in the midst of the real mountains at last. Whatever of tameness the flat floor of the Zillerthal proper may express, here all becomes rugged and dramatic. The very rocks along the boiling Zemmbach make the stranger welcome, for they are covered with

a red growth that looks like rust, but when you rub it on your hands, it emits the familiar and lowland perfume of the violet. Thus does this rock vegetation teach the homely lesson that oppression may even be made to serve the purposes of good.

Ginzling consists of a church and parsonage, an inn, a schoolhouse, a forester's lodge, and detached peasant cottages, the whole forming a microcosm of the patriarchal Austrian system. Until recently the mail arrived only once a day, on the back of a donkey. If you inquire, you will find that the schoolteacher is the busiest man in the place. Not only does he teach, but he also plays the organ every day in church, and when his choir of men and boys are away earning their living as guides and porters, he sings the responses himself. Between times he cultivates his fields of oats and flax. Even the linen he and his family wear are home-grown and home-made.

As elsewhere throughout the Tyrol, many good-humoured German tourists, in woollen mantles of *Loden,* a material manufactured principally in Innsbruck, bring cheer to the Ginzling inn with their marvelous good spirits and their contagious enthusiasm.

The torrent of the Zemmbach is more im-

portant than it looks. Not only is it full of trout, which, by the way, I was informed, the innkeeper alone has the right to catch, but it also acts as the boundary between two bishoprics: Brixen and Salzburg.

The inn, on the right bank, belongs to the parish of Mairhofen, in the diocese of Salzburg; and the church, on the left, to the parish of Finkenberg, in the diocese of Brixen. The forester's lodge pairs off with the inn, but the school with the church.

In the wide valley of the Floitenthal are the chamois preserves of Prince Auersperg, whose family belongs to the group of great territorial magnates. High on the mountain-sides haystacks are visible, which the game-keepers prepare for the chamois for winter use. The keepers themselves are often seen stalking about in full war-paint, their rifles slung across their backs, dogs at their heels, and china-bowl pipes in their mouths. Their hats are always the greenest, their feathers the curliest, and their bare knees the most bronzed of any among the men.

CHAPTER XI

OVER THE BRENNER PASS

THE Brenner railroad is a vast rope, coiling itself over the mountains, through convenient openings, and at the points of least resistance. Now and then it burrows into the earth, now and then it throws out a loop.

When you have crossed one railroad pass, you have crossed them all. It is a repeated turning and twisting, punctuated by a succession of Ohs! and Ahs! that are promptly suppressed by tunnels, or projecting crags.

These Alpine passes give rise to a wind called the Föhn, a warm wind that blows down from the heights into the valleys. It was once supposed that this wind came all the way from the Desert of Sahara, but modern meteorology has at last explained the Föhn. It is a wind that falls from the heights into the valleys. It is sucked down to fill a vacuum, caused by light air pressures in the plains. It starts ice-cold above, it arrives hot from

friction below. It can occur on both sides of the Alps, but it is more common on the north than the south. This warm wind is found not only in the Alps, but in every mountain chain, even on the west coast of Greenland, where a species of Föhn comes down from the ice-caps to the sea, as warm and dry as though from a desert of Africa.

From Innsbruck to Brixen the scenery of the Brenner route is practically Alpine, with only Matrei and Sterzing to give the contrast of country-town life. The names sprinkled along the route are Rætian, Roman, and Teutonic in about equal parts, and they provide the etymologists with an unsurpassed field for research, of which they have fully availed themselves. Great, for instance, are the possibilities in a name like Pflersch, with its seven consonants, and only one poor little vowel!

The train, in descending on the southern side of the Brenner, makes a magnificent sweep into the Pflerschthal. At the back of that valley the snow mountains of Stubai glisten alluringly.

Such a name as Gossensass is worth something to the tourist trade, — it sounds so quaint and cosy. Indeed, those visitors who know

STERZING

a good thing when they hear it, flock to the village of that name in great numbers during the short season. The etymologists once derived Gossensass from *Gothensitz,* the "Seat of the Goths." They implied that Gossensass was the northernmost outpost of the Goths who came up the Brenner from Verona. But the latest news from the land of research would derive Gossensass from a certain unknown Gozzo, and not from the Goths at all.

The name of Sterzing also is now explained as a patronymic, built on the name of one Starzo as a base.

The outskirts of Sterzing are so countrified, that one is not prepared to find the town itself so wonderfully ornate. Sterzing seems to have burst forth all over into arcades, balconies, and turrets. It has almost stood still for centuries, like the townlets along the valley of the Inn, at a time when streets were made narrow in order to lessen wall circumference, and houses considered it necessary to go a-bow-windowing and a-hanging-out-signs all the way down the vista.

The Rathhaus stands on great arches, and is distinguished by two curious, polygonal bow windows. The so-called Jöchelsthurm,

now used by the town magistrates, was once the seat of a rich family. It contains a remarkable Gothic ceiling, which was finished in 1469, but is still in excellent condition. The parish church deserves a visit, and almost in the centre of the town stands the so-called Zwölferthurm, the tower from which the noon hour is rung.

These little places along the Brenner route had their heyday before the advent of the railroad, when heavy wagons and their drivers stopped early and often. Railroads have a way of emphasizing terminal points and junctions, and of reducing the importance of intermediate ones. So Sterzing has suffered along with the rest. But its principal source of income really failed long before the railroad came, when the silver and iron mines of the neighbourhood were exhausted, for transportation and mining were the mainstay of Sterzing. To-day, a steady recuperation is manifest, which deserves the best wishes of all who love the Tyrol.

Sterzing was the scene of the first serious battle of the war of 1809, when Andreas Hofer crossed the Jaufen from the Passeierthal, and drove the Bavarians back over the Brenner. Farther down, too, at Mittewald

MITTEWALD AND PFLERSCH ON THE BRENNER ROUTE

and the Sachsenklemme, the French and their Saxon allies lost terribly at the hands of the Tyrolese, all of which is set forth in the chapter on Andreas Hofer.

Southward from Sterzing stretches a plain called the Sterzingermoos. It was once very marshy, but it has now been drained and reclaimed for tilling and pasture-lands, this enterprise being typical of the productive activity which modern conditions are bringing to the fore in the Tyrol.

Before reaching Franzensfeste, the train passes through a heavily wooded defile, known as the Sachsenklemme, where many of the Saxon allies of Marshal Lefebre were overwhelmed or captured by the Tyrolese during the war of 1809. The village of Mittewald reposes here, peaceful amid sylvan scenes, the scent of the forests rising under the touch of a genial sun, and only a cannon-ball or two fixed over the door of an inn recalling other days of stress and war.

CENTRAL TYROL

CHAPTER XII

THE PUSTERTHAL

THE Pusterthal railroad connects the Tyrol with Carinthia and Styria, and thus also with Vienna.

The Romans began the historic era in the Pusterthal itself. They built a road through the valley, because it was a great natural approach from east to west, from Aquileia to Augusta Vindelicorum. It was an Alpine artery, wherein they promptly caused merchandise and military power to flow. An important centre arose where Innichen now stands, called Aguntum. An ecclesiastic, Venantius Fortunatus, who, in 564, was on a pilgrimage from Ravenna to the tomb of St. Martin in Tours, mentions Aguntum as existing in his day.

At the end of the sixth century, the Roman power being in decay, a Slavonic invasion of the Pusterthal took place from the east, and a Teutonic one from the west. The two

forces met on the highest ground in the Pusterthal, on the great plateau of Toblach. For a time the Christian Bavarians were driven back by the heathen Wends, who destroyed Aguntum and Roman civilization. In later years, however, a line was established between the two races, at the brook of Amras. To the west of that the Christianized Bavarians held sway, and in 770 their Duke Tassilo founded a monastery at Innichen, where Aguntum had once stood, "in order," as he said, "to lead the unbelieving race of the Slavs in the way of the truth."

That, in short, is the first item in the modern historical development of the Pusterthal.

Franzensfeste lies at the point of contact between the Brenner and the Pusterthal. From the train it is possible to see much masonry of the fortification type. Forest-clad hills rise all around, dark and heavy with military secrets, for the strategic value of Franzensfeste seems evident even to a layman. As you stand on the station platform, turn northward and you face Germany, turn southward and you face Italy, turn westward, and Switzerland lies not far beyond the horizon, turn eastward, and Vienna is not many miles away. The Pusterthal is a wedge that pierces

the geographical vitals of Austria, and Austria has made arrangements to keep it in her own hands.

The Maid of Spinges

The Pusterthal had almost more than its fair share of trouble during the two invasions of the French, in 1797 and in 1809. It offered too tempting a passage. The very quality that gave it trade in time of peace also gave it trouble in time of war. In 1797 General Joubert was advancing up the Pusterthal to make connections with Napoleon, who was leaving Italy. Some of Joubert's troops met with stout opposition at a little village called Spinges, not far from Franzensfeste, on a hill to the left of the railroad. A few companies of the Tyrolese Landstrum, or militia, went forward to meet Joubert's soldiers. The latter pushed forward with bayonets. Then a certain Anton Reinisch, of Volders, jumped in among the French with a long scythe, and succeeded in making an opening for his comrades, through which they were able to penetrate and break up the French formation. He himself fell under the many thrusts of the enemy.

Doctor Steub has pointed out the resem-

blance of this act to the more famous one of Winkelried.

That same day there was fighting also around the churchyard of Spinges. A certain "Maid of Spinges" distinguished herself in defeating the assaults of the French. They attacked three times in vain, for this girl stood among the men on the wall, performing prodigies with a hay-fork. It is not known who she was. She has been praised in song as "The Maid of Spinges," and in popular imagination her very anonymity has helped to make her the representative of the many women who fought and suffered in the Tyrol during the years of foreign invasion.

Bruneck

The railroad describes a wide curve of admiration in sight of the little castled town of Bruneck. The train turns aside, as a painter sidles off from his easel, with his head on one side, so as to obtain a better view of his work.

Bruneck stands for a moment of the past, and for a hopeful future. It strikes the visitor's attention as a quaint little provincial town of the mountains, and for that reason

CASTLE BRUNECK

is doubly interesting to the dweller in the large cities of the plains.

The castle still stands erect and martial, having dark pines for a background, upon a hill of green. From the tower, the view reaches far up the Taufererthal, and it embraces wheat-fields, slopes of pasture-land, and forests, while above and beyond, the summits are crowned with snow, the whole forming a typical Tyrolese view.

A battalion of sharpshooters is stationed in the castle, and the feudal effect is heightened, when a sudden blare of trumpets starts the lounging soldiers from the shady terraces.

Bruneck was founded by a Prince Bishop of Brixen, Bruno, by name, who erected the castle on the hill, and called the result Bruneck, in reminder of his own name. This was sometime between 1250 and 1256.

The prince bishop attracted quite a flock of noblemen to Bruneck, who perched themselves on the rocks around, and built castles of their own.

The town presents a compact and solid front to the outside world, being completely walled in. Some gates lead into a long, single street, that runs through the interior. One is reminded of Sterzing, though there is more

ornament there. Bruneck, on the other hand, is noticeable for its monster rain-pipes, painted red, with which every house is provided. The rain-pipe starts above in the shape of a funnel, and comes down to the sidewalk in a blaze of red light. Line on line, the rain-pipes follow each other down the vista of the street.

The Rienz, flowing close outside, against the walls, has made awful havoc more than once with the compact little town. As recently as 1882, the town experienced a week of terror. The mountain torrent became a vast stream, filled with Alpine refuse, that bore down everything it touched. Many houses and barns were swept away, and all but one of the bridges rode off on the back of the flood.

Those who are interested in antiquarian researches will do well to ask permission to see some of Bruneck's private collections of paintings, weapons, coins, etc. The town archives also are said to be exceptionally full, the minutes of the Council being complete since the thirteenth century.

Bruneck was for a while the home of the Tyrol's most noted poet, Hermann von Gilm, who was there in government service from

1842 to 1845. He was born in Innsbruck in 1812, studied at the university there, and entered the employment of the state in the department of justice. He first wrote a cycle of songs called *Märzenveilchen,* and then in memory of Natters, a little village in the Mittelgebirge, near Innsbruck, he continued with another cycle, called *Sommerfrische in Natters.*

In 1840, having been transferred to Schwaz, Hermann von Gilm wrote further cycles, entitled *Theodolinde* and *Lieder eines Verschollenen.*

Then came three years at Bruneck, during which the *Sophienlieder* were produced. In 1845 came a transfer to Rovereto, and in 1854, at Linz, we find him writing his last cycle of love-songs, the *Rosaneum.*

But Hermann von Gilm's real fame does not rest on his love-songs. He was, for a time, the real voice of the Tyrol, the interpreter of its inspirations. His *Schützenlieder,* begun in Bruneck, and finished in Rovereto, throbbed so loudly with fresh Alpine exhilaration that the heart of the Tyrol responded and beat in unison. These songs, very Teutonic, very heroic and hopeful, stirred the

silent peasants to a tremendous pitch of patriotism.

The poet took part in the revolutionary movements of 1848 at Vienna, but he died at Linz in 1864, and his remains now lie in Innsbruck.

His work and words are remembered with much love by his compatriots, and his name has been duly honoured by the placing of his bust on the house where he was born in the Maria Theresienstrasse at Innsbruck.

The Tharer Wirth

After Bruneck, comes the village of Olang. If the unnamed "Maid of Spinges" is the heroine of the French occupation of 1797 in the Pusterthal, the son of an innkeeper at Mitterolang is the martyr of that of 1809. His name was Peter Sigmaier, and he was known as the Tharer Wirth. The French General Broussier was particularly active in capturing the peasants, whose only crime it was that they were fighting for their native soil.

One of his drag-net orders brought in an old man, whose son was active in the Tyrolese cause. The order was given that, if the son

did not present himself within three days, the father was to fall by proxy. But the son, rather than sacrifice his father, promptly presented himself. His filial conduct raised hopes that Broussier would relent, and the son's young wife pleaded strongly for his life, but Broussier hardened his heart, and the son of the Tharer Wirth went to his death. Franz von Defregger has, within a few years, painted a picture, which hangs in the Ferdinandeum at Innsbruck, commemorating this martyrdom.

Joachim Haspinger (1776 - 1858)

Northward from Welsberg in the Pusterthal lies the Gsieserthal, where Joachim Haspinger was born, the third in the great triumvirate of 1809. The hamlet of St. Martin was his birthplace, and 1776 the year of his birth, the very year of the American Declaration of Independence. His parents were poor peasants. He took part in the struggle of 1797 against the French, probably fighting at Spinges. Certain it is that he received a silver medal for his bravery at that time. Then, in 1802, he entered the Capuchin Monastery at Klausen. When the war of

1809 broke over the Tyrol, Haspinger at once joined the native troops as chaplain. But Andreas Hofer instead gave him a command, which he inspired with his fiery zeal, and led with success. After the defeat of the Tyrolese cause, he escaped through Switzerland to Milan and Vienna, disguised as a *Handwerksbursche,* or journeyman apprentice.

The last years of his life were spent quietly as parish priest of Hietzing, near Vienna. The emperor had presented him with this office. In 1848 he reappeared for a while in Innsbruck as the chaplain of a company of students, commanded by Adolf Pichler. A brilliant reception was given him in the Tyrol at that time.

His body lies beside those of Hofer and Speckbacher, in the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

Toblach

The Pusterthal is unique in that two streams rise in it, the Rienz and the Drau, and flow in opposite directions. The watershed between the two is at Toblach. The Rienz flows into the Adige and the Adriatic, the Drau into the Danube and the Black Sea.

The Pusterthal

Toblach is a favourite gateway to the enchanted region of the Dolomites. There is a village of that name in the plain, but the principal hotels cluster about near the railroad.

At Toblach the Pusterthal presents an interesting contrast. The northern side of the valley is Teutonic to a " t," with greens in the usual gradations, starting from cultivated fields below and mounting through pine forests and pastures to a smooth sky-line above. The southern side of the valley, however, is the romance side, where the Dolomites stand guard, gray and soft in colour, sheer and shorn in shape, with their bases enveloped in rich, luxuriant fir-trees.

Herein lies the chief charm of Toblach, in this contrast between its workaday Pusterthal side and its artistic Dolomite aspect, so that Toblach has two strings to its bow.

On moonlight nights, when the Ampezzo valley, back of Toblach, is flooded with a shower of gold, and Monte Cristallo gleams above the black forests, the full fantasy of the scene becomes apparent. There is much peace in the soft touch of the air on such nights, and the woodland smells come fresh and pure to the nostrils.

There is a forest of larch-trees running all the way to Innichen, so that you can walk for about an hour under its delicate tracery, with eyes turned up to the lace of the branches above. I had almost said that this forest path alone was worth the journey to Toblach.

Innichen

Most of the towns and villages situated in the zone between Teutonic and Romance Tyrol have double names. To people coming from the south, they assume Italian disguises, to those coming from the north, they turn their German side.

Even places which are quite within the racial pale use convenient aliases, according to their needs. Hence it happens that Bozen is also Bolzano; Trento, Trient; Brixen, Bressanone, and Innichen, San Candido.

The name of Innichen was originally Aguntica, then it became Intica, and finally Innichen. The Italian name of San Candido, however, is due to the fact that when the Bavarian Duke Tassilo founded the monastery there, he dedicated it to a St. Candidus.

The monastery church in Romanesque

style shows its great age, dating from the thirteenth century. It is one of the most remarkable buildings in Teutonic Tyrol, with its half-vanished frescoes, and its little-understood carvings of centaurs, unicorns, and other imaginary beings.

There is also a little sunken chapel, built in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre. A native of Innichen once made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his return, had this chapel built. You go down a few steps into a species of crypt, and there, in an inner chapel, is the imitation of the sepulchre itself.

During the season there is much animation at Innichen. It is a favourite resting-place for people who are going up the Sextenthal, to the fashionable Wildbad, much favoured by the Viennese; to the Fischeleinboden, among the great *Kofel* and *Spitzen* of the Sexten Dolomites; or, perhaps, over the easy Kreuzberg Pass into Italy. The Dreischusterspitze, which belongs to the Sexten Dolomites, dominates Innichen with the majesty of its presence.

Lienz

Lienz is the jumping-off town in the Tyrol toward the east. Beyond it lies Carinthia,

and a pronounced Slavonic element then makes itself noticeable in the population. There happened to be a cattle market there the day I arrived. The place was full of peasants from remote valleys; some of the men even wore green trousers, or let their hair grow long, and most of the women clung to their extraordinary peaked hats. These are of black felt, with broad, stiff brims. The crown rises as though to end in a peak; then it seems to reconsider this intention, and ends in sort of a plateau. These hats are cut off at the apex of their ambition. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in his search for "Little Rivers," once strayed into Lienz. He says of this hat: "It looks a little like the traditional head-gear of the Pilgrim Fathers, exaggerated. There is a solemnity about it which is fatal to feminine beauty."

The place itself is not exactly a summer resort. It has a life of its own which circulates in front of the Lieburg, a long building with two towers, used by the district authorities. Here, too, the Stellwagen starts for Windisch-Matrei, and for the pure-white glories of the Gross Venediger and the Gross Glockner.

Windisch-Matrei

There is a Deutsch-Matrei on the Brenner route, but there is also a Windisch-Matrei, a Matrei of the Wends, north of Lienz. The latter is the chief village of the Iselthal, and it has been a little centre of civilization in the Alps for centuries, but during all its history it has constantly been threatened with destruction by a torrent which tears down from the Bretterwand on the east. The village has long since entrenched itself behind huge stone dams, but these do not always avail to avert the fury of the elements. In 1895, the torrent swept great masses of earth and rubble upon the fields, and buried them apparently beyond recovery, and since then the place has also been visited by a fire.

During a debate in the Tyrolese Diet at Innsbruck, in the session of 1899, the continuation of Windisch-Matrei upon its present site was even considered to be problematical. A plan was proposed to transfer the village to a safer site near by, and a subvention was offered by the Diet for that purpose, but the church, the school, and twenty other buildings, spared by the flames, still act as a centre of attraction for the population, and the centre

of the village is not likely to be shifted so easily. In the meantime we can wish Matrei safety and prosperity in the continuation of its task as an abode for men at the foot of the mountain ridges and snow peaks of the great Tauern range.

CHAPTER XIII

FRANZ VON DEFREGGER: PAINTER OF THE PEOPLE

PAINTING is perhaps somewhat of a rare accomplishment among Alpine peoples. Technical training, such as is required even by a beginner, is difficult to obtain; besides, paints, brushes, and canvas are expensive, — a serious, and sometimes a final consideration, among mountaineers.

As a matter of fact, the art impulse in the Alps generally turns to wood-carving. Every mountaineer has a knife in his pocket, and plenty of time on his hands, while he is tending the cattle in the uplands, or during long winter evenings. Nor is there any lack of wood to be had for the cutting.

It is doubtful, therefore, whether Defregger would ever have had a chance to paint those delightful pictures of Tyrolese life and history, had not his father been a man of some means.

The painter was born on April 30, 1835, on the family farm, called the Ederhof, in the parish of Dölsach, near Lienz, in the Pusterthal. Up to the age of fifteen, he herded his father's cattle and horses on the mountain pastures. During spare moments he amused himself by drawing and carving animals, according to the abundance of models constantly before him.

Thus early did he begin to sharpen his powers of observation, and to acquire that prodigious memory for form, which has always distinguished him. His talent does not seem to have been inherited, but to have asserted itself spontaneously, under favouring conditions. He was thrown from infancy into close contact with the life of all outdoors, and beauties of outline and colour.

At all events, the boy's artistic progress was not retarded by any sordid struggle for existence.

After his father's death, Defregger sold the Ederhof, and, with the proceeds, sallied forth into the world, to become a painter. Surely no youth ever chose his life-work with less hesitation.

First, he studied drawing in Innsbruck under Stolz, a teacher in the Realschule;

thence he passed to the School of Technical Arts in Munich, spent some time in a studio there, and, in 1867, eventually came under the famous Piloty at the Academy in that city.

There was a short interval of diligent preparation in Paris; then, in 1868, Defregger exhibited his first work in Munich, — that genial historical painting, called "Speckbacher and His Son Anderl."

The subject is simplicity itself.

Joseph Speckbacher, one of the leaders in the heroic but ill-fated insurrection of 1809, has been sitting at a table in consultation with his fellow patriots. In the picture he is seen standing erect and astonished, while a grizzled old soldier, his arm around little Anderl, leads the boy forward toward his father. A detachment of native troops is seen in the doorway; a motherly old woman looks on with folded hands; Speckbacher's fellow councillors crane their necks to get a better glimpse.

That is really all there is to the picture, and yet what depth of feeling is expressed!

Anderl, we must know, has raised this detachment himself, to help his father, and, moreover, the brave little fellow has been

caught searching for bullets, fired by the enemy, that they might be used a second time. Hence, Speckbacher's expression of pride and wonder, the broad grin of the veteran, and Anderl's clear, happy, upward look into his father's face.

In this picture Defregger at once revealed those qualities which were to endear him to men and women the world over.

First of all, his ability to tell a story, to dignify the simplest sort of a situation. No matter whether the canvas be large or small, the figures few or numerous, every object falls into its place, and is handled with consummate skill, to emphasize the predominant thought. Each person betrays in face and attitude his or her special point of view toward the central character.

But many an artist can do this successfully, and yet leave the heart cold.

Now, it is one of the most noticeable achievements of Defregger, that he is always tugging at our heart-strings. His optimism is irresistible; he is all wholesomeness, vitality, joyous exuberance. His power of depicting happiness has never been surpassed. Especially is he past master of smiling faces. Surely, nothing in art can be more full of glee

than some of his girls' faces, or more wholehearted than his men!

Although Defregger opened his career with an historical picture, he did not at once continue in this vein.

Being stricken with illness in 1871, he returned to his native mountains in order to recuperate, and there began to paint the people he saw about him.

Defregger's pictures can be divided into certain natural groups, according to subjects, and it is more satisfactory to consider them in this manner than in chronological order.

A true genre picture, for instance, is the "Faustschieber" (literally Fist-shovers).

The Tyrolese are so fond of athletic contests, that they have invented a test of strength, even when they are sitting down. Two men will double up their fists, and try to push each other's arms off the table. Sometimes they shoot out their right hands, and hook each other by the middle finger. The object then is to pull your adversary over the table, and on to the floor on the other side. This game is called *Fingerhanggl'n.*

In this picture, Defregger's astounding faculty for expressing thought by the position

of the body, the within by the without, is once again demonstrated.

Not only is this true of the contestants themselves, who are straining every nerve, but also of the spectators, whose feelings are brought out by different expressions and attitudes. The group at the main table are intensely interested and alert, but some men at a side-table are talking unconcernedly, and a little girl, with her back turned, seems absorbed in her knitting, as though she was trying to pick up a stitch which she had just dropped.

It is characteristic, too, of Defregger that he should make the most telling use of all accessories in the way of costumes and furniture, to produce the illusion of reality. A splendid touch is provided by the dog of one of the contestants, which has jumped up in the excitement at seeing its master's exertions, and is trying to restrain him by a friendly paw on his thigh. Hardly a single picture of Defregger but contains a dog or two! Especially do his *Dachshündchen* waddle their way into our affections.

As a further masterly portrayal of peasant life, take the " Ankunft auf dem Tanzboden " (Arrival on the Dancing-floor).

A Tyrolese wedding is said to be the most

rollicking sort of an affair imaginable. The guests often arrive the day before the marriage ceremony is to take place, and they begin to dance at once, generally in the big room of the local inn.

The key-note of this picture is youthful and jovial exuberance. A young fellow, who can no longer contain himself for joy, has jumped up from where he was, and is cutting all manner of capers, to welcome two delightful girls who walk in, arm in arm, smiling with gleaming teeth and dimpled mouths. Indeed, everybody is smiling the real Defregger smile in this picture. It is contagious, for you find yourself doing the same, as you look on. What a sweep of fine feathers and broad brimmed hats there is, and what enormous shoes are there to pound the floor in the rhythm of the dance!

Defregger has treated the dance in another picture, called "Ball auf der Alm" (The Ball on the *Alm,* or Summer Pasture). In this case an old hunter is dancing with a girl, while a company of young people are looking on, much amused.

Outside of his war pictures, which are naturally of a serious nature, the painter has for the most part chosen happy, often humour-

ous, subjects. Only once did he attempt a tragic scene, and that was toward the beginning of his career, when he painted "Der Verwundete Jäger" (The Wounded Hunter).

In the "Jäger in der Almhütte" (Hunters in the Hut on the *Alm*), we find a party of hunters, filing out of an Alpine chalet. One of the party is taking leave of the girl in charge. The atmosphere is one of great friendliness.

Among the most successful pictures of this type must be counted "Der Zitherspieler" (The Zither-player). A young man, of massive, superb build, sits in a hut, playing the zither. The instrument lies across his knees. Two of Defregger's typical girls are listening at his side.

One would say that the softening and refining influence of music upon these rugged Alpine people was the thought which the artist wished to suggest. This impression is heightened by the contrast between the player's huge, iron-shod shoes, rough stockings, bare knees, and the delicate, loving touch of his hands upon the strings. One can almost hear the click of the ring on his thumb, and the long-drawn, metallic singing of the zither.

THE ZITHER-PLAYER
(From painting by Franz von Defregger)

Even the *Dachshündchen* at his master's feet seems to be subdued, and made thoughtful, by the music.

The same theme of the zither is less impressively treated in a picture called "Auf der Alm" (On the Summer Pasture), and painted a few years before. This time it is a girl playing to her friend and two small boys.

Defregger has been reproached for appearing to consider the commonest occurrences in daily life worthy of his brush; for taking the trouble to depict trivial, domestic happenings; but it would seem that the painter has been at his best whenever he has simplified his situations, and though his historical pictures may live among his countrymen, and deservedly, too, on account of the interest of their subject-matter, yet his genre pictures of the intimate, homely sort are more likely to determine his position in the great world of art outside.

Defregger's list of genre pictures is a long one, but the more local he is, and the truer to the Tyrol, the more he seems to reflect human nature at large.

His "Brautwerbung" (Making the Match), for instance, is an exceptionally

fine piece of story-telling, but it leaves little room for the imagination.

A father and son have called, to ask for the hand of the eldest daughter of the house. The old man is full of genial importance; the lover, a callow youth, stands awkwardly behind, holding a bouquet to his belt. The mother has risen to greet the guests. She is all friendliness. The chosen girl, in the shelter of her mother's broad back, smiles knowingly at her younger sisters. There is also a grandmother present, and the accessories are all designed to fall into the obvious situation.

"Der Urlauber" (On Leave of Absence), and "Kriegsgeschichten" (War Stories), are somewhat alike.

In the first, we find a young soldier in the bosom of his family. Every expression and attitude of the various members speak of joy at his home-coming, down to the little brother, who reaches up to play with the shining brass buttons of the uniform.

In the second picture, the soldier's youthful face looks lean and worn, as though he had seen hard service. He wears two medals on his breast, and his listeners are hanging on his lips.

From a purely æsthetic standpoint, the uniform of the Austrian private does not lend itself as readily to artistic effects as the picturesque costumes of the Tyrolese.

In "Die Heimkehr" (The Home-coming), a hunter, on his return, lifts his youngest child from its mother's arms, while a little girl begs to be taken up also.

As for children, he shows them to us with loving solicitude at all ages, from their first arrival to their adolescence.

"Der Besuch" (The Visit), and "Der Erstgeborene" (The First-born), are scenes laid in that part of the Tyrol where, until recently, women still wore tall hats, like the modern silk hat of civilization. In both cases a young mother is showing her wonderful baby to appreciative friends.

Those blessed little things in "Das Tischgebet" (Saying Grace), how the heart expands to take them all in; from the eldest girl, just in her teens, to the smallest urchin, whom grandmamma is teaching to fold his hands!

"Das Erste Pfeiferl" (The First Little Pipe) is remarkable for the exquisite beauty of the mother, who stops for a moment in

her knitting, while the father amuses their sturdy little boy with his empty pipe.

Some of these children's pictures have small artistic merit, but they are all suffused with a loving spirit.

There is quite a group of Defregger works which may be called his tourist pictures, *i. e.*, they deal with the tourists, as they are brought in contact with native life, the two elements acting and reacting upon each other.

They generally betray a gentle satiric touch, especially that best known one of this class, "Der Salontiroler" (The Parlour Tyrolese, or, as we might say out West, The Tenderfoot).

In its way, this work is inimitable. A city-bred tourist, in brand-new Tyrolese toggery; two giggling peasant girls on the bench at his side; half a dozen men looking on; those are the figures for the tableau. One sees at once that the girls are making fun of the tourist, and that he does not know what to do about it. The spectators are, of course, immensely amused, but the victim is too conceited, and too obtuse, to realize his situation. Much skill has been shown in conveying the gist of the joke.

A word should be said about his portraits,

which are unmatched for certain vivid, life-like qualities. He has painted many girls' heads and half-lengths. Into these he has crowded his sense of beauty, and wholesome loveliness. They are so fresh, these young creatures, bubbling over with the joy of living, and so thoroughly harmonious in expression and pose.

One of his best men's portraits is "Franzl," the perfect embodiment of a Teutonic Tyrolese, with his fair, curly hair, his pipe in his mouth, his white teeth, and sanguine, sturdy temperament.

Of course Defregger has idealized his models. The Tyrolese are not a surpassingly handsome race. Divested of their picturesque costumes and glorious surroundings, they might possibly become uninteresting and commonplace. But the fact remains, that in travelling through the country one is often tempted to exclaim: "That was a real Defregger type!"

When Defregger returned to his native country, in his days of physical suffering, he painted a Holy Family for the altar of the parish church of Dölsach, and latterly he has given the world another Madonna of singular beauty, wherein human loveliness, such as we

recognize in his portraits of women, is exalted and spiritualized.

The patriotic side of his nature is emphasized by the great historical canvases, devoted to Andreas Hofer and the war of 1809. In less than a dozen paintings, he has set forth the national struggle, from the first call to arms, to the final heroic act of the peasant-commander, striding firmly to his martyrdom. These pictures, or copies of them, are to be found in the Ferdinandeum, at Innsbruck, but for a running commentary and text I beg the reader to turn to my chapter on "Andreas Hofer."

Take it all in all, Defregger has deserved well of his country, as in turn he has made the most of the material which the Tyrol could offer an appreciator and delineator of beauty. Defregger has had many successors in the same field, and perhaps some imitators, but within his own circle he is master. His art is buoyant and young, a fact which certainly gives it long life, and ensures permanency for that which is true and good in his work. The Defregger smile has already taken its place in art, and has come to stay. Its beneficent and benevolent contagion has gone around

the world. Defregger's kindliness, his sturdiness and gaiety, have won the hearts of men and women in many lands, and endeared him to a grateful and faithful host of friends.

CHAPTER XIV

BRIXEN

THIS little town forms an ideal resting-place for visitors to the Tyrol who have been *doing* the mountains to the north, or travelling among the attractions to the south. Although Brixen has a population of only five thousand inhabitants, with a garrison of possibly five hundred men, yet it shelters a surprising number of establishments, namely, a cathedral, an episcopal palace, twelve churches, five monasteries, an episcopal seminary, an imperial gymnasium, a girls' boarding-school, a public school, two printing establishments, and even a hydropathic establishment. All these are maintained in this alpine town, which is only a little larger than a good-sized village, and is surrounded by the usual green slopes, forests, and cultivated fields of the Tyrol.

In the town proper we find the interesting narrow streets, bulging upper stories, and peaked roofs of quaint mediæval structures,

while the crenelations and projections upon the houses deserve the attention of wayfaring artists.

The name of Brixen is derived from Prichsna, a royal estate which Ludwig the Child gave to the bishops of Säben (above Klausen), in 901. In 1179 the bishops of Brixen became prince bishops of the German Empire, and their see a principality. At present Brixen no longer possesses an independent sovereignty, and the jurisdiction of its bishops is solely ecclesiastical.

Fallmerayer, the Fragmentist (1790-1861)

Philipp Jacob Fallmerayer, commonly called the Fragmentist, was born in Tschötsch, a village perched southward from Brixen above the valley of the Eisack.

His father was a poor labourer, but the boy was able to attend the cathedral school of Brixen, where he received his first instruction in Greek. When nineteen, he went to Salzburg, and continued to study there, giving lessons, the meantime, in order to make a living. He was at Landshut, when the great War of Liberation, undertaken by the allies against Napoleon, called him to take up arms.

He took part in the campaign against Paris, during the winter of 1813-14. After the second Peace of Paris, in 1815, he was stationed for half a year near Orleans, in a castle inhabited by a marquis with his wife and several relatives. In later years he was wont to refer to this period with special gratitude, as having turned him from a peasant of the Tyrol into a man of the world. His French accent ever after remained the admiration of those who knew him.

He remained in the army as lieutenant until 1818, then resigned, and returned once more to teaching, filling places in Augsburg and Landshut. In his hours of leisure, he studied modern Greek, Persian, and Turkish, with special enthusiasm, and when the Academy of Copenhagen offered a prize for the best history of the Empire of Trapezunt, on the Black Sea, he at once went to work on original manuscripts in Vienna and Venice, and produced a work which received the prize, and was crowned by the academy.

His second work was a History of the Peninsula of Morea during the Middle Ages. In it he developed the idea that the modern Greeks were in reality of Slavic origin.

It was in 1831 that a seeming accident

brought him in contact with a Russian, Count Ostermann-Tolstoi, who desired to make a trip to the East, and was looking for a suitable companion. The count invited Fallmerayer to accompany him; the latter accepted joyfully, and the two started promptly for Egypt.

They journeyed up the Nile, then returned and passed into Syria and Palestine, over to Cyprus and Rhodes, and up the coast of Ionia to Constantinople. Here the historian welcomed the opportunity to practise what he knew of Turkish. He used to chat by the hour to chance acquaintances in the coffee-houses along the Bosphorus, delighted with every new word, or turn of speech, which he could add to his store of knowledge.

Turkish, ever after, remained his favourite among the many languages which he spoke. In order to secure Fallmerayer's attention, it was only necessary to ask him some question concerning Turkish grammar or pronunciation. He would then sit down and talk of the East by the hour.

From Constantinople the travellers passed through the Cyclades to Athens, through Greece, and back by Naples. At this point the travelling companions parted, but Fallmerayer soon renewed his peripatetic studies,

taking short trips to Italy, into Southern France, or to Paris, and spending the winter of 1839-40 in Geneva, with his former travelling companion, Count Ostermann-Tolstoi.

Then the spell of the East drew him once more to the Black Sea, to Trapezunt. On his way back he hobnobbed again at Constantinople with his long-bearded acquaintances of the Bosphorus coffee-houses. On Mount Athos he lived with the monks, in Athens he disputed with the learned Greeks concerning their historical origin, and on his return to Brixen in 1842, he was welcomed and banqueted by the prince bishop himself.

During the next few years he made Munich his headquarters, and began to publish articles in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* concerning his travels and historical studies in the East. Then came his "*Fragmente aus dem Orient,*" which gave him his name of "The Fragmentist." The introduction to this last work was full of radical utterances, which greatly stirred German thought during the revolutionary years before 1848. In fact, Fallmerayer was elected to a seat in the National Assembly at Frankfurt. He belonged to the so-called left centre of the Assembly, which

insisted upon the unconditional subordination of the separate states to a central monarchy. But he made no speeches, and had little taste for constructive political work, though he stuck to his post to the end.

When the National Assembly at Frankfurt broke up in 1849, Fallmerayer joined a few representatives in continuing the so-called Rump-Parliament in Stuttgart, until that, too, had been dissolved. Then he passed over the frontier into Switzerland, to St. Gallen.

A decree of amnesty, issued in 1850, permitted him to return to Munich, where he lived on quietly until his death in 1861, a notable scholar, who had enriched the historical knowledge of his day, a critic rather than a creator in literature and politics.

CHAPTER XV

THE GRÖDEN VALLEY

Toy Town and Toy Land

ABOUT midway between Franzensfeste and Bozen, a narrow, gorgelike valley opens unexpectedly toward the east. A carriage-road starts from the station of Waidbruck, passes through a toll-gate under the shadow of the superb castle of Trostburg, and penetrates the rocky defile of the Grödnerthal. It leads in three hours to St. Ulrich, the capital of Toyland, where lives a race of mountaineers, whom time and trade have transformed into artists and artisans.

Ever since the late Amelia B. Edwards passed through this valley, some years ago, and described its curious industry in her delightful book, " Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys," English-speaking tourists have found their way to St. Ulrich in increasing numbers.

CASTLE TROSTBURG

After its long climb, the Stellwagen suddenly turns a corner, and Toy Town spreads its stately white houses on the green floor of the valley, while the overpowering Langkofel stretches a tower of blank rock straight into the sky.

St. Ulrich looks not unlike one of those Swiss industrial villages, of which there are many off the beaten track of tourist travel. Neatness is paramount. Many houses have their windows decorated with flowers, from ground to garret. There are plenty of hotels, and even private houses where rooms may be had, and so scrupulously clean are such rooms, that they literally must force the careless to contract good habits of order. There are even quite pretentious villas in this Alpine environment. In contrast to the almost citified aspect of some of the houses, brown barns are freely sprinkled about, built in a manner peculiar to the valley, namely, with galleries running completely around, sometimes two and three stories high, where bundles of grain hang to dry, and the carvers expose their wood to weather.

St. Ulrich, and neighbouring villages of the Grödnerthal, send a great supply of toys

and images of saints to various parts of the world.

Some of the largest houses in the village are used to store these local products, the Purger establishment being perhaps the largest and best known. Upon entering, you find long shelves full of playthings in packages, vast rooms lined with these shelves; whole floors, for example, teeming with jointed dolls, measuring anywhere from half an inch to twenty-four inches in length, and costing from two kreuzers to three florins the dozen. There are piles of horses, painted brown, gray, or yellow, spotted horses, and horses with curious conventional black lines on their backs, such as no real horse ever ventured to possess. Other animals are there in full force, destined to go into Noah's arks. Certain firms make a specialty of little wagons, others of monkeys climbing sticks. Almost the whole population of the valley, men, women, and children, are engaged in carving these toys, doing their work with incredible deftness, and by a system of minute subdivision of labour. One family, by tradition and heredity alike, is devoted to dolls, another to horses, or to cats and dogs, camels and elephants, or possibly to Noah's arks. It is astonishing to see with

what rapid skill the characteristics of a maned lion, a sneaking fox, or a fetching poodle, will be whittled out of a square piece of wood. The products of this work, of course, have become mechanical and stereotyped in appearance. Although certain simple contrivances are now used for the manufacture of dolls, the animals are still entirely carved by hand. Figurines, wearing different Tyrolese costumes, require special care, and show a considerable advance in artistic treatment over the mere toys.

It is no unusual sight to see an old woman, tending her cows on the slope, and whittling the while, as in another valley she would probably be knitting a stocking. At the end of the week some member of the family generally carries the result of the week's labour to the great storehouse of the firm which controls the family output.

On a much higher artistic plane than this wholesale manufacturing of toys, stands the carving of images of saints, of altars, and other ecclesiastical fixtures. This work is done in regular studios.

The Grödnerthal carving industry started from small beginnings. As long ago as the seventeenth century a certain amount of carv-

ing was done in the valley; the statues of a Dominic Winatzer, for example, marked 1682, show considerable skill; but Johann de Metz, in 1703, seems to have been the man to give a decisive impetus to the development of carving. Beginning with picture-frames, he gradually added crucifixes, saints, and toys. In course of time, peddlers from the Grödnerthal wandered over the whole of Europe with their wares, even crossing the ocean to America. Many of them settled in foreign countries, where they became agents and middlemen for the thriving home industry; many of them also returned in their old age and in affluence to their native valley, where they built the substantial white mansions which one admires to-day.

At the present time, the carver no longer carries his own products into the cities for sale, but delivers them to one of the large local firms, which deal with the outside world.

The only wood used for the toys and saints was originally the *pinus cembra,* which grew abundantly on the slopes of the Grödnerthal. It is a wood which is peculiarly adapted for carving. But now that a great part of these forests have been whittled away, or have gone into the wide, wide world, disguised as dolls

and horses, only the more expensive products are made of *pinus cembra,* while the frivolous toys have to be satisfied with inferior woods. To-day there seems to be no immediate danger of the extinction of the *pinus cembra,* for a great part of the needed supply comes from the neighbouring valleys.

An imperial school of drawing and modelling has been established in the Grödnerthal, as well as a permanent exhibition. Many young men also take a few years in Munich or Vienna to work in the studios of well-known masters.

As far as toys are concerned, they have hardly changed in several generations. As the father worked, so does the son; as the mother, so the daughter of the Grödnerthal. It is likely that the horses will continue to wear those unnatural black lines on their backs, and to indulge in the same impossible spots for generations to come.

The Seiser Alp

About two hours' climb from St. Ulrich brings you to a grassy, undulating upland, the Seiser Alp, the largest haying plateau in the Tyrol. It is dotted with more than four hun-

dred brown barns, and almost as many cooking sheds; here and there its green stretches are broken by black groves of pine; there is the murmured gurgle of hidden brooks; the air thrills with exuberance; the blue sky is above, and the giant Dolomites, the Schlern, the Rosszähne, the Plattkofel, the Langkofel, the Geislerspitzen, etc., rear their strange shapes all around, standing guard. A short climb to the top of the Puflatsch will reveal still greater distances.

Here most of the young people of the Grödnerthal and neighbouring districts spend a week or two by turns during haying time. It is their summer holiday. They work under the brilliant sun in long rows; they eat five times a day, picnic-fashion, in jolly groups on the fragrant ground; and at night they sleep on the new-mown hay in the barns, while outside the vast billows of the alp darken and dampen with the dew. When all the slopes and level stretches of the Seiser Alp are bare, they descend in troops, dressed in their very best, each mower wearing in his hat a bunch of mountain pinks and rosemary.

Not less interesting than the extraordinary industrial and agricultural activity of these people is their history and language. It seems

to be now generally conceded that the inhabitants of the Grödnerthal are of Rætian origin. Whether this means Etruscan or Celtic, or a mixture of both, is a question which remains more or less unsettled. Be that as it may, the prevailing language is Ladin. It contains at least five per cent. of Rætian words, eighty per cent. of vulgarized Latin ones, and fifteen per cent. of German ones. This mixture maintains itself with a tenacity which is astonishing, considering the nearness of German influences. Most of the inhabitants, it is true, now speak German as well, but often with a foreign accent, which is really quite pleasing. One of the chief reasons why Ladin is still cultivated by the people is, that they find it of advantage when they go out into the world as peddlers. It gives them the key to all the other Romance languages; in a few weeks they can master the rudiments of Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, etc. As examples of Ladin, I may cite: Urtischëi, the local name of St. Ulrich; bona sëira, is good evening; bot, a boy; fuya, a pocket, etc.

Beyond St. Ulrich, the valley rises and narrows gradually. At St. Christina a superb view awaits you from the church terrace. From up there the green slopes and the red

rocks contrast vividly, while the edges of the torrent look as though embroidered by the white foam. Opposite, the Langkofel, nowhere else so majestic, so mysterious and dominant, rises, sheer and gray, above the forests of the foot-hills, or wraps its head in lowering clouds. Not a blade of grass, apparently, can take root on its pitiless flanks.

There was a time when several families of nobles sat perched in their castles upon the surrounding heights, not the least of them being the Counts von Wolkenstein, whose ruined ancestral seat still clings to the steep side of the mountain above St. Maria in the Langenthal. Schloss Fischburg, overlooking St. Christina, later became the principal castle of this family. It was built in 1622, and appears extremely well to this day.

There is something for almost every type of visitor in the Grödnerthal. The mountains are an open text-book for the geologists; they spread their violet grays, their streaks of red, and the stains of yellow before the eyes of impressionistic painters, and gladden the hearts of the expert Dolomite climbers.

CHAPTER XVI

TWO MINNESINGERS

Walther von der Vogelweide and Oswald von Wolkenstein

WHEN one travels southward over the Brenner Pass, there comes a place where the north leaves off and the south begins. It is somewhere in the stretch from Brixen to Bozen. There the air of the Alps mingles with the breath from the plain of Lombardy. The two atmospheres hold one another in check. Sometimes they overlap, and each cries victory. In that region, too, comes a change in the rocks. The common limestone of the Teutonic Tyrol gives way to fantastic Dolomite formations, and to pillars of volcanic porphyry, twisted and seared.

In this same region, there is the side valley opening from Waidbruck, where a remnant of the ancient Ræti stands at bay. Put your

finger on the map at that point in the Brennerthal where the Grödnerthal joins it, for you may know that some unusual manifestation must have taken place at such a racial cross-roads. And, in fact, there was once a veritable nest of Minnesingers there. The greatest of them all was born there, Walther von der Vogelweide, and within hailing distance the last of them, Oswald von Wolkenstein. Over there at Klausen, perched on its lofty crags, was another of less note, Leuthold von Säben, but we will not stop for him here.

Walther von der Vogelweide (between 1168-75 and 1230)

Neither the date of Walther's birth nor the place where he was born have been settled entirely beyond dispute. For the first, some year between 1168 and 1175 is generally accepted; for the second, there has been much shifting of ground from Franconia to Bohemia, then to the neighbourhood of Sterzing, and finally, to a farm above Waidbruck, called the Vogelweidehof.

In 1874, Professor Ignaz von Zingerle, in the presence of a throng of scholars and poets, of Tyrolese townspeople and peasants, un-

KLAUSEN

veiled a marble tablet over the door of the farmhouse. It bears the following inscription:

"Her Walther von der Vogelweide
Swer des vergaeze, der taet mir leide.
(Who should forget him, would grieve me)."

The women of Brixen and Bozen united in doing honour to the poet, who had sung so nobly of the German woman of his day.

This tablet and the statue of Walther von der Vogelweide, in near-by Bozen, have practically settled the question of his birthplace, as far as the travelling public is concerned.

Walther belonged to the lesser nobility (Dienstadel). In his twentieth year he started out into the world to make his fortune. First he went to Vienna. At the court there he learned to "sing and say," *singen und sagen, i. e.,* he learned both music and text. From this period date most of his lively, fresh spring songs. But he did not confine himself to Minne-songs. His poems tell us a good deal about himself personally and about contemporary events. He wandered from court to court as a strolling singer, his fiddle (Fiedl) by his side. He tells us that he travelled "from the Elbe to the Rhine and

into Hungary. From the Seine to the Mur, from the Po to the Trave."

Walther spent the years between 1204 and 1207 at the court of the Margrave of Thuringia. Poets from all sides were attracted thither. Tradition has represented the rivalry between the different poets as culminating in a veritable Poets' War, or Sängerkrieg on the Wartburg. Walther took part, and five other Minnesingers. Wolfram von Eschenbach carried off the prize. A substratum of historical truth seems to underlie this Sängerkrieg.

In 1228 he accompanied Frederick II. to the Crusades. Frederick II. had given him an estate near Würzburg, and there he died in 1230, two years after his return from Palestine. He was buried in the Lorenzgarten in front of the door of the new Minster. His burial-place has lately been rediscovered, but not his tombstone. This, however, was still visible in the eighteenth century.

According to tradition, Walther left a bequest in his will from which the birds were to be fed on his tomb with grains of wheat and water. Four cavities, to contain food and drink, were said to have been hollowed out of the tombstone.

Longfellow has told of Walther's bequest in his characteristic singing verse:

"Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würzburg's minster towers.

"And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest: —
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

"Saying: 'From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long.'"

Walther von der Vogelweide was the greatest lyric singer of Germany during the middle ages. Gottfried von Strassburg, his contemporary, in his poem on "Tristan" (verse 4791), praises his name as that of the master of them all. In fact, his name and influence lived on through the following era of the Meistersinger, and in the eighteenth century the study and appreciation of his work revived.

Miss Charlotte H. Coursen, in an article on the poet in *The Home Journal* of New

York, shows true appreciation of his finer qualities. She says, in part:

"His light-hearted enjoyment does not preclude a genuine religious feeling, — often expressed, as in his devout Morning Hymn, and also when he says that 'he who repeats the ten commandments and breaks them, knows not true love,' and 'he who calls God "Father," and treats me not as a brother, uses the word in a weakened sense.' His patriotism found expression in the famous song, 'Deutschland über Alles,' beginning, 'Ye shall say that I am welcome,' and forming the prototype of modern German patriotic songs. Walther is true; we are convinced that he feels all that he professes to feel. He despises hypocrisy. 'God knows,' he naïvely exclaims, 'my praise should be always given to the life of courts, if it were always such as beseems courtiers, and if word and deed accorded well together. I shudder when one smiles on me without a reason, — honey upon his lips, while gall is in his heart.' He addresses men, and speaks of them in a frank and manly spirit, while for women he shows a truly chivalric regard. He never wearies of praising the beauty, gentleness, and truthfulness of his countrywomen, and, though his

love-songs are many, he sings much of a love which rests not only upon the beauty, but also upon the higher qualities of women. For children there is evidently a warm place in his heart, as shown in his 'Teaching of Children:'

> 'Would you safely guide them,
> Do not harshly chide them.
> He who aught of this doth know
> Gives a word, and not a blow.
>
> 'Children, this is reason;
> Close your lips in season;
> Push the bolt across the door;
> Speak those angry words no more.'

"And so on, with a repeated rhyme in each verse, such as might attract the fancy of a child.

"His broad sympathies are shown in a spirit rather unusual for that time, when he says: 'Christians, Jews, heathen, all serve the Great Sustainer of all.'"

The modern revival of interest in Walther is due not only to his work as an artist, but also to his words as a prophet. He stands close to the German heart of to-day because he

sang of the unity of Germany and worked for that ideal.

Oswald von Wolkenstein (1367 - 1445)

There is something fabulous about Oswald von Wolkenstein's career. He was born in 1367, in Castle Trostburg, at the entrance of the Gröden Valley. At ten years of age he ran away from home to join a company of Tyrolese knights, who followed Duke Albrecht III. of Austria, upon an expedition against the heathen Lithuanians. He remained several years in the state founded by the Order of Teutonic Knights, then at the height of its power, perfecting himself in various branches of military service.

Then the desire to wander seized him, and he passed through the great Hansa ports out into the wide world, a man-at-arms, a fiddler, and a knight errant of many shifts. He fought for the Danish Queen Margaret against the Swedes; with the Scotch under Douglas against the English. He visited London, Ireland, Russia; was shipwrecked in the Black Sea; penetrated to the Euphrates through Persian Armenia; and worked his way homeward as cook and boatswain, touch-

ing at the island of Crete, seeing something of Constantinople, Greece, Dalmatia, and Venice.

After an absence of fifteen years, Oswald returned to his native castle in the Tyrol. He was only twenty-five years of age, and had already seen a great part of the then known world. He did not stay long at home, for presently we hear of his taking ship at Genoa for Alexandria in Egypt.

In Cairo he was received by the Sultan. He prayed on Mount Sinai; entered the Holy Land at Jericho; made verses in Bethlehem; and was created Knight of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

On his homeward journey, Oswald touched at the islands of Cyprus, Malta, and Sicily. In Italy he learned to know Dante's Divine Comedy and Petrarch's lyrics.

After an absence of three years he returned to the Tyrol. It chanced just then that a great historical movement was pulsing through the German Empire, due to the desire on the part of the freemen and the lesser nobility to enter into direct dependence upon the empire, and to do away with intermediaries. But the Dukes of Habsburg, having been driven from

Switzerland, desired nothing so much as to assure their position in the Eastern Alps.

Knight Oswald von Wolkenstein became the head and front of the League on the Etsch, directed against the house of Habsburg, and a desultory war resulted, lasting twenty years, in which Habsburg finally subdued the members of the lesser nobility one by one.

During a lull in this conflict between the League on the Etsch and Habsburg, Oswald, confirmed globe-trotter that he was, once more set out in the quest of adventure, this time to fight the Moors in Spain.

Singing his way from castle to court, he stopped one day at Hohenschwangau, on the frontier between the Tyrol and Bavaria. The Schwangau family were fond of music. A daughter of the house, Margarethe, knew Oswald's songs, and sang them to the harp. The two fell in love with each other, and were betrothed; and it was arranged that the wedding should take place on Oswald's return from Spain.

Thereupon the Minnesinger continued his journey down the Rhine to Holland, over to England. Thence to Portugal, where an expedition was just being arranged against the Moors in Africa. He helped to storm Ceuta

(1411), arrived in Granada, where he was distinguished by Yussuf, the Red King; passed through Castile, was proclaimed a second Cid, and reached Aragon.

He landed eventually in Genoa, and in 1413 was once more in his castle in the Tyrol.

He met his betrothed after a separation of five years, and they were married in 1417. The best of his songs were written to her, and through them the fame of her beauty and of her virtues passed from one German land to another.

There is extant a touching letter which she wrote him a few weeks before his death, when he was seventy-eight years of age, and was attending the sessions of the Tyrolese Landtag in Meran. "If you stay longer at the Council send for me. . . . Once for all, I will not be without you, here or elsewhere."

His body lies buried in the Monastery of Neustift, and in the cloisters of the cathedral at Brixen there is an upright stone which shows him in the armour of a Crusader, a sword by his side, with fluttering flag, and a lyre that seems to confirm his title to be called the last of the Minnesingers.

SOUTHERN TYROL

CHAPTER XVII

THE BASIN OF BOZEN

As we stray southward, the grass of the uplands shrivels under the sun; the tall pines shrink to bushes; the mountainsides grow bare and burned. The clear, hard greens and blues of the north turn to browns and lavenders. The cool tonic of the Alps meets the hot air from the plains. Innsbruck shakes hands with Verona. The vineyards climb up to the edge of the chestnut forests, and the flowers seem uncertain whether to be tropical or arctic. Then we know that we have strayed into the borderland between Romance and Teutonic Tyrol.

Here lies the city which the Germans call Bozen, and the Italians Bolzano. Take your stand on the Talfer bridge, and use your eyes well.

Cyclopean walls stand around about the basin of Bozen; here brown-red precipices of porphyry, blistering in the heat, upon which

the cypress and the cactus grow; there, bare, gray masses, shadeless, and Oriental. Here are arboured vineyards, studded with summer houses and shrines, there many castles tower from many crags and spurs. Here a vista of the valley of the Etsch goes a-narrowing and its mountains a-stooping toward the south; there, in the east, the group of the Rosengarten points transcendental flowers to the utmost sky.

The basin of Bozen is an extraordinary meeting-place of the elements. There is fire in the volcanic rocks and in the unrelenting sun; water in the unruly confluence of Talfer and Eisack, and of Etsch, lower down; and air, — there is air to suffuse everything and give it charm.

Bozen acts very like a chameleon. When you approach it from the south, the town looks German; when you come from the north, it shows the nearness of Italy. Everything depends upon the point of view, but, in truth, Bozen the town is Teutonic amid a Romance environment. The Teutonic touch is on everything within the town, on the painted iron scrollwork signs, on the fat draught-horses, and on the one-horse cabs, made for two. You see the Teutonic tone

especially in the scrupulous cleanliness of the streets. Still, Italian is heard more and more about town every year. Most of the citizens have learned to speak that language when necessary. Bozen proper has over thirteen thousand inhabitants, of whom some fifteen hundred are of Italian race. Including the suburbs, the population can be reckoned at twenty thousand. Another twenty thousand persons, strangers, pass through Bozen annually as transient visitors.

All roads seem to lead to Bozen. It is the cross-roads for the Brenner and the Vintsgau route: the Stelvio and the Finstermünz. From time immemorial generals have passed here with their armies, emperors and pilgrims to Rome, and merchants plying between Germany and Italy. Now the tourists keep up the traditions of travel, but Bozen, unlike Meran, does not depend upon them absolutely. It is no mere resort, it is a business centre; it has local products, especially in the way of wine and fruit.

Have you ever eaten Bozen preserves? There is a regular *Actiengesellschaft für Conservirte Früchte* in Bozen. When you first taste these *conserved* fruits, you think there has been a mistake, for the fruits are in mus-

tard. But many people like fruit thus preserved to eat as a relish with meat.

Bozen, like Innsbruck, began life as a bridge.

On a Roman itinerary, traced during the reign of Emperor Theodosius, the name Pons Drusi appears on the spot where Bozen now stands. Later a curious collection of names covered the spot: Bauxare, Pauzana, Bazanum, Bosanum, Bozan, Bulsanum. Out of this assortment the Germans picked a Bozen for themselves, and the Italians a Bolzano. The place proved an apple of discord between the Counts of Tyrol and the Bishops of Trent, and received some hard knocks in a tussle for possession between the two. Many fires, and repeated inundations by the Talfer also did their work, but at length, in the seventeenth century, came the golden age of Bozen.

Through certain special privileges, granted by the ruling archdukes, Bozen became an important centre of the transport trade between Venice, Verona, and the German cities of the north. Population increased, and the name of Bozen became known from the Adriatic to the North Sea. It produced an aristocracy of trade which was different from the aristocracy of the castles around about. It

was a smaller Augsburg or Nürnberg, with wealthy patricians and big purses of its own. The four fairs of Bozen were international functions in those days, and, in changing much money, the bankers of Bozen allowed a good deal of the gold dust to stick to their fingers, as was right and proper.

Bozen is not what it was then, relatively speaking, but its present growth is wholesome, and there is said to be a good deal of money saved up for a rainy day. Society amuses itself in a really sociable way, with almost as many clubs and societies as a Swiss town of its size would have. Besides, Bozen is the seat of several K. K. institutions, of a judicial and an administrative district. It has a chamber of commerce and many schools.

In our sightseeing through Bozen, we cannot do better than begin with the parish church. A street, shaded by horse-chestnut-trees and flanked by public gardens, leads straight from the station to the church.

The building is not easily overlooked. It is so intensely Teutonic, so distinctly Gothic, after the many basilicas of the Latin lands toward the south. There is a slim steeple of openwork design, fretted and carved out of good, honest, red stone. There is also a gay

roof of green tiles in pattern. The church might almost be standing in Swabia itself, imitating the red sandstone, the tall pines, and the green foliage of the Black Forest!

When all other signs fail, the people of Bozen will always be able to point to their parish church, as proof that they are of German stock.

And, in fact, when we come to investigate, we find that the steeple was built by Johannes Lutz, from Schüssenried, in Swabia, during the years 1501 and 1519. There were originally two towers, but one had to be torn down more than five hundred years ago, after an earthquake, and the second suffered so much by fire, that Lutz had to rebuild it entirely in its present form. The church, as a whole, and as it stands to-day, is fourteenth-century work; only the west portal, with two lions in Lombard style, seems to date from an earlier building. From another period, also (1514), dates the elaborate pulpit in stone.

A statue to Walther von der Vogelweide stands in the square called the Johannsplatz. It is the work of a Tyrolese sculptor, the late Heinrich Natter. This artist was born in Graun, a hamlet in the Vintsgau, not far from Nauders. The Hofer statue on Berg Isel, and

STATUE OF WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE IN BOZEN

this statue of Walther von der Vogelweide, are his two main contributions toward the praise of his native land. He was a simple man of the mountains, filled with an intense appreciation for the heroic qualities inherent in the Tyrolese subjects he treated. He was also the sculptor of the notable statue of Ulrich Zwingli in Zürich, Switzerland.

Those are happy summer evenings in the square when the band plays. Many kinds of people sit at many tables, belated tourists eating their suppers, or citizens out for an airing. There are wonderful Alpine climbers, with enormous shoes, short breeches, and peeling noses. They may look red and unshaven, but they feel triumphant. There are pretty gentlemen in green hats with curly feathers, who are doing their mountains mostly in the Stellwagen. There are German professors who find this borderland between German and Italian influences a happy hunting-ground for etymological derivations. Some ladies have dressed for dinner in fluffy light things, others glory in weather-stained green woollens, and wear hobnailed shoes.

The basin of Bozen can become decidedly hot in summer, even for Americans; it is hotter, the statistics say, than Trent, though

the latter lies farther south. The sun shines with steady rays, baking and broiling and driving the people indoors for a noonday siesta. Business comes to a standstill in the middle of the day. Only under the arcades is a languid interest in commercial activity still maintained. All those who can, go to the mountains for July, August, and part of September. They leave for the Ritten, the Schlern, or the Jenesien, to spend their *Sommerfrische* up there, their summer-cooling-off. Those who cannot afford to go away entirely, content themselves with a Saturday-to-Monday trip in the heights. The people of Bozen know a great many little nooks and ledges on the sides of their basin, many plateaux on top, where you can have all the luxuries of the Alps for next to nothing: milk fresh from the cow, and air straight from the snow.

The Laubengasse recalls the central street of Bern. There are the same arcades on either hand, the same sidewalks sheltered from sun and rain, where stores display their wares and form a continuous bazaar. The half-light produces a feeling of friendly intimacy and hospitality. The Mercantil-Gebäude, about midway on the Laubengasse, is an ornate building, finished in 1717, and containing a

large hall, used for festivities, and especially for exhibitions. As in Bern, so here, there are many passages through the houses that are used by the public. They are short cuts from the Laubengasse to the parallel Silbergasse and Karnergasse.

The Obstplatz, however, is distinctly of Bozen and not of Bern, for the fruits and flowers, brought there for sale, look and smell of the semi-tropical southern foot of the Alps. Even almonds, figs, and melons grow in the open air. There is no longer much costume in Bozen, but you will generally see what is left of it on the Obstplatz. There the women vendors wear short white sleeves, caught above the elbow by an elastic or ribbon. A bright kerchief is folded over the shoulders and bosom, with a corner pointing down the back. It is especially the women who sell mushrooms and yellow-red gourds for drinking vessels, who cling to the local costume. If the men wear green hats with feathers, that is all that can be expected of them nowadays.

Take it all in all, if the guide-books must liken Bozen to some other foreign city, perhaps they may as well call it "The Florence of the Tyrol." The resemblance is not very close, but Bozen certainly does grow a great

many flowers, and does have a special annual flower-market on the first of May.

There is a Rathhaus, a museum where most of the Tyrolese peasant costumes are shown, a palace of the Archduke Henry on the Johannsplatz, a new Bürgersaal, not far from the station, and even a theatre, so that Bozen is a thoroughly well equipped modern city. Its sturdy inhabitants are doing much to enhance its beauties, and its growing popularity with strangers from many lands is proof that the good people of Bozen make the best of hosts.

THE ROSENGARTEN

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ROSENGARTEN — A GARDEN OF ROSES

To the east of Bozen rises the mountain group to which the poetical name of the Rosengarten has been given. The roses in this garden are of rock, and only bloom at sunset! They are literally flowers of stone. Their thorns are sharp pinnacles of chalk and magnesia, and their fragrance is the keen, sweet smell which rises from beds of snow, and wastes of stone, and stretches of summer pastures!

The finer the day, the farther it fades, this Garden of Roses. The more treacherous the weather, the nearer it draws. The hotter the morrow, the redder the roses. The sun sinks behind the Guntschnaberg, and the Garden of Roses, facing west, receives the full force of its parting rays. A violet twilight creeps over the plain, city, and foot-hills. The roses blush, then glow like red-hot iron. The

violet pursues the red up the precipices. The shadows follow the colours foot by foot.

Suddenly there are ashes of roses against the sky. The sun has burned up the flowers.

This nightly wonder of the blushing rocks has had its own particular effect upon the people of Bozen. Some fantastic fellow, as he watched it on a summer evening, called the company of reddened peaks a Rosengarten, and presently somebody else, I believe it was a certain Heinrich von Ofterdingen, made a full-blown legend to grow up there, one of the many romances in which the redoubtable Dietrich von Bern, Theodoric of Verona, is represented as swinging his great sword Sachs.

To this day the people of Bozen call a snow-patch just under the summit of the highest peak, the Gartl, or Little Garden.

The legend of the Rosengarten is as follows: The dwarf king, Laurin, had his crystal palace in the interior of the mountain mass, and there he hid away the golden-haired sister of Dietlieb of Steier, a henchman of Dietrich of Bern. But Knights Dietlieb and Dietrich, with their swordsmen, came up quickly from Verona, from the land where the Etsch is called the Adige, and penetrated into the mountain through a grotto at the foot

of the Schlern, whereupon Dietrich defeated Laurin, in spite of the latter's magic spells, but spared his life at the request of Dietlieb. Laurin, in return, set drugged wine before his guests, so that when they awoke, they found themselves bound in the bowels of the earth. Then it was that Simild, the sister, came and freed them. Finally Dietrich and his knights fought Laurin and his dwarfs and giants, trod the roses under foot, and took Simild and Laurin back with them to Verona.

This story explains why the roses no longer bloom as steadily as they used to do, but only glow for a few minutes on fine evenings.

The key to the underground palace of the elfin king was lost somehow during the dark ages, but it is still possible to climb up into the Rosengarten and tread its mazes.

There are three main entrances to the Rosengarten on the Teutonic side: one from Kardaun through the Eggenthal to Welschnofen, another from Blumau, by the valley of Tiers and Weisslahn-Bad, and a third from Waidbruck, over Kastelruth and Völs. But open the garden gate of your own choice, and pluck your own roses. You will soon find that some of these tall flowers are not to be picked by ordinary climbers.

The English are said to have been the first climbers in the Rosengarten. Messrs. C. C. Tucker and F. H. Carson made the first ascents in 1874. Now, practically every tower and pinnacle has been ascended. Nothing is too steep, too exposed, or too smooth for the new school of Dolomite climbers. The German-Austrian Alpine Club has covered the approaches with signs and shelter-huts. In 1887, a student named Winkler, from Munich, ascended the most southern of the Vajolett towers, which had been considered impregnable up to that time. It has now been called after him the Winklerthurm. Then came another climber " without guides," Delago of Brixen, who conquered the last and most difficult of the Vajolett towers, and gave it the name of Delagothurm. Among the extraordinary feats in the Rosengarten, must be mentioned the trip of the late Norman-Neruda, son of the famous violinist, Lady Halle, with Dr. H. Lorenz of Vienna, and R. V. Arvay of Graz, who crossed over the Fünffingerspitze twice in one day, from south to north, and from west to east. Two Englishmen, G. S. Raynor, and J. S. Phillmore, of Oxford, with two guides, also accomplished what must be counted among the most diffi-

cult feats in the whole range of the Alps: with two guides they climbed directly up the terrible eastern precipices of the Rosengarten to the top. A growing number of women also take part in this marvellous rock-work. In fact, only the journals of the various Alpine clubs can do justice to this life above the snow line.

The majority of visitors to the Rosengarten are happy if they can only wander about at the foot of these tall standard roses, and sniff their perfume from below. The whole district of the approaches is rich in natural beauties. Nowhere else in the Tyrol are the brooks more crystalline, when they flow over their beds of white stone. The Karersee itself is a small lake which reflects the Latemar as clearly as the Dürrensee does Monte Cristallo, and its blue has the same silvery sheen as the famous Blue Lake, on the way from Spiez to Kandersteg in Switzerland. This, too, is a region of many hamlets and summer hotels.

The writer entered the Rosengarten from the Romance side, one July day, from Perra, in the Val Fassa. The path lay through a valley whose very name, Val Vajolett, seemed to conjure up the smell of flowers. As the path mounted, the rich firs slowly degen-

erated into shrubs, and then ceased altogether. There followed the white rocks of the upper solitudes, the characteristic Dolomite débris; then occasional snow-patches lay in the shade; and finally the peaks of the Rosengarten itself rose in a ring, forming a vast cauldron.

Large, unstable clouds drifted along the precipices, dwelling here and there, caressingly, as though stroking the cheeks of loved ones; elsewhere little woolly clouds hovered from peak to peak, like busy bees among the flowers, while thin streamers wound in and out, twining themselves like ribbons of tulle around and about to bind all the roses together into a united picture of loveliness and exalted thought.

Round about the Basin

Out on the highways and byways of Bozen there is so much of beauty to stimulate interest, that almost anybody might become a Minnesinger on the spot.

Gries is a favourite suburb. It has a winter promenade on the hillside, much like Meran, and there is a Curhaus with regular concerts.

There is also an ancient suburb of Bozen, called Zwölfmalgreien, but the delimitation of its boundaries is now difficult to trace. The

station of Bozen, for example, is said to be in Zwölfmalgreien, and not in Bozen-town proper. The name is of interest as an example of Teutonized Latin. Etymologists derive "malgreien" from *malga* or *malgaria,* meaning an Alpine dairy. Before the Romans introduced the vine into the land, the place was probably the seat of twelve dairy huts.

One morning we can stroll up the Calvarienberg; another day the Jenesien beckons to us from the north. But finally the visitor's attention is sure to be drawn to the heights between the Talfer and the Eisack valleys, where lies the table-land of the Ritten, especially beloved of the people of Bozen. It is a vast summer resort, between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea, within easy reach of the bottom of the basin, and yet refreshed by the air of the Alps, and rejoicing in an unmatched outlook over the Dolomites. Oberbozen and Klobenstein are the chief villages of the Ritten.

Attention, also, should be called to the peculiar earth pyramids, near the hamlet of Lengmoos, on the northeastern flank of the Ritten. Similar formations occur in other parts of this district. These pyramids are apparently the remains of an ancient moraine,

the refuse from an extinct glacier. Exposed to the action of water, frost, and wind, the side of the moraine has been worn into columns, surmounted by stones, like capitals, the whole forming a fantastic array on the mountain flank.

If you move your finger afield on the map in the neighbourhood of Bozen, a galaxy of names of castles follows closely, each with its artistic or martial meaning: Karneid, Runkelstein, Sigmundskron, Greifenstein, Haselburg, Eppan, and others, until finally, near Meran, we come to Castle Tyrol itself, which has given its name to the whole country.

Toward the southwest from Bozen the range of the Mendel looms into view, presenting a wall toward Italy. In mounting to the Mendel Pass, by carriage or train, whichever you may choose, the view extends marvellously over the map-like valleys beneath. The Dolomites rear into view, the Rosengarten beckons, the Latemar frowns, and far below, the fertile Ueberetsch lies dreaming at our feet. Though the Mendel Pass is not high (4,470 feet), the outlook is unique. There is not only snow in the background, but also tropical vegetation in the forefront, bleak

CASTLE KARNEID

masses of rock cut the sky-line, rich villages cluster in the plains, and jutting castles dot the mountainsides. There are arid stretches and streams that glint and glimmer under the sun. Then, on the other side of the pass, the glittering Adamello and Presanella groups of snow mountains lie toward the south. One step farther and the language changes. A little walk along the road, and you hear men speaking Italian. Such are some of the delights and contrasts of this charming borderland.

Under the Trellises

The people of Bozen and Meran are not so Teutonic but what they can train their vines in arboured trellises, like their Romance neighbours.

It is a curious fact, that almost the entire local vocabulary of the grape is of Latin origin. The trellises themselves, for instance, are called pergeln from the Italian *pergola.* One may question, perhaps, whether the trellis is as economical as the upright stick, which is used in northern Europe, but there is no doubt that the trellis is the more beautiful of the two. Then vegetables can be grown in the half-shade of the arbour, protected from the

fierce southern sun, so that no part of the soil need be wasted.

In the spring there is much animation under the bare arbours, much mending of the wooden slats, and hoeing of the ground, but in midsummer the activity in the vineyards is reduced to a minimum, for the grapes are left to ripen under the hot rays. As you look up the mountain slopes, there may come a flash or two from a glittering hoe, but in general the vine-dressers wait patiently for the vintage, and the coopers prepare the vats and barrels.

The vintage begins in the middle of September, and lasts until well into October. The vintagers move under the arbours, cutting the hanging bunches, which fall into wooden bowls. These bowls, when full, are emptied into hods, which, in turn, are emptied into big vats. Here the grapes are crushed with wooden implements, and the resulting mass allowed to go through the first process of fermentation. In a few weeks the new wine is drawn off, and taken to the cellars, to complete the process of fermentation. Water is poured on the remaining skins and stems, and, when drained off, becomes a light house wine for home consumption.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FRESCOES OF RUNKELSTEIN

THE imperial castle of Runkelstein rises at the mouth of the ravine-like Sarnthal, only a short walk from Bozen. It is a solemn complex of stone and mortar, topped by roofs of dull red tiles, the whole seated on a pedestal of porphyry, sheer and brown. From the west the castle looks like a giant crystal, weather-stained, springing from the living rock. Around its base the Talfer curls noisily, while the mountains start up sharply to right and left, sparsely covered with soft brush. At the gate a cypress points a black finger over the battlements, to show the nearness of Italy.

You mount to the castle by a steep little path, cross a bridge that was once a draw, enter a gate surmounted by a half-effaced coat of arms, and stand within the castle court, that distils feudal flavour on every hand. Just in front is the wing known as the

Summer-house, where some ancient frescoes are preserved.

The outside walls are decorated with figures in groups, and within the Summer-house is a series of frescoes telling the story of Tristan and Isolde. They cover the walls of one of the two rooms into which the house is divided. The outlines of the figures are painted in black on a greenish ground. Judging by the drawing and the fashions of the clothes, as well as by the history of the castle itself, we may say that the frescoes were done soon after 1385, an age when painting, even in next-door Italy, was still in its infancy, and was marked by stiffness of drawing and the most helpless perspective. The name of the painter is unknown.

Here the story of Tristan and Isolde is depicted according to the fragmentary version of Gottfried of Strassburg, which varies not a little from the more familiar one contained in Sir Thomas Malory's Le Morte Darthur.

The second room in the Summer-house contains nothing less than the complete legend of Garel of the Blooming Valley, according to the version of a certain Pleier, a poet from Styria or Salzburg, who wrote about the

CASTLE RUNKELSTEIN

middle of the thirteenth century, and whose manuscript is said to be preserved at Linz, in Austria.

Garel is probably the Gareth of Le Morte Darthur, there surnamed Beaumayns, or Fair Hands.

Toward the end of the series, in a fresco of surpassing interest, we see the victorious knights of the Round Table sitting at meat, — King Arthur, Queen Guinevere, Sir Launcelot, and many another of the far-famed company.

In truth, Runkelstein is like an illustrated text-book of Le Morte Darthur. Here themes from a dim Celtic mythology, filtered through French and English sources, have found a German abiding-place.

On the outside walls of the Summer-house Tristan and Isolde are to be seen, and with them other figures of great value. These are arranged in groups of three, forming triads, which were a favourite subject for artists of the time.

First, the three greatest pagan heroes: Hector, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar, clad in mediæval accoutrements. Then the three greatest heroes of Jewish history: Joshua, David, and Judas Macca-

bæus; the best Christian kings: Arthur of England, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.

Curiously enough, William Caxton, in the introduction of his first edition of Malory's Le Morte Darthur, enumerates these same groups of heroes as worthy of a writer's pen.

After this, the best knights of the Round Table: Parcival, bearing a shield with white anchor on red ground, Gawein, and Iwein (Percyual, Gawayn, and Ewayne). The three noblest pairs of lovers are represented by Duke William of Austria and his Aglei, Tristan and Isolde, and William of Orleans and Amelie.

To the right of the portal follow the three best swordsmen and their swords. The inscriptions read: Ditterich vo Pern treit sachs (Theodoric of Verona, surnamed the Great, bears Sachs, his favourite weapon). Sivreit treit er palmung (Siegfried bears the Balmung). Dietleib von Steyer treit belsung (Dietlieb of Steier, a knight connected with the Rosengarten legend, bears Belsung or Welsung).

The triads are closed by three groups of the strongest giants, the most terrible giantesses, and the best dwarfs, whose names were doubt-

less familiar enough to the little boys of the fourteenth century, but need hardly be inflicted on the modern reader.

The main body of the castle, the part once inhabited by the family, called the Pallas, can boast of five further rooms with frescoed walls; and the question naturally arises, how came this extraordinary, and possibly unique, collection of frescoes to be painted at all, in a region now so remote from the great centres of the art world?

The history of Runkelstein can be told in a few words. In a document, dated February 10, 1237, Ulrich, Bishop of Trent, granted permission to a certain Tyrolese family, the lords of Wanga, to build a castle upon the site of a former rude keep. After the extinction of the house of Wanga, the castle passed through the hands of many families of the local nobility, until, in 1385, it was bought by two merchants of Bozen, Nicholas and Franz Vintler.

It was Nicholas by whose orders the frescoes were painted and the castle enlarged. His rule marks the golden age of Runkelstein. His coat of arms, white bears' paws, appears most frequently over the doorways. He gathered about himself a group of artists,

poets, and singers. A cousin of his, Hans Vintler, here laboriously turned into rhyme a work of the Italian Tommaso Leone, which, 10,172 verses strong, was printed in 1486, under the title of "Pluemen der Tugent" (Flowers of Virtue). Here Heinz Sentlinger, the chaplain of Nicholas, wrote a marvellous chronicle, now much prized by antiquarians. Many valiant knights held their jousts in the castle court, and not a few Minnesingers sang their couplets from the battlements.

Nicholas Vintler himself was a sufficiently curious character among the men of his day to deserve a few lines in the history of his castle.

As early as 1000 the family of Vintler made its appearance in Bozen, at that time an important trade station for the traffic passing between Verona and Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass. The Vintlers of Bozen rose to be merchant princes, like others in Augsburg and Nuremberg.

Acting always according to proved business methods, Nicholas, master of Runkelstein, became financial adviser to the Austrian archduke of his day, court banker, general farmer of taxes, and holder of mortgages on many castles and estates. In fact, he grew to be the

money-bags of the Tyrol. Especially did he hold the purse-strings of that spendthrift Frederick of Austria, Friedl "with the Empty Pockets."

The rooms in the main body of the castle are now dismantled as far as furniture is concerned, but their decorations are so remarkable that the Vintler period looms up as one of lavish luxury and astonishing magnificence.

On the first floor is an apartment with the original wainscoting still preserved. On the second floor is situated a richly painted bathing-room. Figures of men and women, in alcoves, lean over a balustrade hung with draperies. Above them a row of smaller figures makes the round of the room. In the embrasure of a window a young woman and a youth with a falcon on his wrist face each other, — the latter a work of singular beauty.

The pictures on the third floor are perhaps the most valuable of all in Runkelstein, at least to students of the fashions and social customs of Vintler's period.

Upon entering the antechamber a large fresco is observed on the left hand, showing a court dance.

The knights and ladies move hand in hand, a crowned princess in front and at the rear

two musicians, one playing the mandolin and the other a violin. The step appears stately and gliding.

To the right of the chamber door a game of ball is being played, apparently with apples for missiles. The lady who is about to throw the apple is said to be Margaretha Maultasch, while the man standing in front of her is Henry of Bohemia, her first husband. Other frescoes in this antechamber depict a tournament wherein Vintler himself, judging by his coat of arms, is breaking a lance; or hunting scenes, showing the slaying of deer, bears, and wolves; here a party starts out from a castle of many towers toward the mountains, in quest of chamois; there ladies and gentlemen are amusing themselves by the waterside, fishing with rod and net.

The rich decorations of the hall of armour resemble somewhat those of the bathing-room below, to which it corresponds.

As Nicholas Vintler died without direct issue, Runkelstein, after its golden age, passed from family to family, until it came into the possession of the imperial house of Austria itself.

Emperor Maximilian I. loved the place well, and had a wing built for his private use.

More than all, he commissioned the painter, Friedrich Lebenbacher, of Brixen, to touch up the frescoes, which was done between the years 1504 and 1508.

For the most part, however, the castle was placed in the charge of military caretakers, who prized it only for its strong position. The passing centuries left their mark. In 1520, a powder-magazine exploded in the cellar, destroying the whole of the southeastern corner of the castle. The frescoes were also scratched and scribbled upon by mischievous persons. As recently as 1868 the rock forming the foundation for the northern side suddenly collapsed, and carried down with it two frescoes of the Tristan and Isolde legend, as well as some of the Garel series.

It was not till 1884 that the thorough restoration of Runkelstein was begun, by order of the present emperor. In 1893 he presented it in free gift to the citizens of Bozen, to have and to hold in safe-keeping for future generations, as a monument of Tyrolese art and history.

CHAPTER XX

MERAN, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF TYROL

ONE is tempted to exhaust the powers of praise on Meran, for its picture seems to have no flaw. Its towers and villas lie among southern vineyards and rich orchards, and yet mountains rise on every hand, which are tipped with snow until well into summer. The soft folds of chestnut-trees merge imperceptibly into forests of strait-laced pines.

Indeed, there is something Oriental in the first sight of Meran. When you approach it from Bozen, this quality is, perhaps, less apparent than from the Vintsgau. From the bend in the Vintsgau road, where Meran first comes into sight, the white houses, walls, and glistening roofs might easily be mistaken for mosques and minarets, and the tall trees in the gardens for palms.

Inside the towering gate, Meran is quite southern in architecture, but intensely Teutonic in sentiment. A long street of arcades

MERAN AND ITS PEASANTS

is called "Unter den Lauben." Here, too, is a house of special historical and antiquarian interest, the old Landesfürstliche Burg, once the residence of the Counts of Tyrol. It stands off from the main street, in a little court, and is in splendid state of preservation, full of genuine old Gothic furniture, household effects, frescoes, and armorial bearings.

The Burg, moreover, recalls a line of Scotch history. Thither it was that Sigismund, the son of Friedl "with the Empty Pockets," brought his bride, Eleonora, daughter of James I. of Scotland.

One day in September, 1448, three Tyrolese knights rode up to Dunbar Castle, in Scotland. They were Parcival of Annenberg, Leonhard of Velseck, and Ludwig of Landsee. They came to take Eleonora to be the bride of their master, the Archduke Sigismund of Habsburg Austria.

It is related that the young couple crossed over the Brenner, were welcomed in Bozen by the nobility of the district, and passed in triumph from castle to castle as far as Meran, then the capital of the Tyrol. Here Sigismund had built a house for his bride, and this house was the Landesfürstliche Burg.

Eleonora was praised by her contemporaries

as a keen huntress, but the intellectual attainments of this daughter of the house of Stuart were especially unusual for a woman of her time. Meister Steinhövel, physician of Ulm, who translated Boccaccio's "Book of Celebrated Women" into German, dedicated his work to her, and praised her without measure in his introduction. But more than that, she herself translated the French romance of "Pontus and Sidoni." It was printed in Augsburg. In the introduction we read:

"Which history the Serene and High-born Lady Heleonora, born Queen of Scotland, Archduchess of Austria, has praiseworthily transferred and made from the French into the German tongue, to please the Serene High-born Prince and Lord, Sigmunder, Archduke of Austria, etc., her wedded husband."

The good people of Meran have been very successful in making their town attractive for a long stay. There is a Kurhaus with the usual reading and reception-rooms; and there are concerts, balls, and festivals.

Since 1892 a new series of attractions have been added to Meran in the shape of popular plays, dealing with Andreas Hofer, and other heroes of 1809. These plays have been ar-

ranged by a well-known connoisseur of Meran and its neighbourhood, Carl Wolf, and are supported financially by the city, the administration of the Kurhaus and the Bozen-Meran railroad. The performances take place in April and September, and draw large and interested audiences.

When Meran itself grows hot in summer, there are resorts and refuges on all the mountains around about, as at Bozen. But Meran is always endurable; the summer sun may scorch by day, but the nights at least are cool. In winter, the rare snow in the valleys falls smooth, dry, and fluffy over town and country, vineyards and walls, and clothes even the ancient castles with the spotless mantle of perennial freshness.

Castle Tyrol

Castle Tyrol shows brave and white against the dark range of the Küchelberg.

Trellis on trellis, terrace on terrace, the vineyards mount to Castle Tyrol, but beyond that the forests take their turn and lead up to the final grassy slopes and rocks of the range behind. In the early spring, when the summits are still snow-capped, and the southern

vegetation is bursting into life in the valleys, Castle Tyrol stands midway between the arctics and the tropics, arbiter of the north and the south, symbol and emblem of a union between the Alps and the plains.

Castle Tyrol has acted for centuries as a hyphen between Teutonic and Romance Tyrol. It is the historic heart of the land, and surely the Tyrolese have a right to rejoice in the beauty of the birthplace of their name.

The region around Meran originally formed the family estate of the Counts of Tyrol, the *Burggrafenamt,* as it was called. The counts themselves lived up in the castle, and Meran was their capital. There had been a Roman fort called Terriolis on the site of the castle, hence the name Tyrol. The rest of what is now the province of Tyrol was in the twelfth century still vaguely known as "The Mountain Land." It was divided among a multitude of nobles, who held their fiefs of the two prince bishops of Trent and Brixen, while the prince bishops, in their turn, were vassals of the German Empire. The Counts of Tyrol were particularly successful in expanding their original estate by purchase, marriage, and conquest.

The first member of the family to establish

CASTLE TYROL FROM THE SOUTHEAST AND WEST

an estate was a certain Adelbert, a former henchman of the Bishop of Brixen, and the line of the Counts of Tyrol terminated in Margaretha Maultasch, the Purse-mouth. This lady outlived her children, and bequeathed the Tyrol to the Dukes of Habsburg, who hold it to this day as Emperors of Austria.

The Peasants of Meran

It is a rare type, that of the men of Meran, — a type sedate, silent, and almost sombre. A city square, full of these men, gives forth nothing but a quiet murmur of talk, whereas, a few miles farther south, two persons in conversation are capable of raising an intolerable clamour. Though the swarthy faces and luminous black eyes show traces of Romance, perhaps even of Etruscan ancestry, yet, for all that, the peasants of Meran are German-speaking and German-thinking.

They have preserved their local costume more fully than the people of any other district in the Tyrol.

The men wear brown hats, high in the crown, wound with yards of thin cord, red in the case of bachelors, green for married men. The jacket is brown with red facings,

and the suspenders are wide, and green or red. Buckskin breeches are not often seen in Meran now, except on some very old men. While at work the men are much given to long, white aprons. In fact, the region around Bozen and Meran, including lateral valleys, might be called the apron belt, for nowhere else, either in Romance or Teutonic Tyrol, do men so assiduously wear this supposed badge of femininity.

As for the women, their dress is unmistakably Teutonic. White, puffy sleeves stop just above the elbow, where they are caught close to the arm with little coloured ribbons or elastics. No hat is worn, the hair is brushed back plainly, and fastened in a knot with a long silver pin. A coloured handkerchief, passed round the neck, is folded demurely across the bosom. There is a long, plain skirt, and a big apron. In fact, the costume is simple to the verge of being classic.

This whole subject of peasants' costumes is a matter for some special thought.

In spite of all the well-meant efforts which have been made, costumes are bound to disappear. As intercommunication grows more frequent between different parts of the great earth, the sense of the unity of the human

race also leads people to wear very much the same sort of clothes, the needs suggested by climate and occupation being taken into account. The peasants of the Tyrol, and elsewhere, as they come into contact with the great world outside, begin to feel the very natural desire to be like other people, and this desire leads them by degrees to discard their costumes for a style of clothes more commonly worn. The process is everywhere about the same. First the costumes are put off from work days to Sundays, then from Sundays to special festivals, and finally their use drops off altogether. From being the ordinary thing, they become the rare, and at last, the conspicuous thing. The young begin the change, the middle-aged continue it, and, when the old have rejected the costumes, then the metamorphosis may be considered to be complete.

Those visitors who bewail the change of dress may console themselves with the reflection that as a rule the peasant costumes of to-day are not of peasant origin at all, for as a matter of fact, they generally represent obsolete and discarded fashions of the town.

The process by which the peasants learned to adopt some special town fashion for their

own has been described by Doctor Steub somewhat as follows:

At long intervals, some period of special well-being, or some sudden stir among the peasants, would induce them to spend an unusual amount of money on themselves. They naturally desired to have new clothes also. They bought largely of the prevailing fashion of the day, and withdrew into their mountain valleys, to perpetuate that fashion from father to son, and mother to daughter. The fashions in the town might change, but the peasants kept on with the old for generations, until a new era of prosperity induced them to invest once more in a different style of clothes.

It is doubtful, however, whether such a process could be carried on in our day when almost every nook and cranny of the Alps has been placed in communication with the wide, wide world of fashion.

The difference between the peasant costumes of various valleys, of course, is due to the fact that such costumes have been adopted at different times and represent different fashions.

The jacket of the men of Meran, for example, has been derived from the time of

the Thirty Years' War. At the beginning of the last century a still more ancient costume could be seen at Kastelruth. It consisted of a gray, pointed cap, a large ruffle, short, red jacket, yellow breeches, and white stockings. This is about the costume of the modern German *Hanswurst,* or clown, and was a regular soldier's uniform, as seen in pictures, dating from the second half of the sixteenth century. So, too, until quite recently, the women of the Lower Inn valley wore high hats exactly like the silk hats of civilized man. Defregger has painted this head-gear many times in his pictures. The high hat among the peasant women was merely a belated fashion, taken from the townswomen of an earlier date.

The culmination of costume in Meran was reached by the Saltner, the watchman of the vineyards, who was still to be seen some years ago in all his glory. His name was Teutonized from the Latin *saltuarius,* literally a forester, but by implication, also, guardian of any kind of field, pasture, or vineyard. He was made to look like a bandit, and to act as a scarecrow for birds, and especially for boys. He was, unfortunately, also used by mothers and nurses, to frighten their charges

into obedience. He wore a leather jacket and leather breeches, a three-cornered hat, decorated with cocks' feathers, some squirrels' tails, fox tails, and *Gamsbarten.* In his hand he carried a rusty halberd.

Some of the farmhouses near Meran lack the spick and span neatness of homes farther north, and show some of the picturesque slapdash of those farther south. But it is to be remembered that many farmhouses in this district are actually the remnants of tumbledown castles, or the homes of former nobility, and such houses were not built originally to suit modern needs.

The peasants of Meran are reported to eat five times a day, like the peasants in Switzerland. Before work in the early morning, they take a *Frühmuss*, at nine o'clock a *Halbmittag,* at eleven a regular *Mittag,* at three their *Marende,* and in the evening, before going to bed, a final supper. They eat a good deal of what they call *Plenten* (from the Italian *polenta*), either *Weiss Plenten,* corn meal, or *Schwarz Plenten,* buckwheat.

CHAPTER XXI

ANDREAS HOFER (1767 - 1809)

A PLAY is acted annually at Meran entitled "Tyrol in the Year 1809." The performance is in the open air. The scene setting represents a Tyrolese mountain village, and the stage accommodates about four hundred performers, all chosen from Meran or the immediate neighbourhood, some of these people, indeed, being descendants of the men who fought in the national uprising of that year, 1809. The scenes are portrayed much as Defregger has portrayed them on his masterly canvases. In the last act the village schoolmaster, surrounded by young and old, tells the story of Andreas Hofer's leadership and martyrdom.

It is well that the struggle of this simple peasant should be retold every year, lest at any time his countrymen should forget the rarest and most heroic figure in their history. Ah, that year 1809! Napoleon had by that

time fastened himself upon Europe; he *was* Europe. When the Archdukes Charles and John of Austria, brothers of the Austrian emperor, in a moment of genuine courage, summoned the great German race to take up arms against the Napoleonic supremacy, there was no response from the Danube to the Rhine, save in the mountains of the Tyrol. Of all the various branches of the German race, the Tyrolese alone heeded the summons. It was nobly pathetic. The nations of the plains, grown impotent with ceaseless war, looked on amazed, while Wordsworth sang encouragement to the mountaineers in his "Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty."

The call to arms of the Archdukes Charles and John was read at all the inns and shooting-stands of the country. Knots of grim sharpshooters gathered in the mountain forges to discuss ways and means, and to repair their weapons. Emissaries travelled through the valleys, recruiting men or collecting provisions and ammunition. Many devoted patriots threw themselves unreservedly into the struggle. There was that Capuchin monk, Joachim Haspinger, and there was Joseph Speckbacher, the chamois hunter.

But the foremost leader of all was Andreas

Hofer, innkeeper in the Passeier valley. His appearance is easy to reconstruct from the few portraits which have come down to us and from descriptions by fellow patriots. He was a man of large build, a trifle above middle height, with broad shoulders that were bent forward a little from carrying heavy loads. His face was wholesome and ruddy, his voice gentle. But his most striking peculiarity was his long, black beard, which often grew down to his belt. The Italian soldiers in French service nicknamed him *General Barbone* on account of it. His costume was that of the Passeier valley, slightly changed to suit his personal taste. There was a jacket of green cloth, a red vest with wide green suspenders, black buckskin breeches, a wide leather belt bearing his initials, blue woollen stockings, and a wide-brimmed, black felt hat. To sum up, Andreas Hofer was a real peasant, and never hoped to be anything else, even when he became commander of the army and regent of the Tyrol. But he was by no means illiterate. He knew how to read and write — not so common an accomplishment a century ago among mountaineers. He could also speak Italian, besides his native German dialect.

The Passeier valley opens northward from Meran; and when you have passed beyond the village of St. Martin with its frescoed houses, you reach a tract which the torrent of the Passer has more than once laid waste. Here Hofer's inn stands by the roadside, opposite a big tree. The name is the *Wirth am Sand,* or the " Inn by the Gravel." Hofer was, therefore, commonly known as the *Sandwirth,* or the " Gravel Innkeeper," by a form of contraction which sounds very comical to us, but is customary in the Tyrol.

Andreas Hofer was born at the inn in 1767. His parents died when he was twenty-two, leaving him to carry on the business. As time passed, Hofer added to his regular occupation a commerce in grain, cattle, horses, wine, and brandy; he transported freight over the Jaufen Pass at the head of the valley, keeping as many as sixteen horses for the purpose. In this manner he became known all over the Tyrol; his honesty, good nature, and homely wit made him a universal favourite; so that when the revolt took place, he was one of the men to whom the peasants naturally looked as a leader.

At the first sound of war, on the eleventh of April, 1809, Andreas Hofer crossed the

IN THE PASSEIER VALLEY

Jaufen Pass with his brave comrades of the Passeier valley, and fell upon the town of Sterzing, forcing the garrison to flee. The French had not entered the field yet, and the place was held by Bavarian troops. Sterzing was extremely valuable to the Tyrolese, but was by no means easy to maintain. Bavarian reinforcements came up, and a struggle took place out on the plain of the Sterzingermoos, as it is called. At first the Tyrolese could make no headway against the Bavarian artillery. It was absolutely necessary to dislodge their cannon. Hofer, therefore, had three loaded hay-wagons driven forward, behind which his best sharpshooters could hide and pick off the Bavarian artillerymen. It is said that two fearless girls actually drove up the first two wagons. When a nation fights like that, it becomes irresistible!

United with the Austrian troops which had entered the country in the meantime, the Tyrolese marched upon Innsbruck, driving the enemy before them, taking prisoners, and collecting booty of war. A triumphal entry into Innsbruck followed, to the indescribable joy of the whole population of the Tyrol. In a few days the peasants had captured two generals, 130 officers, almost six thousand

men, seven cannon, and eight hundred horses, — in truth, a remarkable result for so short a campaign. There was not a hostile soldier to be found in the land nearer than Kufstein. In that fortress, however, the enemy still maintained themselves. And all this had been accomplished by the peasants alone, practically unaided, — for the Austrian troops had been of little use, except to swell the numbers. So, when the bands of victors marched home again, what a jubilation there was in their native hamlets!

But the fate of the Tyrol was inevitably linked to that of Europe in general. Napoleon was all-powerful. A second time he took Vienna, and the Austrians were obliged to withdraw their troops from the Tyrol. Seeing the country open, a Bavarian army under General Wrede, and a French one under Marshal Lefebre, rapidly approached, and before the peasants could organize a proper defence, were once more in possession of Innsbruck.

That was on the nineteenth of May, 1809. On the twenty-fifth, Andreas Hofer, having gathered an army of 6,800 men and six cannon, took up a position on Berg Isel overlooking Innsbruck. The first day of the battle was

indecisive. Both sides maintained their positions for several days. On the twenty-ninth the battle was renewed by Hofer. For ten hours both sides fought with alternate gains and losses until nightfall. But during the night the enemy wrapped the wheels of their cannon and their horses' hoofs in rags, left their camp-fires burning, and stole quietly away, out of the country.

Next morning the Tyrolese held their second triumphal entry into the capital of their beloved land. For the time being, even the news from the general European seat of war seemed favourable. Archduke Charles of Austria actually defeated Napoleon in the battle of Aspern. But shortly after came tidings of the murderous battle of Wagram, in which the tables were turned again. A humiliating truce was signed by Austria, which left the Tyrol exposed as before to foreign invasion. Marshal Lefebre promptly reoccupied Innsbruck. The country seemed indeed lost at last. Napoleon ordered Lefebre to disarm everybody. Archduke John wrote advising the peasants to submit, saying that a definite peace would soon be concluded between Austria and France, in which the interests of the Tyrol would be guarded as

carefully as possible. It seemed a grim joke to the mountaineers, to ask them to let in the invaders without a struggle. They refused to believe that the Austrian emperor could counsel such cowardice. Andreas Hofer issued a proclamation in which he described this news of a truce as a piece of "devilish deceit." He called upon all patriots, old and young, to arm once more and fight for home and honour. Then the last band, the old fellows who had thought themselves of little use, came out to die for their country. They marched forth with ancient mediæval weapons on their shoulders, long disused halberds, spiked clubs, or antiquated spears. They took leave of their old wives, as the younger men had parted from their sweethearts months before. Only the women and children and the wounded were left to look after their homes. Hofer called Speckbacher, the brave leader of the sharpshooters, and Haspinger, the undaunted Capuchin monk, to his side. The three giants of the Tyrolese revolution stood side by side, shoulder to shoulder.

Marshal Lefebre advanced from Innsbruck to overrun the country. For want of artillery, the Tyrolese erected what they called stone batteries, that is, above the roads they heaped

stones upon platforms which were supported only by one or two pieces of timber. When the right moment came, they knocked away the supports, and the whole mass came crashing down upon the helpless foe below. Lefebre, now known as the Duke of Danzig, had already had so much experience with the Tyrolese, that he preferred to send on his allies ahead, to reconnoitre. In this way it came about that a detachment of Saxons were the first to suffer from the fury of the peasants. Over two thousand Saxons were caught in a defile near Mittewald, and almost annihilated by the stone batteries and the renowned Tyrolese sharpshooters. Then Lefebre came up and received his beating. For three days he attempted in vain to dislodge the defenders. At one time the latter seemed to be getting the worst of it; but they recovered, and on the fourth day the newly created Duke of Danzig retired under a terrific fire upon Innsbruck. Hofer had posted detachments of sharpshooters in hiding all along the route, who thinned the ranks of the fugitives as they went. Lefebre himself would have been picked out by them, had he not disguised himself as a common soldier

and walked on foot, sheltered between two mounted dragoons.

On the thirteenth of August, 1809, Hofer and his army stood once more on Berg Isel to attack Innsbruck. It was Sunday. Early in the morning Hofer made a characteristic speech. The men cheered, and, as in the previous battles, the first day was undecisive. The two sides were more equally matched than usual, the enemy having only a slight preponderance numerically, but being, of course, far superior in artillery and cavalry. No action took place on the second day, and on the third the French, as once before, withdrew quietly with their allies.

For the third time Hofer entered Innsbruck. He was the hero of the hour. When delegations of students came to greet him with music and banners, the pious peasant reproved them in his rude dialect: "Now pray don't shout and make music; not I, not you, He above has done this." An irresistible popular demand soon showed itself to make him regent of the Tyrol, since Austria was unable to defend the country. At last Hofer yielded, addressing the multitude in the following speech: "Well, I greet you, my dear people of Innsbruck. As you insist upon my being

governor, here I am. But there are many by me who are not from Innsbruck. All who want to be my brothers in arms must fight for God, emperor, and country, as brave, good, and honest Tyrolese. Those who don't care to do that had better go home. My comrades in arms won't leave me. Nor will I leave you, as true as my name is Andreas Hofer. Now I've said it, you've seen me, and so God bless you."

Hofer, with considerable regret, took up his residence in the Castle of Innsbruck as regent of the Tyrol. They told him it would never do to have the head of the state living in an inn. His sovereign, the Emperor of Austria, now sent him the golden locket and chain, which is seen around his neck in his portrait. For six weeks he administered the affairs of the country with great simplicity and shrewdness, spending next to nothing upon himself. When he drove, however, he used a four-horse carriage, captured from a French general. Morning and evening he went to church. Priests and peasants always had free approach to him, but other persons had to be announced. His greatest difficulty was in raising money for the current expenses of the country, since it was practically ex-

hausted from continual war. He had silver and copper currency coined, which had on one side the Tyrolese eagle and on the reverse the Madonna. So little of this money was coined, however, and of that little so much was later melted back into Austrian money, that the few pieces in existence are excessively rare.

On the fourteenth of October, 1809, Austria finally concluded the Peace of Vienna, which definitely sacrificed the Tyrol to Bavaria. It was the culminating humiliation which Napoleon inflicted upon Austria, forcing her to sacrifice a full third of her territory.

In those days news travelled slowly and uncertainly. Hofer and his followers refused to believe the first reports of this abandonment, and when the Bavarians and French crossed the frontier to take possession, promptly engaged them. It took an autograph letter from Archduke John to make them pause. The moment was decisive in Hofer's career. Should he obey the imperial mandate, or carry out the task to which he had vowed himself? In this predicament, Hofer, for the first and last time, lost his head. Fine distinctions between duty and honour were too much for him. The carriage was

ready which was to take him to surrender, when Haspinger, the Capuchin monk, rushed up and told him that the news about the humiliating Peace of Vienna was a lie, that Archduke John would soon come to their help. To add to the impression created by these words, the messenger who brought the autograph letter fell in a fit, as if under punishment for telling a lie. Instead of surrendering, Hofer called the country to arms. But a few days later, finding that the news of the peace was correct, he issued a proclamation of surrender. In this manner he wavered several times, torn hither and thither by conflicting reports. Finally he withdrew into his native valley to fight it out to the death.

He crossed for the last time over the Jaufen Pass, where he had travelled many a time as boy and man with his wares. To show the pressure to fight which was brought to bear upon him, it should be related how, in his native valley, a man came to him with loaded rifle, and said: "Andreas, now say, will you or will you not? You began it, you must carry it out. This rifle is as good for you as for any Frenchman."

In the neighbourhood of Meran the Tyrolese won their last stubborn victories over the

French, displaying a power of resistance which astounded all Europe, crushed as it was under the heel of Napoleon. It caused Wordsworth to exclaim:

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules
Among the herdsmen of the Alps have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day,
Than all the pride of intellect and thought."

One of these victories was won near Castle Tyrol, as if by poetic justice, in the very heart of the country's history, at the meeting-place of its races. The French were driven from the Küchelberg, and finally surrounded. In one place a detachment of French soldiers was entrapped between the peasants and a precipice. Rather than face their infuriated foe, these prisoners stepped to the edge of the precipice, and, horrible to relate, actually jumped, one by one, to a certain death below. In the end the surviving French army was obliged to evacuate Meran, with a loss of 1,200 men.

But that was not all. Another victory was in store for the Tyrolese before the end of the war. In the same night in which the French evacuated Meran, a French company, know-

ing nothing of the defeat of their comrades, crossed the Jaufen Pass, and stopped at the village of St. Leonhard. Here they were hemmed in, four hundred of them were cut down, and the rest made prisoners.

With this the end of the war had come. From all sides the French poured into the country with reinforcements. The Tyrolese, overpowered by superior numbers, withdrew to the mountains. Every night their watch-fires were seen to climb higher and higher up the slopes, until they glowed from the summits themselves. On the noble peaks near Meran were kindled some of the last signals of revolt; in the woods were gathered some of the last knots of undaunted patriots, who did not know what it was to surrender. They preferred to starve or to be sought out, so that they could sell their lives dearly. The new French commander, Baron d'Hilliers, a humane man, who had conceived a strong admiration for Hofer, tried hard to save the national hero. He sent word to him that he would beg for his pardon at headquarters, if Hofer would only persuade the people of his valley to surrender. But Hofer paid no attention to these overtures. His soul was filled with a nameless sadness. On the second of

December he climbed to the highest pasture on the mountain opposite his home, and hid there in a barn with his faithful clerk Sweth. Baron d'Hilliers issued a proclamation, saying:

"Men of the Tyrol, spare me the sorrow of punishing you. . . . I ask nothing of you, but that you remain quietly in your houses. Your property, your persons, your religion, laws, customs, all your privileges shall be respected; but those who break their word to me shall be destroyed."

Andreas Hofer, however, remained in hiding in his lofty retreat; and a price of 1,500 florins was placed upon his head. A commemoration tablet now marks the hut, sacred to all Tyrolese patriots, where the defeated peasant commander spent almost two months during the winter of 1809-10. Here his wife and son joined him, having been obliged to flee from their hiding-place. Here, too, at last, the whole party was betrayed and captured. Hofer was to become not only a patriot, but a martyr. Some man of the Passeier valley was tempted by the blood-money to tell the French commander at Meran of Hofer's hiding-place. And so it was that, at four o'clock in the morning of

INNS IN THE PASSEIER VALLEY

the twenty-eighth of January, 1810, six hundred Italian soldiers in the French service surrounded this hut and surprised its occupants. The snow was deep at that altitude. The soldiers dragged forth Hofer, his wife, his boy, and the clerk, bound them and took them down into the valley.

The brutal soldiery could now vent their hatred upon the defenceless hero. They pulled out great handfuls from his beard, so that his face was bleeding and his hair frozen into a bloody mass. But no word of pain escaped from Hofer's lips. He merely comforted his dear ones. "Be brave and be patient," he said to them; "in this way you can absolve yourselves from some of your sins." On the way the sad party passed their old home, the Gravel Inn, which was plundered. In Meran the people wept loudly as their hero passed. He was given a hearing before the commander Huard. To the latter he said simply that he was indeed the author of the Tyrolese revolt; that he had been called to do this by his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria; that he would have surrendered after the Peace of Vienna had not his followers threatened him with death if he did not continue the struggle.

Next day the prisoners were transported to Bozen, where D'Hilliers ordered Hofer's wife and boy to be liberated at once, and the prisoner to be treated with greater care. On the fifth of February, Hofer and his clerk arrived at the fortified city of Mantua in Northern Italy, having received endless testimonies of love and respect from the people on the way. Bisson, commander of the fortress, offered him freedom if he would enter the French army; but Hofer only answered: "I was, I am, and always shall be true to the house of Austria and to my emperor." A few days later Hofer was tried by court martial. No decisive verdict could at first be obtained. Word was sent to Napoleon, at that time stationed in Milan; and immediately there came from him the reply: "Andreas Hofer must be shot within twenty-four hours."

Napoleon probably feared that the Emperor Francis might request clemency, and it would have been embarrassing to refuse such a favour from a brother emperor. Hofer received his death-sentence calmly, and when the time came strode firmly to his martyrdom. His fellow prisoners and wounded comrades clung to him as he passed. He

begged their forgiveness if he had been the cause of their misery.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of February the twentieth, 1810, the drums beat on the bastion of Mantua. Hofer stood in the centre of a square of soldiers. He prayed a few moments with the attendant priest, then stood up and faced his executioners. They offered him a handkerchief to bind over his eyes. He refused it. They ordered him to kneel, but he said: "I am going to give my soul to God standing." He is said to have cried, "Long live Emperor Francis," and then himself gave the word of command, "Fire!" Six bullets entered his body; but he only sank to his knees, — they did not kill him. Six more bullets failed to put an end to his life. Then a soldier stepped forward and, placing the barrel of his musket close to Hofer's head, gave him a final thirteenth bullet. Little further remains to be said of the hero. Like a real peasant and innkeeper, his last words to the world are contained in a letter giving orders for a memorial service and wake, to be held in his native village of St. Martin at the Inn of the Unterwirth. The letter was written at five o'clock in the morning before his execution. In it he comforts

his wife, and begs all his friends for their prayers; then he specifies that each mourner at the inn shall be served with soup, meat, and a half-measure of wine. Below are added the following words, which deserve to become classic: "Farewell, base world; it is so easy for me to die that not even a tear comes to my eyes."

The good-natured innkeeper and the obstinate fighter died for his country in a manner so dramatic that the world is destined to remember him only as a glorified personification of patriotism, as the great national hero of the Tyrol.

CHAPTER XXII

THE VINTSGAU

SOME morning start out of Meran in the early dawn for the long journey up the Vintsgau.

A turn of the road gives us our last glimpse of the exquisite region in which the city lies, surrounded by its orchards, vineyards, and groves of great trees. Castle Tyrol disappears and a new world opens westward, a world of contrasts. Dreary wastes alternate with fertile gardens; swamps with peaks of pure white; and hovels of poverty with castles of luxury; modern industries are found side by side with historic ruins; on this side are rocks scorched bare by the sun, and on that upland pastures, kept ever green by the melting snow, — such is the impression the Vintsgau produces on the visitor.

The name of Vintsgau itself is full of historic meaning. It recalls a Rætian tribe of the name of Venosti; and the latter part, the

word " gau," is a reminder of Charlemagne's scheme of imperial organization into *Gaue* or counties. The Vintsgau was a county of the great German Empire. Many of the Vintsgau's names of places show a Ræto-Roman origin, but its civilization has been Teutonic for many centuries.

The Etsch has given trouble by reason of its propensity for breaking bounds, for the torrents from the lateral valleys quickly swell it to a dangerous stream. But the houses that are swept away one year are rebuilt the next, and new crops are grown on the old sites.

The village of Naturns lies near the entrance of the narrow lateral Schnalserthal. High above Staben the superb castle of Juval rears a defiant front. Then comes the ruined château of Castelbell on the level of the highway. Crossing the Etsch, we reach the village of Latsch, and presently the Martellthal opens on the south. At the mouth of that valley stand the castles of Unter- and Ober-Montan.

It was at Montan that Beda Weber, the Tyrolese antiquarian, is reported to have found the so-called Berlin manuscript of the Nibelungenlied. He bought it for ten gulden, including under that price a num-

SCHLANDERS IN THE VINTSGAU

ber of other early manuscripts and precious books. Beda Weber sold his Nibelungenlied to a book dealer, named Asher, for about three hundred gulden. Asher resold it in England for two thousand thalers, and last of all it was bought back in Berlin for a very large sum, said to have been £2,000. It is a very beautiful version on parchment, dating from 1323.

Schlanders rejoices in opulent chestnut and walnut trees. It is the centre of quite an export trade in fruit, notably in peaches and apricots. The pointed church steeple rises far above the low roofs of the cottages; sheaves of wheat stand in the fields by the roadside; the farther mountains beckon; and a touch of their exhilaration reaches us even in the sun-baked Vintsgau.

Near Laas are extensive marble quarries. They appear on the side of the Laaserthal. The highway for many miles toward Meran is white with dust, like powdered sugar, which comes from the droppings of this Laaser marble as it is carted over the road. As building material it is gaining constantly in favour. It is being extensively used in Munich and Vienna. It has given statues to Stuttgart and Düsseldorf, and has gone as

far as London and the United States. It is beginning to compete successfully even with Carrara marble itself, although the expense of transportation is very great.

As we journey along the Vintsgau we find ourselves constantly passing or meeting canvas-covered carts, pulled sometimes by men and women, but occasionally by a donkey or a superannuated horse.

These are the carts of the Dörcher, or Tyrolese peddlers. They are found principally in the Upper Inn valley and the Vintsgau. The Dörcher peddle fruit, hardware, brooms, and wooden household implements. The carts are their homes. Frequently a man and wife pull together in the traces, the older children push behind, the babies rock under the canvas covers, and the cooking utensils dangle beneath.

At Neu-Sponding the road to the Stelvio Pass and the glories of the Ortler branches off toward the south. For the present our way lies northward into the Upper Vintsgau, a region which has a certain sombre fascination of its own, with its great stretches of pasture-land and its solemn historic recollections.

The village of Schluderns has the castle of Churburg above it, which has been in the possession of the Counts Trapp since 1440.

Across the valley from Schluderns is seen the great castle ruin of Lichtenberg, which contains frescoes of the fourteenth century.

Off there in the plain gleams little Glurns, fit for a mediæval medallion. Imagine, in this day of sprawling villages, a tiny town of nine hundred inhabitants, completely enclosed by wall and towers, a feudal plaything set down on the green, and three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Inside there is little of interest, except the construction of the town itself. It was pretty thoroughly burned out and plundered in 1499 by the men of Graubünden, and in 1799 by the French.

A hill near Tartsch has yielded a good harvest of bronze objects. A little church stands on the top now, but antiquarians believe that the hill was once the site of a Ræto-Roman fortified camp, and perhaps of a temple as well. In our day the largest horse and cattle market of the Vintsgau is held there annually, on the 15th of June.

Mals is a sort of a wonder village with towers. Beyond it stretches the great upland, called the Malserheide, with its three lakes, which together form the source of the Etsch.

After St. Valentine *auf der Heide,* the road reaches its culmination at Reschen Scheideck,

the watershed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, or more immediately between the valleys of the Inn and the Etsch (Italian Adige).

On the other side of the watershed, Nauders is the point where the much-travelled road to the Engadine, via Martinsbrück, branches off.

A few more miles, and we find ourselves engrossed in the attractions of the Finstermünz Pass, to which allusion has already been made.

CHAPTER XXIII

ABOVE THE SNOW LINE

THE extraordinary amount of touring and climbing which the German-Austrian Alpine Club, the all-pervading D. O. A. V., has made possible has resulted in dividing the tourists into classes and sub-classes, with a nomenclature to fit the case.

There are the mere *Sommerfrischler,* the summer boarders, who merely take walks. Then come the class of *Pässebummler,* pass loafers, sometimes also called *Jochfinken,* saddle-birds, who travel over the passes. The next class are the *Hochtouristen,* the high tourists, who travel over the peaks, and are also called *Bergkraxler,* or mountain-scramblers.

The German-Austrian Alpine Club has marked the principal paths in the Tyrol, so that the novice may find the way by following the signs of paint on the trees and rocks.

Imagine the usefulness of a club which is

continually opening up new paths, setting up numerous directions and finger-posts, securing reduced railroad rates for its members, holding examinations for guides, helping to support them if they become invalided, and pensioning their widows if they die, spending large sums in glacial, geological, and meteorological observations, encouraging researches into local dialects and into the names of places, establishing gardens of Alpine plants, erecting towers, issuing superior maps, and publishing annually a literature of its own.

The club is really a vast coöperative association. Its aim is touring made easy.

The shelter-huts, for example, illustrate this feature. They are owned by the various sections of the club, and are generally named after these sections, or after some noted Alpine climber.

Those of the first order are really hotels. They have resident attendants who do the cooking and serving, and supply the guests with every reasonable luxury. Members of the D. O. A. V. get reduced rates, while the guides do not pay for their lodging, and can buy provisions at cheap prices.

The huts of the second order have no resi-

dent attendants, but are kept stocked with supplies. The prices of the different articles are posted on the wall. The tourist makes out his own bill, enters it into a book, and puts the money into a special money-box.

There are huts of the third order, which are mere shelters without supplies.

In point of fact, the enormous influence of the German-Austrian Alpine Club in fostering the spirit of brotherhood, and creating a better understanding between the different branches of the great German family, deserves to be carefully noted by every student of modern politics. It is really helping to bind the Germans of the two empires more closely together, by giving them a common subject for enthusiasm outside of politics.

Every full-fledged guide carries a book, containing a personal description of himself, a set of rules, and a list of tours with the regular tariff.

The climbing fashion lends itself easily to irony. But even its most extravagant phases proceed from the natural desire of man to conquer and to overcome obstacles. The *Bergkraxler,* the mountain-scrambler, may be described as a man who is looking for trouble. If a mountain is too easy as it stands, it must

be made difficult. He avoids the natural approach. He looks for an exposed ridge, a crumbling ice-crust, or a couloir, where stones may be expected to fall. When he has discovered a new and perilous ascent, the next thing is to turn it into a descent. It is the fashion now to see how many peaks can be ascended in a given time. Regular records are kept and entered into the Alpine journals. There are records also for the longest stay above the snow line, for the greatest number of peaks, passes, and ridges conquered in one combination, for work performed at night and even in winter. The new school of climbers expects its members to wander about among the heights, performing prodigies of agility and endurance. Women, too, are entering into the contest.

The culmination sought by the expert record-maker is to effect a combination of every possible form of conquest in one tour. He tries to ascend the greatest number of the most difficult peaks by the most difficult routes; and to string them together by the most dangerous ridges, — all this in one day, and, if possible, without a guide.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ORTLER: THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE TYROL

THE Ortler was first ascended on the 27th of September, 1804, by a chamois hunter, Joseph Pichler, from the Passeierthal. In 1805, 1826, and 1834 further ascents took place; then, after a long interval, during which a number of unsuccessful attempts were made, the English climbers, F. F. Tuckett and H. E. Buxton, reached the top in 1864. It is pleasant to know that one of the peaks in the Ortler group is called the Tuckettspitze. In 1865 Edmund von Mojsisovics made the ascent, and later in the same year Julius von Payer, an Austrian officer of engineers, who was better known later as an Arctic explorer. Finally, in 1867, the ascent was made by an Englishwoman, a Miss Hitt. Since then the number of climbers has increased year by year. At least ten routes to the top are now known, and all the other peaks of the group

have been ascended, chief among them being the Königspitze and the Zebru. There are said to be six routes up the Königspitze alone. The Ortler, the Königspitze, and the Zebru have been traversed in one day by a party without guides. Another party has *done* thirteen peaks of the first class in this group in one day, also without guides. New records are being constantly established.

The Ortler group owes its present popularity to the three pioneer climbers already mentioned, to Payer, Tuckett, and the geologist, Edmund von Mojsisovics. Their maps and published accounts spread the fame of the Ortler to the eager members of the climbing fraternity.

The usual route up the Ortler, which is reckoned as "easy" by the high tourists, is from Trafoi to the Payerhütte, which is perched on the edge of the snow and ice. Thence to the top and back to the hut, and down on the other side to Sulden, by way of the Tabarettawände. Of course this route is as often also taken in the reverse direction, from Sulden to Trafoi.

In driving from Prad in the Vintsgau by Gomagoi to Trafoi, it is interesting to notice in passing that the origin of these names is

THE ORTLER FROM TRAFOI

Latin. Prad is short for *pradum,* a field or plain. Gomagoi is from *geminæ aquæ,* the twin waters, since the torrents from Sulden and Trafoi unite there. Trafoi itself is an evident contraction for *tres fontes,* three fountains.

The three fountains of Trafoi lie less than an hour's walk from the village, where a little chapel was built in 1643.

My guide and I entered the Payerhütte in the evening, just as the valleys were disappearing in a tender blue dusk, and the snow above was glowing with the setting sun. The Payerhütte is a characteristic German and Austrian Alpine Club hut of the first class. It was built by the Section Prague in 1875, and named in honour of Julius von Payer. So great is its popularity that it has been repeatedly enlarged to accommodate the growing number of enthusiastic visitors who seek its welcome shelter during the climbing season.

Outside the air was keen and Alpine, but inside a warm and comfortable atmosphere made us quickly feel at home.

In the early dawn we crept out upon the path that leads to the ice and snow of the summit.

The weather had been unusually dry, so that there was actually a drought in the valleys below. No rain had fallen in them for many weeks, and no snow upon the peaks. The slopes of everlasting snow, by daily thawing and nightly freezing, had turned icy, and we found it necessary to put on cramp-irons, or spikes, to keep from slipping.

The view from the top consisted of a white effulgence toward the north, and a black vapour toward the plain of Lombardy. The Alps stood up to be counted, from the Grossglockner to Monte Rosa. A solemn radiance enveloped the farther peaks on the sky-line, the nearer ones glistened with their crusted sides. The Ortler group itself broke all around into fantastic forms, blue gulfs and staring pinnacles. And below, the world of the Vintsgau, of Trafoi and Sulden, of the zigzagging Stelvio road, and of the profound Italian valleys, was yawning, stretching, and getting ready for another day's work. Here the Teuton, there the Latin. Here the pine, there the olive. Two races meeting along a wavering mountain line, and learning to live together in a mutually helpful and beneficial relationship of true brotherhood.

The return to the Payerhütte was a hop,

skip, and a jump over the snow, and a careful picking of steps down the icy crust. Then came the path down to Sulden over the once dreaded Tabarettawände. This path has been much improved by the Prague Section of the German-Austrian Alpine Club, so as to render it safe and practicable for the average visitor.

By noon I was down in Sulden, and had paid off my guide, but so great was the rush of visitors during this heated term that, when I asked for a room at the hotel, I was informed that I might put my name down for a mattress in the dining-room; perhaps there would be a vacancy there before night, but a private room, a separate room, was unfortunately out of the question.

Sulden is a comparative newcomer among tourist resorts. A few decades ago some herders lived there, clustered around a little chapel dedicated to St. Gertrude, and served by a priest, Curat Eller. The glacier which came down into the head of the valley was known vaguely as "At the End of the World." An occasional scientist, an officer on survey, or a cattle dealer, might penetrate there from time to time, but no tourist in the modern sense of the name.

Curat Eller and his two sisters, from small beginnings, in giving shelter to rare travellers, found it necessary to go into the hotel business itself. Then other hotels were built. Some of the herders of Sulden have been gradually transformed into guides, porters, and drivers. Walks have been laid through the larch and pine forests, across the summer pastures, and up the steep rocks to the ice-fields, and the German-Austrian Alpine Club has built its invaluable huts in the heights.

The Königspitze is immensely impressive from Sulden. It looks like a monster pyramid, and its summit is only a few feet below that of the Ortler. It was first ascended by the indefatigable Messrs. Tuckett and Buxton from the Italian side, but is now generally ascended from Sulden by the Schaubachhütte. It has even been ascended by the tremendous snowy precipice which faces you, as you sit looking up comfortably from your hotel veranda. Human beings have actually climbed obliquely across that side of the pyramid to the top, and returned to tell of their audacity.

In the afternoon I decided to walk quietly down to Gomagoi, and spend the night there. The dusk was just descending when I reached that place. The good kind lady stood on the

door-step. There was an inviting smell from the kitchen. I took off my Rücksack. "I shall want to go to my room at once," I said to her. "I have come down from the Ortler to-day." The landlady looked pained: she had not a single room vacant, not even a bed anywhere. I would gladly have slept in the garret, or the laundry, or in a bath-tub, if there had been any unoccupied.

It was nine o'clock that night when I reached Prad, having walked down from the top of the Ortler to the floor of the Vintsgau in one day, a difference of about ten thousand feet.

The Stelvio Pass

From the top of the Ortler the windings of a white road are visible reaching up from the Vintsgau over a great mountain saddle into Italy. This road from Prad over the Stelvio Pass to Bormio was not built for tourists. It dates from a time when travellers of this sort were neither numerous nor highly considered. The road was constructed by Emperor Francis I. for military purposes, as forming the shortest connection between the Tyrol and Milan, and was finished in the winter of 1824 - 25.

The Stelvio road (*German* Stilfserstrasse) has the reputation of being the highest carriage pass in Europe, the top being 9,055 feet above the level of the sea. There was some fighting over the pass in 1848 between the Tyrolese and the Italian volunteers, and again in the years of 1859 and 1866. The road is open generally from the middle of June to the middle of October.

The pass is named after a village which does not lie directly on the road, but on the mountainside near Prad, the village of Stilfs (Italian Stelvio).

One of the noblest points of view is beyond Trafoi, at the Weisse Knott, where an obelisk was erected, in 1884, to Joseph Pichler, commonly called Passeirer Josl, who made the first ascent of the Ortler in 1804.

The station of Franzenshöhe, above the timber-line, is protected from avalanches by a veritable forest of wooden stakes. The people of Glurns in the Vintsgau send their cattle here in summer, and keep a dairy next to the post building. Snow hens and marmots may be seen in the neighbourhood, but rarely during the tourist season. Both Trafoi and Franzenshöhe are said to be veritable happy hunting-grounds for collectors of rare insects.

A walk of ten or fifteen minutes from the top of the pass brings you to the hill known as the Dreisprachenspitze, the meeting-place of three languages, of German-speaking Tyrol, of the Romansch-speaking canton of Graubünden in Switzerland, and of the Italian-speaking Val Tellina.

Down on the other side lies Bormio, which the Germans call Worms, but that lies beyond the boundaries of the land of Tyrol.

ITALIAN TYROL

CHAPTER XXV

TRENT

TRENT is of the same gray colour as the rocky soil from which it springs. It forms part and parcel of the mountains of limestone which look down upon it.

After this first impression of colour in monotone comes one of form. The two domes of the cathedral, the campanile of Santa Maria Maggiore, the old episcopal Castello del Buon Consiglio, and some strong towers detach themselves and rise above the housetops to give the city outline and character.

Trent, though in Austria, is Italian in speech and custom, and in the style of its architecture. It is scrupulously clean and orderly, and characterized by a certain provincial repose and solidity.

As we enter the city some leisurely bullock-wagons creep in and out, laden with casks of wine, or with cylindrical baskets full of

salmon-coloured silk cocoons, or with blocks of marble from the quarries in the suburbs.

There are over twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The city is the political, military, and judiciary centre of the Trentino, and was once the wealthiest city in Tyrol.

The square near the station is adorned with a notable statue of Dante, erected in 1896.

The cathedral of Trent is a Romanesque basilica with two unequal domes. Four periods of construction are known, included between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. A last restoration took place between the years 1882 and 1889. The whole is considered by architects an interesting example of Lombard style, as affected by German influences. The interior is in the shape of a Latin cross. Among the monuments is a tombstone of the Venetian general, Roberto da Sanseverino, who was defeated at Calliano, in 1487, by the Tyrolese troops of Archduke Sigmund, Count of Tyrol.

United to the cathedral is the old Palazzo Pretorio, now used for military offices. At the end of that rises the Torre Grande, which carries a famous old bell.

In the cathedral piazza stands an elaborate fountain of Neptune, erected in 1769.

In the Palazzo Municipale are gathered all the municipal offices, besides the library and museum. The library is rich in manuscripts and rare editions. Among other treasures it is said to preserve a Virgil of the eleventh century, the codex which goes by the name of Glagolita Clozianus. Unfortunately the library is closed during the months of August and September, when travellers pass through Trent in greatest numbers. The museum, however, may always be visited. The latter has large collections of coins, medals, and seals, of special interest to students of local history, as well as cabinets displaying the fauna and flora and the mineral resources of the Trentino. The principal curiosities are an Etruscan inscription, a Roman tablet containing an edict of Claudius, described by Mommsen, and a number of valuable bronzes.

Among the palazzi which have historic or artistic interest may be mentioned:

The Casa Geremia (now Podetti), where Maximilian I. lodged in 1508, and the Cardinal Gonzaga during the third period of the Council of Trent.

The Palazzo Galasso (now Zambelli) has been turned into a savings-bank. It is one of the handsomest houses in Trent, and was

built in 1581 by Georg Fugger, one of the rich Augsburg family of merchant princes.

Palazzo Tabarelli is in Tuscan style. The designs are said to have been furnished by Bramante da Urbino.

The Castello del Buon Consiglio was formerly the residence of the prince bishops of Trent from the thirteenth to the nineteenth centuries. It is now used as barracks. The circular tower at the northern end is of Roman origin though restored in 1809. During the military occupation of 1797 the castle was plundered by the soldiery quartered there. In 1811 its vast frescoed halls were turned into dormitories and all that remained of the furnishings were sold at auction. The work of destruction and disintegration has long since been stopped and the interior is well worthy of a visit. Permission can be obtained of the officer in charge.

The tower of the Castello del Buon Consiglio offers an excellent view of Trent; so does the Doss Trento, a solitary hill on the right bank of the Adige. Permission from the military authorities, however, is necessary for this latter visit.

Among the towers of Trent are also the Torre Verde, a round tower covered with a

roof of green and yellow glazed tiles, and the Torre Vanga, a square tower built by a Bishop Vanga (1207-18). These doubtless formed part of the fortifications of the ancient city.

A brand-new Palazzo della Giustizia gives shelter to law offices, public departments, and prison cells, and the great Caserne (barracks) Madruzze have accommodations for a whole regiment with all its belongings, while from the enormous Piazza d'Armi, the drill-ground, the blare of military trumpets frequently resounds into the surrounding homes and vineyards.

The Council

Why should a small provincial city in the Southern Tyrol have been selected as the meeting-place for a Church council, which was originally intended to regulate the ecclesiastical affairs of the whole of Christendom? For the simple reason that in the sixteenth century Trent lay, as it lies to-day, in the borderland between German and Italian influences; on Austrian soil, but containing an Italian-speaking population.

It was reasonable to suppose that, in such

a place, adherents of all parties could be brought together to discuss a *modus vivendi.*

In 1545, the year during which the council really began its sittings, Charles V. was on the throne of Germany, seeking to restore the unity of the Church. Shortly before, he had met the Pope at Lucca in Italy to discuss the scope of the council, as well as the where and when of its convening. Trent was selected for the meeting-place as the result of a compromise. In fact, apart from the scarcity of good lodgings, Trent proved well fitted for its historic function, being situated on the route from Innsbruck to Verona.

As early as August of 1542, a few ecclesiastics and their retinues arrived at Trent, but it was not until the following January that a beginning was made of opening the council with a scanty gathering of Italian prelates. The Spaniards and Germans were delayed by wars and rumours of wars. The council was soon prorogued so that it did not meet again until 1545. In fact, it is customary to date the opening of the council from that year.

In 1552, Maurice of Saxony, having quarrelled with Emperor Charles, invaded the Tyrol. Panic seized the council; and most

SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE IN TRENT, WHERE THE COUNCIL WAS HELD

of its members fled, after reaffirming the decrees previously passed.

Ten years later, what was virtually another council met in Trent to initiate the so-called Counter-Reformation.

According to all accounts, the sittings of the council were held, not in the cathedral, but in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, a handsome structure built of rust-red marble, with the ornamentation in the white marble of Trent. There is a mixture of styles, the Renaissance predominating. The fine campanile is Lombard. As it stands, the building dates from the years 1514 to 1539, just before the assembling of the council. The interior, in contrast to the rather severe exterior, is distinctly ornate. There is an organ-loft of exceptional beauty, the work of one Vincenzo Vicentin, done in 1534. Its white marble balustrade and the supports are thickly covered with decorative designs and bas-reliefs and statuettes of fine workmanship. Santa Maria Maggiore also contains several pictures, among others a reputed Tintoretto.

A picture which makes no pretence of artistic worth sets forth the members of the council in the order in which they sat: seven cardinals, three patriarchs, thirty-three arch-

bishops, and 235 bishops. Their names are recorded below.

On the south side of the church stands a column, erected in 1845 to commemorate the third centenary of the opening of the council.

STATUE OF DANTE IN TRENT

CHAPTER XXVI

DANTE IN THE TRENTINO

THE statue of Dante in the square near the station of Trent suggests the question: Was Dante ever in the Trentino?

Dante's wanderings during his years of exile have always formed a fascinating study for speculative scholars. Italian cities have competed with each other for the honour of having harboured him, as the Greek cities did for the honour of having given birth to Homer, and as American houses pride themselves on having sheltered Washington. The description of a glacier in the Inferno, XXXII., 70-71, has even given rise to the supposition that Dante may have visited Switzerland. However that may be, there is considerable likelihood that Dante did set foot in the Trentino at least.

This belief arises from certain references to the Trentino in the "Divina Commedia," such references as it would seem only an eye-

witness could have made; likewise from Dante's intimate analysis of the Trentino dialect in one of his minor treatises, " De Vulgari Eloquentia."

An Englishman, Henry Clark Barlow, seems to have been the first foreign scholar to discuss Dante's sojourn in the Trentino. In 1864 he published an article in the *Athenæum* on " Dante at Verona and at the Val Lagarina " (the Val Lagarina being the name given to the Lower Adige valley).

Since that date other scholars have debated this same question. Some of their conclusions are set forth in a pamphlet entitled " Dante nel Trentino," by Eugenio Zaniboni, published at Trent in 1896.

Zaniboni connects Dante's voyage in the Trentino with his first visit to Verona, soon after his expulsion from Florence. He places Dante's arrival in Verona sometime during the winter of 1302 - 03, and his visit to the Trentino between the end of March, 1304, and the middle of May.

Verona at that time was under the rule of Bartolomeo Scaliger and one of the latter's special friends was Guglielmo di Castelbarco, whose possessions lay in the Trentino. Tradition has fixed upon the castle of Lizzana, one

of the Castelbarco properties, as Dante's place of abode in the Trentino. This castle, now in ruins, is situated on the east bank of the Adige, between Rovereto and Ala.

Among Dante's references to the Trentino, the most striking is the following:

> "Qual è quella ruina, che nel fianco
> Di qua da Trento l' Adige percosse
> O per tremoto, o per sostegno manco;
> Che da cima del monte, onde si mosse,
> Al piano, è sì la roccia discoscesa,
> Ch' alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse."
>
> — *Inferno*, *XII.* (*4–9*).

The *ruina* here mentioned is close to Lizzana. It is the "Rovina di Marco," popularly called the "Slavini or Lavini di Marco." Investigators have not yet agreed among themselves whether these Slavini are really the result of a landslide, which is said to have taken place here in 833, or whether they are only a moraine left by some prehistoric glacier in the valley of the Adige. The hamlet of San Marco is situated in the midst of this mountain débris. Little oases have been rescued from the rocky desolation and planted with vineyards. Dante's description is so ac-

curate that one presumes that he must have seen the *ruina* with his own eyes.

Elsewhere Dante shows considerable knowledge of the topography of the Trentino.

> "In quella parte della terra prava
> Italica, che siede tra Rialto
> E le fontane di Brenta e di Piava."
> — *Paradiso, IX.* (*25*).

The reference here is to two streams of Southern Tyrol: to the Brenta, which flows from the lake of Caldonazzo through the Valsugana into the Adriatic; and to the Piave, which rises in the Dolomites and, passing Pieve di Cadore, likewise empties itself into the Adriatic.

A more obscure reference is the following:

> "Anzi che Chiarentana il caldo santa."
> — *Inferno, XV.* (*9*).

Chiarentana has been identified by some commentators as the modern Canzana or Carenzana, a mountain which rises above the lake of Levico and stretches along the left bank of the Brenta. This identification, however, is in no sense complete, and many commentators find it unsatisfactory.

While these references therefore are undoubtedly significant, they cannot be said to furnish proof positive that Dante set foot in the Trentino. At most, they establish a likelihood of his having done so.

There is also great probability that Dante knew Lake Garda. At least it is hardly credible that any one who had not seen it could have written those great lines, beginning:

> "Suso in Italia bella giace un laco."
> — *Inferno*, *XX.* (*61*).

If Dante visited the Lower Adige valley and also Lake Garda it is reasonable to suppose that he must have crossed over the mountains which separate the one from the other. The common route from the Adige valley to Lake Garda is by way of the village of Mori, which is near the Castle of Lizzana, where Dante is reputed to have stayed. The route rises thence over the pass of Loppio, the property of the modern Counts of Castelbarco of Milan, to Nago, and thus to Torbole or Arco. This is the route which Goethe took more than four hundred years after Dante's supposed visit, and this is the same route which

is followed by the modern railroad and the modern tourists.

Now Zaniboni thinks that the Inferno had not yet been written when Dante made his visit to the Trentino, but that he went to work upon it soon after his return to Italy. Zaniboni believes that Dante took the notes on which the Inferno is based during this voyage. Certainly the Inferno is full of descriptions of Alpine scenery, which read as though they must have been written from impressions or notes taken on the spot.

Admitting, then, that Dante visited the Trentino and Lake Garda, and that he wrote the Inferno soon after his return to Italy, it is fair to suppose that the scenery of the mountains of the Trentino and of those surrounding Lake Garda must have influenced his description of the Inferno.

Most of the lower valley of the Adige is intensely impressive. Every object is on a vast scale, touched out in tragic whites and grays. The bare mountains, the glaring cliffs, the gravelly deserts, and the tracks of devastation are full of portent.

Such scenery could not fail to have had its influence upon Dante, coming from the gentle

and sweet hill country of Florence, and from the vast green plains around Verona.

The pass of Loppio to Lake Garda is also immensely impressive, especially that view from Nago, where the whole of Lake Garda suddenly bursts into sight shimmering like the sea, and blue as a gentian.

But there is another route from the Adige valley to Lake Garda, which must not be overlooked in this connection. That is the route from Trent, through the Buco di Vela, to Alle Sarche, and down by the Val Sarca to Lake Garda. The scenery from Alle Sarche to within sight of Arco is the dreariest, wildest, and most piteous imaginable. Similar tracts of desolation are occasionally encountered in the upper Alpine solitudes on the snow line, where neither tree nor blade of grass will grow, but nowhere else can I remember finding such an effect down in a valley which is only a few feet above the level of the sea.

At one point, near a hamlet called Pietra Murata, the Val Sarca becomes a veritable horror. The valley is full of mountain débris. A prehistoric glacier seems to have left moraines in its track. The mountains look as if they had stripped themselves of their super-

fluous blocks and hurled them into the gray chasm. The ground is sterile and blighted. The heat is suffocating between the shadeless cliffs, which have split open here and there into ghastly gorges. Even when snow flies here in winter, it melts before it reaches the ground. Far up on a crag a castle stands against the sombre precipices, superb and defiant in its decay.

It is not till Dro is reached that the tension is relieved. There a few mulberry-trees grow by the roadside, and vines and patches of corn thrive among the waste places. Then come some olive-trees shading the cliffs. The unique rock fortress of Arco looms up. The floor of the valley becomes smooth and as closely cultivated as a garden. We pass from the desert into a land of plenty, from the Inferno into the Paradiso. Finally, the south wind, the thrice-blessed *ora,* meets us from Lake Garda, and we feel that we have been rescued indeed from a valley of desolation.

Is it not possible that Dante saw the Val Sarca? Perhaps, instead of taking the customary route from Mori over Loppio to Torbole, he in reality passed from Trent by the Val Sarca to Torbole; or, perhaps again, he

visited the Val Sarca from Torbole itself in an excursion to the north.

Whatever may be the truth about " Dante in the Trentino," it would seem that the Val Sarca corresponds probably more closely to Dante's description of the Inferno, and to Doré's illustrations of Dante's work, than any stretch of Alpine ground from end to end of the great chain.

CHAPTER XXVII

VALSUGANA

THE Valsugana is no longer an unfrequented valley. The railroad from Trent to Tezze has revived a once much travelled route, which brings Venice perceptibly nearer to Germany.

The Valsugana has an agitated history, as befits a valley situated between two races struggling for the mastery. It was known to the Romans, of course. A place called Ausuganea is marked on the Itinerary of Antonine, where the village of Borgo now stands. Out of this Vallis Ausuganea finally came the contraction of Valsugana.

During successive invasions by Goths, Longobards, and Franks, the valley shared the fortunes of Trent. In 1027 Emperor Conrad II. (the Salian) divided the valley between the bishops of Trent and Feltre. There en-

sued a kaleidoscopic struggle for supremacy lasting many centuries, in which these bishops, the Republic of Venice, the rulers of Verona and Milan, the Counts of Tyrol, and various local lords were involved. Out of this confusion the Counts of Tyrol slowly disengaged themselves as masters during the fourteenth century, and were followed by the Archdukes of Austria, who had inherited their possessions. In modern times also the Valsugana has seen much war. From 1796 to 1813 it suffered at the hands of the French, and in 1848 and 1866 at the hands of the Italians.

The train mounts from Trent first with a big sweep and over a viaduct, as though to get its bearings, then up the rocky defile, at the bottom of which the Fersina runs swiftly. Looking back, Trent is seen lying in the plain. The vines grow luxuriantly on the lower flanks of the mountains, but in this southern land there are neither forests nor verdure to soften the harsh rocks above. There is a momentary glimpse of snow on the Adamello to the west, and then the train puffs through a tunnel.

Across the chasm of the Fersina lies the large fort of Civezzano.

Pergine

The railroad comes out upon a great upland valley at Pergine, a valley where the distinctly southern, almost Oriental, aspect of the plain of the Adige merges itself into scenery of semi-Alpine character. The result is a new kind of landscape, peculiar to the Valsugana, partaking of the north and the south, of the vine, the mulberry-tree, the chestnut-tree, and the waving corn, but, at the same time, of the pine forests and the green fields.

A fine old castle looks down on Pergine. The place is busy with some silk-spinning factories and other industries. It has a monthly cattle market, and at the station there is considerable local movement.

At one time there was much mineral wealth in the neighbouring mountains, principally in copper, lead, silver, and iron. Many experienced German miners were imported by the resident lords. There was a guild of these *Knappen*. The Italians called them Canopi, and the mines Canope. Little by little, however, the mines were abandoned. Some were exhausted, others, as they approached the point of exhaustion, could not be made to pay, partly from lack of transportation facil-

ities, partly on account of the scarcity of fuel wherewith to reduce the ore. All available forests had been recklessly cut down. A guild of miners in Pergine lasted until this century, but now a *birraria* with the sign " Ai Canopi " alone recalls those old mining days.

The Canopi shed an interesting light upon the existence of certain German-speaking communities in the Val Pine and Val Fierozzo or Val dei Mocheni, which runs northward from Valsugana.

Here and there in these valleys traces of abandoned mines are to be found. For instance, the name of a place, Fornace, in Val Pine, speaks for itself. It was evidently the site of smelting-furnaces.

In studying the origin of the German dialects in this Italian environment, the history of these German-speaking Knappen, or miners, employed in the mines, must be taken into account. It is certain that they helped to keep alive the dialects, even if they did not actually introduce them into Val Pine and the Val dei Mocheni.

The name Val Pine has been derived from Val Pineta, the pine valley. In former times its sides were covered with pines, but the large trees were cut down for fuel in the smelting

works, and the small ones for sticks in the vineyards, and so the forests disappeared. The men now emigrate annually to find work in France, Germany, and even America, leaving the women at home to till the fields, a common practice throughout the Italian-speaking Alps.

The Val Fierozzo or Val dei Mocheni branches off from the Valsugana at Pergine, and follows the Fersina to its source. These Mocheni speak a dialect which is a mixture of Old German and Italian. In order to help themselves out with their verbs, they constantly use as an adjunct *machen,* or *mochen,* as they pronounce it. Hence their nickname. They now all know Italian, the dialect being reserved for the family circle.

Fierozzo, which has given its name to the valley, is claimed to be a corruption of the German *Vier Hofen,* four farms.

Between Pergine and the lake of Caldonazzo lies a fertile stretch of cultivated land which was once a swamp, where reeds alone would grow. This was reclaimed by a certain Tommaso Maier, whose name sufficiently indicates his Teutonic origin.

The reclaimed lands were divided between Pergine itself and the adjacent villages of

Vignola, Ischia, and Susa, every family receiving a share.

Levico

Taken all in all, Levico is a rich community. Besides certain mineral springs, it owns superb forests and juicy pasture-lands on the Dodici range opposite, doubly valuable in this denuded and barren part of the Alps.

To-day Levico reaps the benefit of having strictly guarded its community rights during the past centuries. A torrent, known as the Rio, flows down through the town, gives life to a few mills, helps to clean the streets, and finally runs down between two rows of poplars to irrigate the fields in the plain below.

The situation of Levico is full of natural beauties. Imagine a line of white houses against a southern slope. The little lake of Levico slumbers off to the west. A range of grim gray cliffs frowns from across the valley. The Valsugana bears off toward the east with its streaks of cultivated land, its vines clambering up to the edge of the larch-trees, its ruined castles perched on projecting spurs. At noon the haymakers rest in the shade of the trees. A man in a donkey-cart drives along the sunny white road holding a great

red parasol over his head. Yes, here we have an Italian environment, but with an Alpine touch!

The Valsugana is getting to be a land of *stabilmenti.* There is another one at Roncegno, which looks most imposing from the train, and has a fine garden.

Borgo is the capital of the Valsugana. It is so perfectly picturesque that it looks as though it had been made to order for a drop-curtain of the Italian scene description.

There is a gathering of white houses and flat roofs on the level of the plain, and just behind them, about in the middle, a peaked hill rises by terraced vineyards to the gleaming white castle of Telvana. But one castle is not enough for Borgo, and so the very summit of the hill is crowned by another tower, the ruins of Castle S. Pietro.

As for the rest, Borgo makes no pretence of being a tourist resort. It leaves that task to the places which have regular *stabilmenti.* In the Valsugana the extremes which the tourists bring are quite apparent. The *stabilmenti* of the cure resorts offer everything which the most fastidious may require, but Borgo, the capital of the valley, though it

gives the best it can afford, is primitive in comparison.

The Val Tesino opens northward from the station of Strigno, a valley noted for the curious costume of its women and the migratory habits of the men. The main village is called Castel Tesino.

The men of Tesino go out into the world as peddlers of chromos, religious books, and optical instruments. Exactly why they should choose these particular wares, it is hard to say. Some of these peddlers penetrate to distant parts of the world. They pick up many languages, and they open stores of their own in Paris, London, and other world centres. The majority, however, especially those who own land at home, do not go so far afield, but return every autumn to spend the winter months, leaving the women, as elsewhere, to do the hard manual labour in the valleys and on the mountain flanks.

Tezze is the last Austrian village. Beyond that place stand the Italian customhouse and the fortifications of Italian Primolano.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE SETTE COMUNI: A TEUTONIC SURVIVAL ON ITALIAN SOIL

THE highland district of the Sette Comuni, or the Seven Communities, forms part of what is virtually a spur of the Dolomite Alps, stretching southward into the great Italian plain, almost as far as Vicenza. Here a German dialect and Teutonic institutions survive, although on Italian soil and completely surrounded by Italian influences.

Similar conditions prevailed until very recently among the Tredici Comuni, or Thirteen Communities, which reach to the very gates of Verona; but the latter, according to last accounts, may now be described as entirely Italianized.

As neither district has ever stood in the direct track of commerce or of tourist travel, visitors from the outside world have always been exceedingly rare, in spite of the fact that the great route from Verona to Innsbruck,

over the Brenner, runs close under the precipices to the west, and in the east, that favourite road into the Dolomites, the one from Bassano to Belluno and Cortina.

Choosing a rough mountain track, the Menador di Levico, the writer started from the Valsugana, on Austrian soil, one early morning in July, to mount to the table-land which promised so much from an historical and linguistic standpoint.

Two hours and more of zigzagging up the shadeless and stifling cliffs of the Dodici range brings one suddenly, as by enchantment, into the fresh forests and parklike pastures of Vézzena, famous far and wide for a particularly fine sort of cheese. German philologists, with some show of reason, like to say that Vézzena is an Italian corruption of their own *Wiesen,* or fields. However that may be, I had no sooner crossed over the frontier into Italy, and entered the bleak Val d'Assa, than I came upon an unmistakable German name, an inn called the Ghertele. Not only was this German in general, but *Schwäbisch* in particular; for did not Gärtele mean a "little garden," as any peasant in Würtemberg, Baden, or German Switzerland would have told you at once? And, sure enough, the innkeeper's

wife was hoeing in a potato patch, the only cultivated land for miles in any direction. Moreover, as I sat for awhile in the inn, the people of the house discussed me in a dialect which they knew as *Cimbro,* but which certainly contained a great deal of *Schwäbisch.*

From the narrow defile of the Val d'Assa, after a walk of between eight or nine hours from Levico, I emerged in the early afternoon upon a vast table-land of grass, fringed by forests, — a plateau some three thousand feet above the level of the sea, which, as far as my experience goes in the Alps, is absolutely unique. The famous Seiser Alp, farther north in the Dolomites, is the only mountain pasture which can be named in the same breath; but that is more Alpine, and is not inhabited except during the haying season.

In the land of the Sette Comuni the eye roams for many miles east and west over a rolling highland, green and joyous as of the north, spanned by a southern sky. Here and there clusters of houses appear on smooth knolls of ground; men are seen mowing, and rows of women keep time with a rhythm of rakes; herds of cattle graze near and far, — the whole forming an idyllic dairy district, surrounded by a woodman's paradise. Sounds

carry a great distance over the plain, as over water, whether it be the lowing of cattle, the tolling of church-bells, or the singing of larks that soar exuberantly in the Italian sky above this bit of semi-Teutonic land. With the breath of the mountains in one's nostrils, it is hard to believe that, off there, to the south, only a few miles over the edge of this pasture, lie Verona and Vicenza, and all the other stuffy cities of the plain, sweltering in their glaring streets in the midst of vine-bearing and highly coloured Italy!

The houses of the villages and hamlets in the Sette Comuni are distinctly un-Italian in appearance. For the most part they are thatched or shingled and peak-roofed in order to shed the snow in winter, betraying almost a Gothic tendency. There are no chimneys, so that the smoke from the hearth issues at some convenient window, and leaves a black trail up the side of the house. Moreover, these mountaineers do not seem to have that irresistible desire to paint their walls all colours of the rainbow, which somehow goes with the Italian temperament. On the contrary, they are content to let the rough mortar of their houses weather into various natural shades of gray and drab. In truth, the farm-

houses might belong equally well to Swabia, or to any region where thatched roofs and shingles still survive; certainly least of all to Italy, where such materials for building purposes are almost unknown.

There are said to be about five months of snow on the level of the plateau in winter, but little wind and much sun, as in the resorts of the Engadine. The snow on the surrounding heights, however, does not disappear entirely before the height of the summer. On the day of my arrival a destructive hail-storm broke over the district, and the slopes were white with hailstones until noon of the next day, which was the fourth of July. Curiously enough, too, when the weather breaks and the air darkens, a soft gray light sweeps over the level, as of England or the coast of Normandy. The smooth grass-lands become downs or dunes; one looks for the sea on the horizon, or windmills on the round hillocks. Take it all in all, therefore, the plateau of the Sette Comuni does not recall so much the Alpine life of Switzerland and the Tyrol, with its chalets and snow peaks, as some vast clearing in the Black Forest, into which the spirit of the English downs creeps when the weather is bad. Why the region has not long ago be-

come a grand summer resort for the cities of the Italian plain seems incomprehensible, — made to hand as it is!

The names of the villages comprising the Sette Comuni are as follows: Rotzo, Roana, Asiago, Gallio, Foza, Enego, and San Giacomo di Lusiana, — all of Latin derivation. United to them were once nine villages, which went by the designation of Contrade Annesse, or annexed districts: Campese, Campolongo, Oliero, Valstagna, Valrovina, Vallonara, Crosara, San Luca, Conco, and Dossanti. Until recently the latter appear to have stood to the Seven Communities in much the same relation as the allied and subject lands of the Swiss Confederation once stood to the Thirteen original States.

Of the total population, numbering over thirty thousand, the greater number are engaged in cattle-breeding, cutting lumber, charcoal-burning and straw-plaiting. Many of the men, also, as elsewhere in the Italian-speaking Alps, go out into the world as peddlers, leaving the women at home to do the field work. It has been found that a knowledge of *Cimbro* is of real service to these peddlers in making all other German dialects they may encounter in their wanderings easy

to learn. As for the rest, one cannot say that the type of the people is in the least German; on the contrary, it is to all appearances as Italian as possible, and often very handsome.

The principal historical function, performed by these *homines teutonici* in the past, was to act as an advance-guard of the Venetian Republic against encroachments from the north; while to-day the Italian kingdom values the district mainly for its strategic position on the frontier of the Austrian Empire.

Most of the documents relating to the period from the tenth to the fifteenth century were lost in a fire of Asiago. Since the fall of the Venetian Republic the remaining archives have for the most part been scattered to the winds; stolen when they seemed to possess value; burned in bonfires on holiday nights; or worse than all, sold for a song, to be used as wrapping-paper in meat and sausage shops! I myself can testify to the carelessness displayed in this regard, for in a room which once formed part of the large hall of the government, and is now used for a little museum, I saw drawers full of parchments, thrown in pell-mell, some bearing the seals and signatures of the Doges of Venice.

For some years past all the inhabitants of

the district have learned Italian as well as *Cimbro,* so that at the present time the German dialect is in a sense a special accomplishment. It is to be found only in four of the seven communities: in Asiago, Foza, Roana, and Rotzo; and then is used mostly in the family circle and by old people.

Italian scholars of the seventeenth century, and even later, generally accepted the theory of a Cimbrian origin.

An amusing story is told of Frederick IV., King of Denmark and Norway, who paid a visit to Asiago in 1709. It appears that, while travelling *incognito* in Italy, as Count of Oldenburg, and accompanied by a suite of fifty-four courtiers, he made a stay of a week at Vicenza. On one occasion, his courtiers, strolling about the town, were surprised to come upon some men speaking a German dialect. Upon inquiry, the peasants explained that they were from the Sette Comuni, and were speaking *Cimbro.* That evening, at dinner, the curious meeting was mentioned in conversation, and next day Frederick, as king of the land which was supposed to be the original seat of the Cimbri, decided to pay a visit to the interesting upland. His cavalcade of Danish and Italian noblemen were received

with acclamation by the peasants of Asiago, cries of *Viva il re dei Cimbri!* resounded on all sides, and local hospitality put its very best foot forward. Bonato, the historian of the Sette Comuni, declares that Frederick entered into conversation with many of the people, but that he came to the conclusion that their dialect had no relation to Danish whatever; that, on the contrary, it was unquestionably High German; and probably derived from Teutonic races much nearer to them than Denmark. In order not to disturb the festivities, adds Bonato, Frederick took care not to express his opinion during his visit.

Whatever may have been the first cause, the fact is established that, until the seventeenth century, German-speaking colonies were scattered far and wide over this Alpine district. Then the Italian language gradually turned the tables upon its rival.

The peculiarities of this dialect are by no means insurmountable. Many Italian roots are taken and German endings added, as, for example, *pensare,* to think, becomes *pensarn,* much in the same way as the Pennsylvania Germans say *steamboaten,* to travel by steamboat. A very striking peculiarity is the constant change of *v* sounds into *b*.

"Wir sind" becomes "bir sain."

An old man said to me at Asiago: "Do you know what we call 'Verona' here? We call it 'Bern.'"

Then I remembered that Theodoric the Great, because he sometimes resided at Verona, was known in the German hero romances as Dietrich von Bern. I also called to mind the name of Bern, the capital of Switzerland, which has long been a subject of contention among historians. The old chroniclers used to say that the name was derived from the bear, which is the heraldic animal of the city, but now we know that the Dukes of Zaeringen, founders of Bern, had once possessed the Margraviate of Verona, so that they must have named their new city in memory of the old.

As a further example of this change of *v* sounds into *b,* let me quote the delightful inscription painted beneath the big sun-dial on the wall of the great parish church of Asiago.

The North German of this would be: "Ich Schweige, Wenn Das Licht Mir Fehlt, Und Selten Rede, Aber Wahr."

In local dialect it reads: "Ich Schbaige, Benne De Lichte Vehlmar, Un Selten Rede, Aber Bahr."

"I am silent when the light fails me, and seldom speak, but true."

Underneath this inscription we have the following characteristic local names of the painters, marvellous mixtures of Italian and German:

Redeghiero Christan Giökel
un Costa Hans Pruk
Michen 'Z Jhar 1890

Practically all the words of the dialect, referring to objects of general household use, are German, but sometimes Old German meanings have been retained. For example, when these mountaineers speak of *Hose,* they do not mean trousers, as the modern Germans do, but stockings, like our English hose. *Sprechen,* to speak, becomes *prechten; Schäfer,* shepherd, *Schafar.*

In a room which once formed part of the hall of the government, I found an old wardrobe, newly painted. At the top were these words in quaint characters: "Hia saint de Brife von Sieben Kamoun." "Here are the charters, or briefs, of the Seven Communities." But the wardrobe was empty. All the parchments it had once contained were scattered or destroyed. The institutions which

gave the Sette Comuni a place in history, however humble it may have been, have almost vanished. Only in certain regulations concerning the ownership and use of fields and forests can the traces of independence still be discerned.

Historians have more than once remarked upon the sincere attachment which the Alpine races, subject to Venice, displayed toward the rule of that republic. The Doges of Venice generally wrote in their documents: I nostri fedelissimi e poverissimi Sette Comuni. It seems as though the rich republic of the sea and the sturdy little republic of the mountains must have understood each other most thoroughly, nor presumed too much upon each other's good nature. As with Cadore, so with the Sette Comuni, tact and mutual respect were found to be successful where armed intervention might have proved disastrous; to this day, therefore, the lion of St. Mark still adorns many a public building in the Dolomites. Peasant women still go to the village fountain or the mountain stream, carrying copper buckets, slung from a wooden yoke, as do their city sisters in the little squares of Venice.

Under Venetian rule the government of the

Sette Comuni consisted of local councils for the several communities, and a central council for the seven, called the Spettabile Reggenza, representing the sovereign power, and meeting annually at Asiago, where also resided a chancellor of the Reggenza. A proof of the surprising independence of the Sette Comuni is afforded by their so-called Nunzi, officials maintained by them in the principal cities of the Venetian Republic to watch over their interests, after the manner of modern consuls. They elected their own judges, and their only obligation was to defend their mountain passes against the foreign foes of Venice. The men could not be drafted for foreign military service. In fact, during the war of the Spanish Succession, when Venice, being hard pressed, attempted to force the Sette Comuni to send a small contingent, the Reggenza flatly refused. At the same time, many men enlisted as volunteers to help Venice in her struggle against the Turks, or even sent money and provisions at critical moments.

But even if every word of the German dialect should be forgotten, every document lost, and the last inscription effaced, one could still feel sure that strong Teutonic influences had been at work in the Sette Comuni, by reason

of the system of common ownership of field and forest, which still maintains itself there. Here is a sign and symbol which no student can mistake.

By far the greater part of the territory is property of the Sette Comuni as a whole, — a large zone, consisting of forests and pastures, stretching along the borders of the Tyrol. Here we have what is virtually an old-fashioned Teutonic Mark in which every householder has an equal right. It is administered by the Spettabile Consorzio dei Sette Comuni, composed of seven members, — a body which is the lineal descendant of the Reggenza of Venetian days.

This Consorzio administers the common fields and forests, leases them to users, and distributes an annual dividend to each of the Seven Communities, according to a ratio of long standing. The dividend has amounted to about fifty thousand lire, and represents a very handsome revenue for the little villages.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE DOLOMITES

THE Dolomites are the transcendentalists among the mountains — they are the peaks which have become ethereal through high thinking. Among the Alps they stand for refinement and good manners. Though they are for the most part immensely difficult to climb, precipitous and rigid, and hold themselves aloof, yet, having once admitted you to their friendship, their attitude becomes one of kindliness and courtesy. If they have a lofty regard, and seem to keep the inquisitive at arm's length, it is because they choose to separate themselves from all that is glib and rampant. There is an exquisite reserve about them which is wholly theirs, a gentle pride, a quality of purity which serves to eliminate their material dross, and to transform them, century by century, into great abstractions pointing to the sky.

The Dolomites owe much to their delicate

colouring. They are the *pale faces* among the peaks, and their pallor is largely a matter of contrast, for their limestone sides often rise abruptly from the darkest and most vivid forests imaginable, with no transition nor intermediate colours to prepare the eye; the gray close upon the green, the dazzling white against the black. Looking back upon our Dolomite days, this contrast always comes first to our recollection; the rich, sombre pines that seem to yield a little of their stiffness in the mellow light, and almost take on curves and flowing lines out of sheer luxuriance, and then the sudden uncompromising shafts that spring from them, serene, majestic, and immemorial.

Look for almost any colour in the Dolomites, and you will find it. The violet-grays and the red and yellow shades acquire a new tenderness there, an unlooked-for sentiment. Peace dwells in the quiet shadows. The mountains themselves seem to be covered with some soft substance as though nature had powdered them with the bloom of plums or peaches, for their magnesian-limestone rocks readily disintegrate under the influence of the atmosphere.

The Dolomites are said to be the remains of

coral reefs, now stranded high and dry. As far as a mere layman can judge of things in natural science, this theory, originally advanced by Richthofen and amplified by Mojsisovics, still satisfies the conditions of the geological problem. Richthofen based his theory upon the structure and composition of the Dolomites. Coral reefs are described as being built up by insect life, with a perpendicular side, like a wall, turned toward the tide, while the reefs are supported on the other side by sloping buttresses. In spite of ages of exposure and disintegration, almost all the Dolomites still show traces of this structure. Again, marine deposits are found in the rock of the Dolomites, occupying the same relative positions as in the coral reefs now in process of formation in other parts of the world.

The imagination is at once caught by this coral reef theory. It explains much of what we see, and implies the rest. These stupendous formations, so unlike all others in the Alps, not as high perhaps as the highest, but often steeper, and generally less accessible, standing alone and self-sufficient, are thus seen to be silent symbols of the sea, the remains of activity carried on through æons of time.

The Dolomites

The name of Dolomites is popularly given to that whole group of mountains which lie in the southeastern corner of the Tyrol, bounded by the Pusterthal on the north, the Etschthal on the west, and extending east and south into Carinthia and Italy. To enclose the Dolomites, draw a line from Brixen to Lienz, thence to Belluno, Trent, and back to Brixen. This delineation is not strictly correct, for black and red porphyry, sandstone, mica shist, and granite are found within this area, but the delineation is excusable, because the most remarkable peaks of this district are really composed of Dolomite. Here it is that we have among others the Rosengarten group, the mountains of Gröden, the Marmolata, the Primiero peaks, those of Ampezzo and of Sexten, and the spurs that run down toward the great Italian plain.

Tourists may be trusted to suit their own convenience in making a choice among these groups. Let it merely be mentioned here that a main road leads directly through from Toblach to Pieve di Cadore, and thus to Venice. Then Bruneck and Innichen, Waidbruck, Altzwang, Bozen, Neumarkt, Lavis, and even Trent, all stand at convenient openings into the Dolomites. On the Italian side there are

various approaches over Bassano, Feltre, Belluno, etc.

The Dolomites derive their name from a French scientist, Dolomieu, who travelled in the Southern Tyrol during 1789 or 1790, and first called attention to the peculiar magnesian limestone of which they are composed. He died in 1802. Thereafter, an occasional savant, like Alexander von Humboldt, penetrated to the region of Predazzo, known as a geologists' paradise, or an enthusiastic artist to Pieve di Cadore, the birthplace of Titian. But it was reserved for the English to lead the way for the modern tourist contingent. In 1864 appeared "The Dolomite Mountains," by Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill, and in 1868 Ball's "Guide to the Eastern Alps." These books stimulated investigation, and "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys," by Amelia B. Edwards, issued in 1873, and dedicated to American friends, described the charms of the district for a large public. Since then a little more has been written about the Dolomites in many tongues, from the standpoint of the geologist, the botanist, the climber, or the mere sightseer.

In fact, a band of veritable Dolomite devotees has arisen. There are painters who

think no other district is quite as beautiful. There are natural scientists who make their careers by the study of its fissures and strata, and climbers who devote all their vacations to the precipices and pinnacles. The latter are essentially rock-climbers. They wear climbing shoes peculiar to themselves. They have a technical vocabulary of their own, in order that they may the better describe the characteristic features of their bold work. It is a pleasure to hear their enthusiastic descriptions of their conquests over natural obstacles, and to notice their appreciation of the beauties of the great pearl-gray forms that rise so grandly above the turmoil of the world beneath.

CHAPTER XXX

A STRING OF PEARLS: PRIMOLANO, PRIMIERO, PANEVEGGIO, PREDAZZO, AND PERRA

ONE of the entrances into the Dolomites brings the visitor to a trail indicated by five names beginning with the letter P: Primolano, Primiero, Paneveggio, Predazzo, and Perra, a string of pearls leading into an Alpine labyrinth.

When I speak of Primolano as a pearl, I stretch the figure of speech somewhat, for Primolano is after all only an Italian hamlet. But taken as an abstraction, Primolano is still a pearl on our string, because in the retrospect it becomes a stopping-place on the way to a paradise of peaks.

One fine day I descended from the verdant table-land of the Sette Comuni to Valsugana, in the cañonlike Canale di Brenta. The path from Asiago passed Buso, and then continued down a veritable ravine called Frenzela to Valstagna. My *Rücksack* was heavier than

usual with several big volumes of Abate Modesto Bonato's history of the Sette Comuni. The path crossed the torrent continually, except when the torrent crossed the path, which happened very often, because the water was unusually high. Indeed, there was little use in making a pretence of walking over the stones, and it was simpler to walk boldly through the water.

At Valstagna there is an enormous gilded St. Mark's lion on a tower, a symbol of Venetian days; a bridge spans the Brenta to Carpane, where the *posta* starts for Primolano.

The Canale di Brenta is one of the most impressive of the southern approaches to the Alps. Imagine a Norwegian fiord and an American cañon combined! Surely it has not its superior for wild beauty in the whole Dolomite region. From Valstagna to Primolano it is particularly narrow and frowning, and is enclosed by perpendicular walls. The western side is lined with tiny green patches on terraces that are little more than steps under cultivation. Nowhere is this terrace culture reduced to such straits, nowhere does it win ground under more difficult circumstances, or perform such wonders with so little standing room, as in the Canale di Brenta.

The *posta* crossed a bridge over the Cismone, an affluent of the Brenta. Up in the heights the white church and a few houses of Enego, one of the Sette Comuni, gleam for a moment. Then the road is barred by the fort of Tombione, completely shutting in the valley and covering the road with an arch. A rocky grotto above the road, accessible only by ladder, was once the stronghold of Covolo. It has been known as a fortress since the seventh century, and was only abandoned as a stronghold by the Emperor Joseph II. in 1783.

From the pearl Primolano the way to the pearl Primiero passes through the astounding *orrido* or gorge of the Cismone. At this point the road is now cut out of the rocky walls, now supported over the wild torrent. The water below wears and tears, atom by atom, inch by inch, foot by foot, century by century. At Monte Croce the red, white, and green frontier post of Italy meets the yellow and black one of Austria, and presently there breaks into view a picture which calls forth expressions of happy enthusiasm, — Fiera di Primiero lies before us.

The valley opens, green and wide; a white town lies within a ring of mountains; and a

ruined castle, perched on a crag, fills the middle distance with exquisite effects. We have crawled to the very feet of the Dolomites, whose great and singular charm suddenly parts our lips with admiration. Sass Maor (Sasso Maggiore), the Big Rock, Rosetta, the Palle di San Martino, Cimon della Pala, the highest of all, and the others, they stand before us, each one with special distinction and character in form and colour. The Dolomites are the individualists among Alpine peaks, for they are not bound together and marshalled in ranges and chains like their brother peaks farther north.

Fiera is the capital of the valley of Primiero. Its name acts as a reminiscence of the fairs which used to be held there in the heyday of its mining prosperity. The iron, silver, and copper mines of the neighbourhood were known to exist as long ago as 1300, but they are now exhausted. In 1401 Duke Leopold of Austria granted the jurisdiction over Primiero to a Lord of Welsperg for the sum of four thousand florins in gold. The Castello della Pietra, it is said, still belongs to the family. The monster rock on which it is perched appears, from its geological formation, to

have come down from the group of the Pale on the back of a glacier, as an erratic block.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, writing in 1873 in her "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys," says of this Castle of the Rock: "The solitary tooth of rock on which it stands has split from top to bottom within the last century, since when it is quite inaccessible. The present owner, when a young man, succeeded once, and only once, by the help of ropes, ladders, and workmen from Primiero, in climbing with some friends to the height of those deserted towers; but that was many a year ago, and since then the owls and bats have garrisoned them undisturbed."

The English explorers of the Dolomites early set foot in the glorious valley of Primiero. Witness the name of the mountain Cima di Ball among other evidence. Miss Edwards especially wrote one of her most charming chapters on this district. In the town itself she detected a double architectural character. "The town of Primiero," she wrote, "lies partly in the plain, and partly climbs the hill on which the church is built. The houses in the flat have a semi-Venetian character, like the houses of Ceneda and Longarone. The houses on the hill are of the

quaintest German-Gothic and remind one of the steep-roofed, many-turreted mediæval buildings in Albrecht Dürer's backgrounds. This curious juxtaposition of dissimilar architectural styles is accounted for by the fact that Primiero, in itself more purely Italian than either Caprile or Agordo, became transferred to Austria and partly colonized by German operatives about the latter end of the fourteenth century. The Tedeschi, drafted thither for the working of a famous silver mine, took root, acquired wealth, built the church, and left their impress on the place, just as the Romans left theirs in Gaul, and the Greeks in Sicily."

These German operatives, mentioned by Miss Edwards, belong to the same class of imported German Knappen, called Canopi by the Italians, reference to whom was made in describing the valleys which branch out northward from the Valsugana.

The way from Primiero to Paneveggio, the next pearl on our string, brings us to the nobly placed summer pastures of San Martino di Castrozza and to the Rolle Pass.

In July the sun at San Martino di Castrozza rises over the Pala di San Martino, and thus slowly illumines the forests and pas-

tures. At dawn there is an atmosphere of rare lights and tints. The giant Dolomites stand round about, sheer above the green-black pines, wrapped in an awe-inspiring luminosity. Farther south the uniform gray Vette di Feltre culminate in the Pavione.

As we mount across the pastures, to cut the zigzags of the carriage road, the Cimon della Pala grows even greater, improving on acquaintance, as really great personages usually do. When we reach the top of the pass, it becomes the dominant peak. Under the foot gentians and Alpine roses bloom with an intensity of colour such as is rarely seen elsewhere in the Alps. The little star gentians make vivid spots of Prussian blue, where they gather in bunches on the green pasture. Elsewhere, beside the more widely heralded beauties of the gentians, the Alpine roses, and the edelweiss, the flora of the Alps is rich in the perfumed pink of the simple mountain carnations; white flags, soft as silk, often stand timidly by marshy springs or damp water courses, and flutter sweetly in the passing air; great yellow anemones, bold and brave on rocky uplands, turn to flimsy bunches of hair as seed-time draws near; exquisite asters match their pale lavender petals against the

complementary saffron of their centres. There is the little button of cinnamon red that smells like vanilla; and the very grass, aromatic with thyme and sweet-smelling herbs, has a sheen and shimmer of its own on the smooth mountainsides.

From the cantoniera, on the top of the Rolle Pass, the road dips down on the other side through a beautiful wood to Paneveggio, another of the places on this route whose name begins with a P. There is a hospice modernized into a hotel, as at San Martino di Castrozza, a cantoniera for the forestry officials, a chapel, a dairy, a sawmill, and much lumber.

The forests around Paneveggio are famous. They belong to the Austrian Crown, and are said to yield an annual income of some one hundred thousand gulden. The tree-trunks are much prized as ship-masts, and are sent even as far as Venice. Certain rare plants grow here, among others the *Knautia longifoglia Koch* and the *Lonicera nigra* and *cærulea.*

Predazzo is the next pearl on my string. It is perhaps more useful and curious than beautiful, for it is given over to sawmills, foundries, and quarries, and the floor of the

valley shows traces of frequent inundations where the green has been rubbed off.

For all that, Predazzo is one of the show places of the world. According to the geologists, it is built nearly in the centre of an extinct crater. A volcano once burst open the ground hereabouts, and, after breaking the superimposed Dolomite crust, poured out a lot of volcanic rock, lava-like, on top. Some of these rocks were Syenite, Tourmaline granite, and Uralite porphyry. Finally the volcano ceased to belch forth, and there succeeded the era of those great movements which made the Alps what they are, upheaving here and depressing there, until mountains and valleys were produced. The rains ran down the slopes, washed and cut away the sides of the crater, while the torrents of the Avisio and Travignolo wore their way through the mountains, scooped out the centre, and laid bare a cross-section of many strata for us to see to-day.

Predazzo is treasured by geologists and mineralogists as a sort of experimental station, where they can work out their new theories, or lose their preconceived notions. It is even called a Key to Geology.

In 1811 a savant, G. B. Brocchi, first called

attention to the remarkable condition of things geological at Predazzo in a volume entitled "Memoria Mineralogica della Valle di Fassa." In the strangers' book of the Hotel Nave d'Oro are the names of many illustrious natural scientists who have visited this region. On the 30th of September, 1822, Von Humboldt arrived there on his way to the Congress of Verona, executed a rapid survey, and left the same day for Egna. It is hard to pick among the names without doing an injustice to conscientious investigators, but those of Necker de Saussure, Richthofen, Gilbert and Churchill and Mojsisovics appear among the more familiar ones.

A feature of historic and economic interest near Predazzo is the so-called Feudo, or Monte Feudale, on the slopes of the Latemar, a grassy hill which is used for pasture, and is owned in common by the male descendants of the original families of Predazzo. In the archives of the village of Forno there is a document which says that the Feudo was granted to the men of Predazzo by a Count Fuchs. But there has always been a tradition in Predazzo that the grant came originally from a woman.

Now, as Margaretha Maultasch held the valley in possession from 1347 to 1359, and had a Count Fuchs among her managers during that period, document and tradition can be reconciled. The truth would appear to be that Margaretha Maultasch executed the grant through the agency of a Count Fuchs.

There is a government school of lace-making for the women, and, although Predazzo owns much cattle and saws much wood, nevertheless, during the summer season most of the men emigrate to find work in foreign countries, generally as stone-masons.

Of our last pearl, Perra, in the Fassa Valley, I hesitate to write at all — it is so small and trusting. The inn there is so startlingly picturesque, that some syndicate with a roving commission might try to buy it for an exhibition. Imagine a house on the green, which has backed up against an enormous rock, like a hermit-crab into a shell. It is hard to make out what is rock and what is house. As though that were not enough in the way of picturesqueness, the entrance to the inn is an arch and the vestibule a vault. Massive steps of stone curve up to a hall, which is rough, but clean. There was trout

for supper, straight from the torrent outside, and the next morning, the bill was the smallest I could remember ever having paid for a night's lodging.

CHAPTER XXXI

CORTINA DI AMPEZZO

THE Magnificent Community of Ampezzo (Magnifica Comunità Ampezzo), this was the resounding title conferred upon Cortina and its surroundings by the Republic of Venice in 1421. Although Cortina has been Austrian since 1511, with only a short intermission from 1810 to 1813, when it belonged to Napoleon's short-lived Kingdom of Italy, yet this title survives, and is still inscribed on the coat of arms of Cortina, the chief village. It is amply descriptive. The village is the nucleus of a real community, which owns pastures and forests in common, and derives so large a revenue from them that it has the reputation of being the richest community in the Tyrol.

Cortina is doubly magnificent, by reason both of its wealth and also of its situation. The mention of its name recalls a white spot in a vast bowl of green. A campanile shows

CORTINA DI AMPEZZO

from the white, and the warm smell of haying-time pervades the air. Cortina seems to be always making hay while the sun shines. It is a progressive place, some 4,025 feet above the level of the sea, with an alpine atmosphere tempered by the nearness of Italy. Moreover, the mountains are a constant inspiration: toward the northeast the Cristallo group and the Pomagagnon; toward the southeast the Sorapis and the Antelao, and around from south to west, the Pelmo, Rocchetta, Becco di Mezzodi, Croda di Formin, Nuvolau, Cinque Torri, Crepa, and Tofana. The four principal outlets from the Cortina basin are made by the Ampezzo road north to Toblach, and south to Cadore, and by the Tre Croci Pass to the east, and the Tre Sassi Pass to the west. Through these openings the winds sweep freely across the green.

Cortina has a main street which widens somewhat at the post-office and the church. The houses are large and white, mostly of stone and mortar, for Cortina was burned to the ground by the French in 1809, and the sunburnt, wooden cottages tend to disappear.

The campanile of Cortina may be considered to resemble the bell-tower of St. Mark's in Venice, but it is not quite as high,

the top being only 256 feet above the street.

The people of Cortina are essentially quiet and steady by temperament.

The men have discarded whatever peculiar costume they may have worn, but the women retain theirs to a great extent. They wear little black felt hats, which are low in the crown, and have two long ribbons hanging down the back.

Most of the peasant costumes in the Alps, as has been stated elsewhere, are probably obsolete fashions which once obtained in the cities.

The people of Cortina are genuinely interested in matters of art. Witness first of all the frescoes on the annex of the hotel Aquila Nera. The wall-spaces above the first floor are covered with paintings by two members of the Ghedina family, Guiseppe and Luigi, who studied in Venice and Vienna. On the side facing the street and the hotel itself, we have allegorical groups. One represents the Arts: sculpture, painting, and architecture; and the other the Physical Sciences, symbolized by the telegraph, the camera, and the steam-engine. These groups are flanked by Mercury and Urania. On this side, also, are

ANNEX OF HOTEL AQUILA NERA IN CORTINA DI AMPEZZO

medallion portraits of Rafael, Dürer, and Titian.

On another side of the annex, the artist has given us his impression of human life in four acts. The first shows us children sliding down-hill; in the second, a young man is talking to a young woman at a cottage door; the third displays a domestic interior, containing father, mother, and children; and the fourth reveals a solitary old man, sitting on a cottage bench.

Although the principal wealth of the Magnificent Community of Ampezzo consists in horses and cattle and timber, the artistic sense of the people has been turned to financial advantage by industrial schools.

The valley is too high for the vine, and even our American corn does not do well there, so that a resort to home industries becomes necessary.

There is an industrial school, supported by the government, where metal and wood mosaic is made, as well as gold and silver filigree work, the latter resembling the jewelry of Genoa. By the help of these, and allied industries, carried on in the houses, most of the people of Cortina are able to make a living at home, and emigration to

America is consequently rarer than on the Italian side of the frontier.

But, after all, and year by year, it is becoming more and more evident that Cortina has discovered her real source of income in her scenery, and has instituted a very practical use for the beauty of the mute Dolomites. The tourist trade already brings many thousand visitors every year. Cortina is one of the few places in the Tyrol where the English and Americans bear anything like a reasonable proportion to the Germans. In the past, the inhabitants may sometimes have asked themselves how they might utilize all these threatening towers. Now peak and peasant have entered into partnership, hotel proprietors have been admitted to the compact, and a multitude of travellers from all points of the compass annually rejoice at the result. With grateful hearts they return to their homes to sing the praises of Cortina and the Magnificent Community of Ampezzo.

CHAPTER XXXII

FROM CORTINA TO PIEVE DI CADORE

THE drive to Cadore is over a road as hard as cement, and as white as snow. Though constructed in the Alps, it is as smooth as the best park roads in the plains.

At San Vito, the Austrian Stellwagen is exchanged for an Italian *messageria,* while we wait and watch the clouds drifting around Antelao, and feeling their way from pinnacle to pinnacle of that dominant peak. A girl with a red kerchief bound around her head is washing bright-coloured clothes in a white gully. The sun shines so brilliantly on the Dolomite rock, that no shadows seem able to find a resting-place there. The Boite torrent runs glass-green over the stones in the valley below.

After San Vito, the Ampezzo road creeps from under the shadow of Sorapis, and comes wholly within the sphere of influence of the Antelao, which has been a constant

menace to the valley for centuries. Once in awhile some fissure on high has widened with the frost, or some tower has toppled over, and a mass of crumbled magnesian limestone has started down the slope in a white flood to desolate and overwhelm what was below. Such a stream of stone is called in Italian a *boa,* and corresponds to the German *Muhr.*

Antelao looks kingly in its solitary grandeur, a snow-patch for a crown, and a row of precipices down the front for the folds of royal robes. It is said that once in awhile it may be seen even from Venice, looking translucent and opaline on the horizon.

The impression which Pieve di Cadore makes, when approached from the north, is that of an outpost of the Alps toward the plains. If you walk through the village, and emerge on the southern side, you look off, and another world lies below, the warm, Italian world of changing colours. Every step you take in that direction takes you away from the mountains of Alpine serenity.

Titian (1477-1576)

The village of Pieve di Cadore centres around Titian even to-day. The largest

houses gather around the Piazza Tiziano, there is a Café Tiziano, a Tipographia Tiziano. His family name of Vecellio is frequently borne by the Sindaco (the mayor), by the butcher, the baker, the grocer, and the shoemaker.

The statue of Titian represents him with palette and brush in hand. He presents a dignified, long-bearded figure, clad in tunic and trunks, with a graceful mantle hanging from his shoulders. The statue was erected in 1880. Antonio dal Zotto, a fellow countryman of Titian, modelled it; the brothers De Poli, the famous bell-makers of Ceneda, cast it in bronze, and Giuseppe Ghedina of Cortina designed the stone pedestal.

The house where Titian was born is in a corner just off the main Piazza. There seems to be no reason to question the authenticity of this house. Titian's family were not obscure people, but important inhabitants of Pieve, and the painter himself had become famous long before he died. A mistake could not well have arisen. The house itself is small, whitewashed, and flat-roofed, showing its great age. Some of the windows retain tiny round panes set in lead, but otherwise there is nothing remarkable about this house.

The room is shown where he was born, and another where he painted, when he was at home.

Still, the view from the window of Titian's studio is valuable. Rev. Henry Van Dyke, after his visit, wrote of this outlook in his "Little Rivers:" "Now, for the first time, I could understand and appreciate the landscape backgrounds of his pictures. The compact masses of mountains, the bold, sharp forms, the hanging rocks of cold gray emerging from green slopes, the intense blue aerial distances — these all had seemed to be unreal and imaginary — compositions of the studio. But now I knew that, whether Titian painted out-of-doors, like our modern impressionists, or not, he certainly painted what he had seen, and painted it as it is."

In this same little side square stands the Palazzo Sampiere, which belonged to Titian's grandfather.

A *Museum* contains Titian's patent of nobility with his armorial bearings, for he was created count by the German emperor, Charles V.

The story of Titian's life may be gathered from any encyclopædia. The bare facts which concern us are that he was born in

Pieve in 1477; left home in 1486 to study with Zuccati and Bellini in Venice, but returned almost every summer to Cadore. He died in Venice in 1576, aged ninety-nine.

The Republic of Cadore

The mountaineers of Cadore enjoyed practical self-government for eight centuries, from about 1000 to 1807, when Napoleon repealed their statutes. They were first connected with Aquileia, then with Venice, but during that whole period they never surrendered their local rights.

There is no doubt that Venice made friends easily. As with the mountaineers of the Sette Comuni, so with those of Cadore, she understood how to win their confidence, and to keep their good-will. She met them halfway, and showed them respect.

The truth is that there were strong mutual interests. The mountaineers stood on the northern border, and were a bulwark against the German Imperialists. Their forests were full of masts for ships, and piles upon which to build the houses of Venice. Indeed, the palaces of Venice were set on the tops of Cadore trees. Mr. Robertson, in his valuable

work, "Through the Dolomites," has well said: "The heart of Venice is of Dolomite pine. Kings from the mountain forests thus sustain the throne of the Queen of the Adriatic." In those days, too, there were many mines of precious and useful metals in the mountains.

On the other hand, Venice offered Cadore an outlet for all this raw material, a market that was in touch with the ends of the then known world. She supplied Cadore with grain, and her alliance practically placed armies and navies in the service of the little republic.

The reciprocal evidences of friendship were many and substantial throughout the centuries, but greatest of all was this: that the stronger republic never stretched forth her arm to conquer the weaker, never treated the mountaineers as subjects, but preferred to enlist their help as friends. Therein lay the permanency of the bond between Venice and Cadore, and in the disregard of this, where distant lands were concerned, lay the cause of the ultimate decline of Venice. C. Lombroso has expressed this thought as follows:

"The greatness of the Venetian States must be attributed primarily to the liberty

they enjoyed, and the decline of their liberty was brought about chiefly by conquests in distant lands — conquests entailing tremendous expenses, hateful taxes, enormous armaments, and the surrender of the supreme power into the hands of men who ended in tyrannizing over them, and in completely suppressing their liberty."

CHAPTER XXXIII

TO CORVARA

THE Falzarego road climbs westward between Tofana and Nuvolau to the Pass of Tra i Sassi. This last name exactly suits the scenery of the pass. The road winds literally "Among the Rocks," through a tract of débris, of mountain waste, thrown off from the Lagazuoi and the Sasso di Stria on either hand. Now and again the tinkle of goat-bells from the crags above give a sense of relief, but for the most part there is the oppression of desolation, the melancholy of ruin and decay. Here were vast masses going to pieces, Titanic crumblings loosened from above, and heaped in grand confusion around the mountain bases.

The all-pervading and all-providing German-Austrian Alpine Club has marked the path over the Castello Pass (Valparola Joch), down grassy slopes and through woods to St. Cassian.

The neighbourhood of St. Cassian is rich in fossils and petrifactions, to delight the heart of a natural scientist. The Enneberg valley is, in fact, almost as interesting to mineralogists and geologists as that of Fassa.

Corvara, farther along, has an hotel full of sketches by a native artist, Franz Rottanara. The paintings are on the stair walls and in the rooms. I liked best certain outline sketches of local types, portraits of old people, or of members of the Rottanara family.

Although the names hereabouts sound Italian, German is the language most in use. If we turn southward, however, down the Enneberg valley, we shall come upon traces of Ladin, a survival of the Roman occupation.

It may be stated in a general way that, at the time of the invasion of Teutonic races, the whole of the Eastern Alps had already become Romanized. The conquest of German over Latin from that time forward was by no means rapid. We know that Romance dialects maintained themselves even in some regions of Northern Tyrol until the fourteenth century. To-day, the Ladin dialects of the Canton of Graubünden in Switzerland, and of Gröden, Enneberg, and Livinalongo, each

distinct from the others, are the only remnants of a once widely spread language.

These dialects are not merely corrupt Italian; they are separate branches of the original Latin stock. In these days of rapid communication, they are making way for German on the one hand, or Italian on the other. Their isolation being broken, they must accommodate themselves to their surroundings.

Turning northward from Corvara the road leads by Colfosco over the Grödenjoch to the Grödenthal.

On the walls of the inn at Colfosco an artist has painted the legends of the valley with rapid but firm strokes, and told the story underneath in native Ladin.

To Toblach

Northward from Cortina the Ampezzo road soon becomes involved in forests of profound and solemn beauty, above which the ethereal peaks and bulwarks of the Dolomites reach into the sky. The road only grows whiter by contrast with the trees, while the torrent of the Boite seems greener and glassier, as it sings to itself over its limestone bed.

Now and again a *boa* of broken stone comes down to the path, on either hand. Now and then a view opens to the side, and there, at the end, some silent, exalted tower stands, some peak called a finger or a horn, some group like a cathedral, some cyclopean wall, with cornices where small glaciers or snow-slopes have lodged. In fact, shapes that you may construe as you like, and schemes of colour from which you may pick your favourite shades, have backed up against the sky and are at bay to right and left.

As it advances, the road becomes gradually Teutonic. Botestagna becomes Peutelstein. The rock of that name was once crowned by a castle, which was held successively by the Republic of Cadore, by Venice, by the German Imperialists, and the Austrians. It fell into disuse during the reign of the Emperor Joseph II., and was destroyed in 1867. At present only the foundations and parts of the walls are standing.

Ospitale was once a pilgrim shelter, an hospice, as its name indicates.

At Schluderbach the invisible line of language has been crossed. We are in *Deutsch*-Tyrol again, in the land of entirely neat and appetizing inns, of landlords, who once and

again speak their "*wünsch wohl zu speisen!*" as the soup comes on the table. *Welschland,* with its undoubted but different charms, is behind us. Here are coziness and freshness, the smell of new paint, and the appearance of good repair.

Schluderbach is also the centre of much climbing for high tourists, and of many pretty walks for mountain amateurs.

The Ampezzo road continues northward along the Dürrensee, this lake reflecting the Monte Cristallo group on its quiet surface. There is not always enough water to make the picture perfect, especially in the late summer and autumn, when the tourist travel is heaviest, but it is a consolation to know that the spring never fails to fill up the lake.

At Höhlenstein (Italian Landro), the valley of the Schwarze Rienz opens to the right, admitting a view of the Drei Zinnen.

In all the range of the Alps it would be hard to find a gap which reveals so much, so suddenly. We look through a dark frame of pines upon a bare world of rock. Thus seen, the Drei Zinnen look unapproachable and intangible. They seem to display more than the usual exclusiveness of the Dolomites, and long after the sun has left Landro, and

THE DÜRRENSEE AND MONTE CRISTALLO

the valley is dark, the Drei Zinnen continue to glow and to retreat into a world of their own, where they reflect the glory of something we cannot see.

And so through uninhabited stretches of dark forests, springing from a white soil, the great Ampezzo road passes by the lake of Toblach, and finds an outlet in the green Pusterthal. Cadore at one end, Toblach at the other, and Cortina in the middle! The road winds its long arms from the Latin to the Teuton. It proclaims their brotherhood, and pleads for the unity of the human race.

Lake Misurina — Tre Croci Pass

Lake Misurina is not large, but it reflects the Drei Zinnen somewhat as the Dürrensee does the Cristallo group. It is shallow, and well stocked with trout, but those who ought to know, say that the fish are very wary.

The road passes an *alp* with a large herd of cattle, and presently plunges once more into the solemn pines. The walk from Lake Misurina to the Tre Croci Pass is like a promenade in a park. Every foot of ground seems cared for, every tree nursed to maturity.

The Tre Croci Pass is a depression be-

tween Sorapis and Cristallo, and derives its name from three wooden crosses. A cool breeze generally draws through the depression in summer, and sighs in the surrounding larch woods. Across the resplendent plain, in which Cortina lies unseen, wayward shreds of cloud crawl close to the precipices of Tofana. A piece of snow-crowned Marmolata shows between the Torre di Averau and Nuvolau. The Cristallo peaks on the right stand out clear and clean-cut against the sky.

The Valley of Silver and Gold

The Valbona may very properly be called the Valley of Silver and Gold on account of the names Argentiera (Latin *argentum,* silver), and Auronzo (Latin *aurum,* gold), which occur there.

As though to emphasize the metallic character of this valley, the big road down into Valbona is called the *Erzstrasse,* or the Mineral Road, because it was constructed to serve the mines.

As the Ampezzo valley offers many objects for our admiration, so the Valbona possesses only a few intensely beautiful objects to hold our attention. Chief among these are the

astounding peaks, the truly terrific towers that loom up in a circle above the forests. The forest of San Marco is a touch of Venice in the wilderness. This is a forest of larch-trees which the Republic of Cadore presented to its ally the Republic of Venice in 1463. Ever since then the San Marco trees have supplied timber for ship-building at Venice. Beyond the forest of San Marco the Mineral Road comes out upon Miniera Argentiera, where mining shafts have laid bare the mountainside and made the torrent of the Ansiei run brown with the washing of the ore. There are great mounds, slopes and terraces of reddish earth. The miners swarm into the shafts and the wooden sheds. The whole is a monster ant-hill in the forest. Although the name Argentiera is still retained, lead and zinc only are now extracted, but the remarkable vitality of this mine may be appreciated, when we remember that it was already famous in the tenth century, and has been worked at intervals ever since.

The range of the Marmarole on the right hand becomes more and more dominant as we progress, and presently we reach the straggling series of villages known collectively as

Auronzo, "the golden town," and the most populous aggregation in Cadore.

The surrounding mountains are on a vast scale, high and rugged, but they show themselves to best advantage when you draw away from Auronzo itself.

Villa Grande, one of the villages of the series, seems really less of a place than Villa Piccola.

There is no doubt that the wooden houses, which have survived the fires of late years, are interesting to a degree. They represent a bold type of wood and stone architecture which is exceedingly effective. The wood of the superstructure is burned a rich chocolate brown, almost black, by the sun, and this forms a striking contrast to the white mortar of the substructure. The truth is the old Cadore houses show the influence both of Romance and Teutonic conditions. They stand in the borderland. They partake of mountain and plain, of forest and quarry. Wooden balconies and wooden shingles surmount vaulted Romanesque doorways, and in the interior you will often find behind the hearth a space furnished with seats.

The costume of the women is sober. They wear dark dresses, and the invariable fazzo-

letto, or kerchief, is of dark brown, the ends being left to flap at the side or back of the head. Instead of heavy mountain shoes, they wear felt slippers.

Over the Monte Croce Pass

From Auronzo there is a drive by Gogna to Tre Ponte. Here is to be seen a most curious as well as graceful piece of construction. Imagine three roads meeting in a triple bridge, the arches resting on a central pier, and the whole forming three obtuse angles over the torrents of Ansiei, Piave, and over a dry gorge. This position has always had strong strategic capabilities, and there was successful fighting here by the natives against Maximilian's invaders in 1508-09, and against the Austrians in 1866.

The Piave valley to Pieve di Cadore is rich in lights and shades, and full of a majestic, classic quality, but a wonderful road turns the corner and goes up-stream to San Stefano through a gorge which deserves to rank with the Canale di Brenta among the wonders of the Dolomites. To fitly describe this gorge one would need to piece together the strongest adjectives that denote profun-

dity and seclusion, the mountains rise so sheer and gray, on either hand; and the opening worn by the Piave is so narrow, and looks so impenetrable. Yet the Italians have built a road there, that winds along for six miles, now crawling close to the cliffs, and now piercing them with tunnels, until open ground is reached shortly before San Stefano.

Looking up from San Stefano one can see afar off and high up a row of houses long-drawn across a slope of more than usual brilliancy. When the afternoon sun throws a glow over the picture, the houses at this distance look stately and very white, and the place well deserves its name of Candide. From Candide San Nicolo and San Stefano are seen in the plain. The sombre Dolomites are contrasted with the vivid green slopes. The peasants mount homeward-bound from their work, and nature is soothed and refreshed by the setting sun.

The Monte Croce Pass is an easy affair, though rather long and tedious.

The way to Innichen lies through the Sexten valley and Moos. The Fischeleinthal opens on the left, barred by forts, and the jagged Drei Schuster Spitzen throne above.

Then presently the Pusterthal looms into

view and Innichen is discovered reposing quietly on the edge of its green fields. The railroad-track reminds us that we are once more in touch with the world of the lowlands, and that the repose of the Alps must now become for us a treasured memory.

It will be a happy consummation if we can feel that the Crown Land Tyrol has benefited in some measure by our visit, even if but a little; that our admiration and appreciation of beauty and goodness, and our gratitude for services rendered may have lightened the burden of some peasant climbing into the heights, strengthened some stooping back in the fields or on the slopes, rendered the household work of the women happier in the lonely huts, the play of the children freer, and the song of the people truer, better, and sweeter.

Thus may mountain, stream, and valley receive a benison; the lakes and waterfalls rejoice greatly, and the very glaciers bristle less threateningly by reason of the melting influence of kindliness and good cheer.

THE END.

INDEX

Abel, Bernhard and Arnold, 20.
Absam, 57.
Achensee, 66, 76-79.
Adamello, The, 175, 257.
Adelbert, Count of Tyrol, 191.
Adige River (Etsch), 168, 249.
Adige Valley, 248, 249, 251, 252.
Adriatic, 222, 250.
Aguntum, 97, 98.
Ala, 249.
Albrecht III., Duke of Austria, 150.
Alle Sarche, 253.
Alm, xii., xiii., 68-75.
Alpine Club, German and Austrian, 13, 170, 223, 229, 231, 232, 308.
Alpine climbing, 223-226.
Alps, vii., 5, 8, 53-55.
Ambras Castle, 36-38, 40.
Ampezzo Valley, 107.
Ampezzo Road, 281, 297, 301.
Andechs, Counts of, 11, 36, 310-313.
Anne of Brittany, 25.
Ansiei River, 315, 317.
Antelao, The, 297, 301-302.
Aquila Nera (Cortina), 298.
Aquileia, 97, 305.
Architecture, domestic, xiv.-xv., 316.
Arco, 251, 253, 254.
Argentiera, 315.
Arlberg, The, 45, 51.
Arthur of England, statue, 16-17.
Arvay, R. V., 170.
Asiago, 269, 270, 271, 273, 276.
Aspern, Battle of, 203.
Assa, Val d', 265, 266.
Auersperg, Prince, 88.
Augsburg, 40, 242.
Augusta Vindelicorum (Augsburg), 97.
Austria, 5, 45, 51, 52, 99, 184, 191, 201, 203, 204, 206, 207, 208, 214, 239, 243, 257, 263, 265, 286, 296.
Auronzo, 316, 317.
Ausuganea, 256.
Avisio River, 292.

Ball, 282; Cima di, 288.
Barlow, Henry Clark, 248.
Bassano, 265, 282.
Bavarians, 7, 201, 202, 208.
Beck, Leonhard, 30-31.
Becco di Mezzodi, The, 297.
Belluno, 265, 282.
Beru, 3, 273.
Bezau, 47, 48, 49.
Bianca, Maria Sforza, 10, 18, 26.
Biener, Chancellor Wilhelm, 66.
Big Rock, The, 287.
Bisson, General, 214.

Index

Black Sea, 222.
Blumau, 169.
Boeheim, Wendelin, 39.
Boite River, 301, 310.
Bona, Val, 314-317.
Bonato, 272, 285.
Borgo, 256, 262.
Bormio (Worms), 233-235.
Botestagna (Peutelstein), 311.
Bozen, 157-166.
Bregenz, 46.
Bregenzerwald, 47.
Brenner Route, 5, 33, 89-93, 98, 143, 159, 187, 264-265.
Brenta River, 250, 284-285.
Bretterwand, The, 111.
Brixen, Bishops of, 190.
Brixlegg, 65, 66.
Brocchi, G. B., 292, 293.
Broussier, General, 104-105.
Bruneck, 100-103.
Buco di Vela, 253.
Buon Consiglio, Castello del (Trent), 239.
Burgkmair, Hans, 30.
Buxton, H. E., 227, 232.

Cadore, 275, 301-307, 315.
Caldonazzo, Lake, 250, 260.
Calliano, Battle of, 240.
Candide, 318.
Canopi (Knappen), 258-259, 289.
Carinthia, 97, 109.
Carson, F. H., 170.
Cassian, St., 308-309.
Castelbarco, Guglielmo, 248; Counts of, 251.
Castelbell (Castle), 218.
Castello Pass (Valparola Joch), 308.
Caxton, William, 180.
Celtic, 141.
Charlemagne, 218.
Charles, Archduke of Austria, 198, 203.
Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, 18, 22, 28.
Charles VIII. of France, 25, 26, 27.
Charles V., Emperor of Germany, 244, 304.
Christina, St., 141.
Churburg Castle, 220.
Cimbro Dialect, 265-266, 269, 271-274.
Cimon della Pala, The, 287, 290.
Cinque Torri, The, 297.
Cismone River, 286.
Civezzano, 257.
Coburg, Duke of, 77.
Colfosco, 310.
Colin, Alexandre, 20.
Conrad II., Emperor of Germany, 256.
Cortina di Ampezzo, 29, 296-300, 310, 314.
Corvara, 308-310.
Costume, vi., vii., 5, 6, 84-85, 110, 165, 191-196, 298, 316-317.
Council of Trent, The, 243-246.
Counter Reformation, 245.
Coursen, Charlotte H., 147-149.
Crepa, The, 297.
Cristallo group, 297, 312, 313, 314; Monte, 107, 171.
Croda di Formin, The, 297.

Dante in the Trentino, 247-255; statue, 240, 247.
Danube, 45, 56.
Defregger, 12-13, 113-127.
Delagothurm, 170.
Democracy, 48.
Dodici range, 261, 265.
Dolomieu, 282.
Dolomites, 107, 109, 140, 142, 143, 170, 264, 265, 278-283, 287, 290, 296, 310.
Dörcher, 220.
Dornauberg-Klamm, 86.
Doss Trento, 242.

Drama, popular, Brixlegg, 66; Meran, 188-189, 197.
Drau River, 106.
Dreischusterspitze, 109, 235.
Dreisprachenspitze, 109, 235.
Drei Zinnen, 312-313.
Dro, 254.
Dürer, Albrecht, 22, 30-31.
Dürrensee, 171, 312, 313.

Eben, 78.
Edwards, Amelia B., 134, 282, 288.
Eggenthal, 169.
Eisack River, 158.
Eisack Valley, 129.
Eleonora of Scotland, 187-188.
Engadine, 51.
Enneberg Valley, 309.
Eppan Castle, 174.
Etruscan, 141, 191.
Etsch, League on the, 152.
Etsch River (Adige), 158, 218.
Etsch Valley, 158, 222.

Fallmerayer, 129-133.
Falzarego Road, 308.
Fassa, Val, 171, 292, 294.
Feldkirch, 51.
Feltre, 282.
Ferdinand of Aragon, 19, 25, 27.
Ferdinand, Archduke, 40.
Ferdinand Karl, Archduke, 40, 58.
Ferdinandeum Museum (Innsbruck), 5, 11, 39.
Fersina River, 257.
Fiera di Primiero, 286, 287.
Fierozzo, Val (dei Mocheni), 259, 260.
Finstermünz, 52, 159.
Fischburg Castle, 142.
Fischeleinboden, 109.
Fischeleinthal, 318.
Floitenthal, 88.
Föhn, 89-90.
Fornace, 259.
Francis I., Emperor of Austria, 64.
Francis I., Emperor of Germany, 6.
Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, 34.
Frankfort National Assembly, 132-133.
Franks, 256.
Franzensfeste, 98.
Frau Hitt, 5.
Frederick IV., King of Denmark and Norway, 271.
Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, 146.
Frederick III., Emperor of Germany, 19, 24.
Frederick "With the Empty Pockets," 9, 11, 19, 183, 187.
French, 7, 99-100, 104, 105, 202, 206, 208, 210-216, 257, 297.
Frescoes of Runkelstein Castle, 178-185.
Fügen, 81.

Gaisstein, 71.
Game, xi.
Garda, Lake, 251-252, 253, 254.
Geislerspitzen, 140.
Georgenberg, St., 65.
Gerlos, 85.
German Empire, 190, 218.
German language, 309, 310, 311-312.
Germany, 5, 52.
Ghedina, Giuseppe, 303.
Gilbert and Churchill, 282.
Gilm, Hermann von, 7, 102-104.
Ginzling, 86-88.
Glurns, 221.
Gnadenwald, 61.
Godl, Stephan, 20.
Gogna, 317.

Index

Golden Roof (Innsbruck), 9-10.
Gomagoi, 228, 232-233.
Gossensass, 99.
Goths, 256.
Gottfried von Strassburg, 147, 178.
Greifenstein Castle, 174.
Gries, 172.
Gröden Valley, 134-142, 144.
Grohmann, Baillie, 66.
Gross Glockner, 70, 110, 230.
Gross Venediger, 70, 110.
Gsieserthal, 105.
Guntschnaberg, 167.

Habsburg, 18, 21, 29, 46, 47, 151, 152, 191.
Hafelekar, 5.
Hall, 55.
Haspinger, Joachim, 105-106, 198, 204, 209.
Henry VIII. of England, 27-28.
Herzog Friedrichstrasse (Innsbruck), 8.
Hilliers, Baron d', 211, 212.
Hitt, Miss, 227.
Hofburg (Innsbruck), 11, 37.
Hofer, Andreas, tomb, 15; statue, 33-34, 197-216.
Hofkirche (Innsbruck), 4-5, 15-20; tablets, 22-29; Silver Chapel, 44.
Hohenschwangau Castle, 152.
Hohe Salve, 70.
Höhlenstein (Landro), 312.
Hollauer, 33.
Huard, 213.
Humboldt, Alexander von, 282, 293.
Hungary, 25, 28.

Imst, 52.
Inn River, 3, 5, 52, 53, 56.
Inn Valley, 4, 33, 53-55, 70, 79, 222.
Innichen, 97, 98, 108-109, 318, 319.
Inns, ix., x.
Innsbruck, 3-14, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206.
Interlaken, 3.
Isel, Berg, 4, 13-14, 33-34, 202-203, 206.
Iselthal, 111.
Italian language, 243, 260, 310.
Italians, 257.
Italy, 233, 263, 264, 301.

James I. of Scotland, 187.
Jaufen Pass, 200, 201, 209, 211.
Jenbach, 65.
Jenesien, 164, 173.
Johann, St., in Tyrol, 74.
John, Archduke of Austria, 198, 203, 208, 209.
Joubert, General, 99.
Juval Castle, 218.

Kaisergebirge, 4, 70.
Kardaun, 169.
Karersee, 171.
Karneid Castle, 174.
Kaufmann, Angelika, 48-50.
Kitzbühel, 68, 70.
Kitzbühelhorn, 68, 71.
Klausen, 144.
Klotz, 60.
Königspitze, The, 228, 232.
Kreuzberg Pass, 109.
Kropfsberg Castle, 66.
Küchelberg, The, 189; Battle of, 210.
Kufstein, 4, 66-67, 202.

Laas, 219.
Laaserthal, 219.
Ladin, 141, 309-310.
Lagarina, Val, 248.
Lagazuoi, The, 308.
Landeck, 50.
Landesfürstliche Burg (Meran), 187.

Landhaus (Innsbruck), 7.
Landro (Höhlenstein), 312.
Landtag, 7, 45.
Langenthal, 142.
Langkofel, 135, 140, 142.
Latemar, The, 174, 293.
Latin, 141, 175, 229, 309.
Latsch, 218.
Lebenbacher, Friedrich, 185.
Lefebre, Marshal, 202, 203, 204, 205.
Lendenstreich, Hans, 19.
Lengmoos, 173.
Leonhard, St., 211.
Leopold, Archduke, 6.
Leopold III., Duke of Austria, 19.
Levico, 261, 266.
Levico, Lake, 250.
Leuthold von Säben, 144.
Lichtenberg Castle, 221.
Lichtwer Castle, 66.
Liechtenstein, 45, 50-51.
Lienz, vii., 109-110.
Lizzana Castle, 248-249, 251.
Lombardy, 230.
Lombroso, 306-307.
Longobards, 256.
Loppio Pass, 251, 253, 254.
Lorenz, Dr. H., 170.
Louis XI. of France, 22, 25, 26.
Luzern, 3.

Maierhofen, 80, 86.
Malory, Sir Thomas, 178, 180.
Mals, 221.
Malserheide, 221.
Mantua, 214, 215.
Margaret of Austria, 18, 26, 27.
Maria Maggiore, Santa (Trent), 239, 245.
Maria Theresa, 6, 11.
Maria Theresienstrasse, 4, 6, 7.
Marmarole range, 315.
Marmolate, The, 314.
Martellthal, 218.
Martin, St., 200, 215.
Martino, San, di Castrozzo, 289, 291.
Martinswand, 32.
Mary of Burgundy, 19, 22-24.
Matzen Castle, 66.
Maulbertsch, 11.
Maultasch, Margaretha, 184, 294.
Maurice of Saxony, 244.
Max, King of Bavaria, 62, 64.
Maximilian I., Emperor of Germany, 9-10; tomb, 15-20; life, 21-31.
Melegg, Battle of, 62.
Menador di Levico, 265.
Mendel Pass, 174.
Meran, vi., 186-196, 210, 211, 217.
Milan, 257.
Misurina, Lake, 313.
Mittelgebirge, 4, 61.
Mittersill, 69.
Mittewald, 205.
Mocheni, Val dei (Fierozzo), 259-260.
Mojsisovics, Edmund von, 227, 228, 280.
Montan, Castles of Ober and Unter, 218.
Monte Croce Pass, 286, 317, 318.
Moos, 318.
Mori, 251, 254.
Mühlau, 20.
Münzerthurm (Hall), 56.

Nago, 251, 253.
Napoleon I., 197, 202, 203, 208, 210, 214, 296, 305.
Natter, Heinrich, 33, 162-163.
Naturns, 218.
Neruda, Norman, 170.
Neu Spondinig, 220.
Nicolo, San, 318.
Nibelungenlied, 218-219.
Nuvolau, The, 297, 308, 314.

Ortler, 220, 227-233.
Ospitale, 311.
Ottoburg (Innsbruck, 11.

Palle di San Martino, 287, 289.
Paneveggio, 289, 291.
Paris, 5.
Passeier Valley, 200, 201.
Passer River, 200.
Passion Play (Brixlegg), 66.
Patscher, Kofel, The, 4.
Pavione, The, 290.
Payer, Julius von, 227, 228, 229.
Payerhütte, 228-229.
Pelmo, The, 297.
Pergine, 258-261.
Perra, 294-295.
Pertisan, 77.
Peutelstein (Botestagna), 311.
Pflerschthal, 90.
Philip I. of Spain, 18, 27.
Philippine Welser, 39-44.
Phillmore, J. S., 170.
Piave River, 250, 317-318.
Pichler, Joseph, 227, 234.
Pietra, Castello della, 287-288.
Pietra Murata, 253.
Pieve di Cadore, 281, 282, 302-305, 317.
Pine, Val, 259.
Pinzgauer Promenade, 71.
Plattkofel, The, 140.
Poli, De, 303.
Pomagognon, The, 297.
Prad, 228, 233, 234.
Predazzo, 282, 291-294.
Predis, Ambrose de, 22, 26.
Presanella, The, 175.
Primiero, 286-289.
Primolano, 263, 284-286.
Puflatsch, The, 140.
Pusterthal, 97-110, 313, 318.

Raetians, 90, 141, 143, 217, 218, 221.
Rattenberg, 66.
Raynor, G. S., 170.
Reding, Ital, 46.
Reschen Scheideck, 221-222.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 49.
Rhine, 45, 51.
Richthofen, 280.
Rienz River, 102, 106.
Rinn, 61.
Rio River, 261.
Ritten, The, 173.
Rochetta, The, 297.
Robertson, 305-306.
Rolle Pass, 289, 291.
Romance Languages, 141, 309-310.
Romans, 90, 97, 160, 173, 190, 218, 221, 242, 256.
Rome, 5, 36.
Rosa, Monte, 230.
Rosengarten, 158, 167-172.
Rosetta, The, 287.
Rosszähne, The, 140.
Rovereto, 249.
Rumer Spitze, 5.
Runkelstein Castle, 174, 177-185.

Saalfelden, 69.
Säben, 129.
Salzburg, 3, 69, 71.
Salzkammergut, vii.
Sandwirth, 200.
Sängerkrieg, 146.
Sanseverino, Roberto da, 240.
Sarca, Val, 253-255.
Sass Maor, The (Sasso Maggiore), 287.
Sasso di Stria, The, 308.
Scaliger, Bartolomeo, 248.
Scalza, Ludovico, 19.
Schaubachhütte, 232.
Schlanders, 219.
Schlern, 140, 169.
Schluderbach, 311-312.
Schluderns, 220-221.
Schmittenhöhe, 71.
Schnalserthal, 218.
Scholastika Inn, 78.

Index

Schwarze Rienz River, 312.
Schwatz, 65.
Seehof, 78.
Seespitz, 76-77, 78.
Seiser Alp, 139, 140, 266.
Sentlinger, Heinz, 182.
Serles Spitze, The (Waldrast), 4.
Sesselschreiber, Gilg, 20.
Sette Comuni, 264-277, 284.
Sextenthal, 109, 318.
Sigismund, Archduke, 18, 187, 240.
Sigmaier, Peter (Tharer Wirth), 104-105.
Sigmundskron, 174.
Sill Valley, 35.
Slavs, 97, 98.
Sorapis, The, 297, 301, 314.
Spanish Succession, War of, 7.
Speckbacher, Joseph, 61-65, 198, 204.
Speech (German), vii.-ix.
Spinges, 99-100.
Staben, 218.
Stabius, 30.
Stainer, Jacob, 57-61.
Statthalter, 45.
Stefano, San, 317, 318.
Steinhövel, Meister, 188.
Stelvio Pass, 159, 220, 230, 233-235.
Sterzing, 91-93, 201.
Steub, Dr. Ludwig, 62, 64, 99.
Stilfs (Stelvio), 234.
Strass, 80.
Strigno, 263.
Strigel, Bernhard, 22.
Stubai Valley, 33, 90.
Styria, 97.
Sugana, Val, 256-263, 284.
Sulden, 228, 229, 231-233.
Swiss Confederation, 19, 22, 28, 29, 45-47, 269.
Switzerland, xii, xv., 51.
Tabarettawände, 228, 231.
Talfer River, 158, 177.
Tartsch, 221.
Tassilo, Duke, 98.
Tauern, 70, 112.
Taufererthal, 101.
Tellina, Val, 235.
Telvana Castle, 262.
Terriolis, 190.
Tesino, Val, 263.
Teuton survival, 264-277.
Tezze, 256, 263.
Tharer Wirth (Peter Sigmaier), 104, 105.
Theodoric, King of the Goths, statue, 17.
Thurn and Taxis, 7.
Tiers, 169.
Titian, 282, 302-305.
Toblach, 106-108, 281, 310-313; Lake, 313.
Tofana, The, 297, 308, 314.
Tombione, 286.
Torbole, 251, 254, 255.
Torre di Averau, 314.
Trafoi, 228, 229, 230, 234.
Trapp, Counts of, 220.
Tra i Sassi Pass, 308.
Tratzberg, 65.
Travignolo River, 292.
Tre Croci Pass, 297, 313-314.
Tredici Comuni, 264.
Tre Ponte, 317.
Tre Sassi Pass, 297.
Trent, 239-246, 253, 254, 256, 257; Bishops of, 165, 190, 242, 256; Council of, 243-246.
Trentino and Dante, 247-255.
Trostburg Castle, 134, 150.
Tucker, C. C., 170.
Tuckett, F. H., 227, 228, 232.
Tuckettspitze, The, 227.
Tummelplatz, 35.
Tyrol, Castle of, 174, 189-191, 210; Counts of, 36, 37, 65, 187, 190, 257; Crown Land, xv., 319.

Ulrich, St., 134, 135.

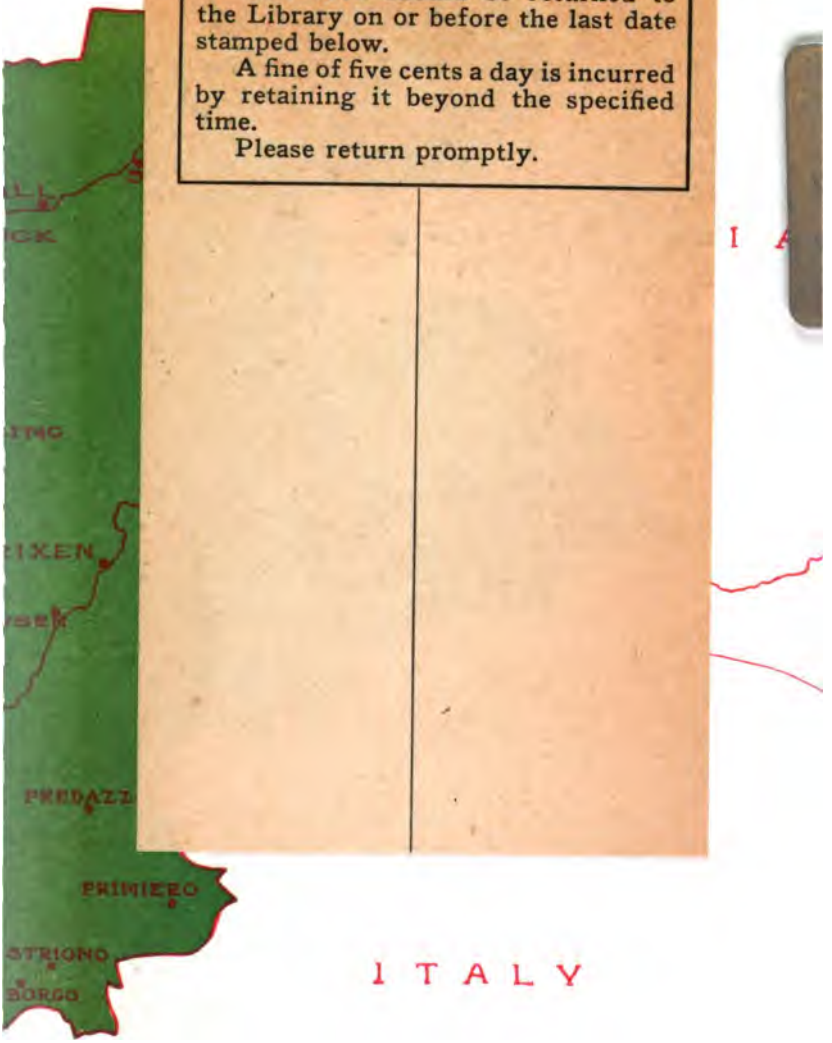
Vajolett Valley, 170-172.
Valentine, St., 221.
Valparola Joch (Castello Pass), 308.
Valstagna, 284, 285.
Van Dyke, Dr. Henry, 110, 304.
Venice, 256, 257, 270, 275-276, 281, 296, 302, 305-307, 315.
Venosti, 217.
Verona, 248, 257, 264, 273.
Vette di Feltre, The, 290.
Vézzena, 265.
Vincentin, Vicenzo, 245.
Vicenza, 264.
Viecht Abbey, 77, 78.
Vienna, 5, 25; Congress of, 64, 97; Peace of, 208-209.
Vintsgau, 159, 186, 217-222, 228, 230, 233.
Vintage, 175-176.
Vintler, Nicholas and Franz, 181; Hans, 182.
Virgil, 241.
Vischer, Peter, 17.
Vito, San, 301.
Vogelweide, Walther von der, 143-150; statue, 162.
Vorarlberg, 45.

Wagram, Battle of, 203.
Waidbruck, 134, 143, 169.
Waldrast Spitze, The (Serles), 4.
Wanga, Lords of, 181.
Weber, Beda, 218-219.
Weiherburg Castle, 32.
Weisse Knott, 234.
Weisslahn Bad, 169.
Welschland, 312.
Welsperg, Lords of, 287.
Windisch-Matrei, 110, 111-112.
Winklerthurm, 170.
Wolf, Carl, 189.
Wolkenstein, Counts of, 142; Oswald von, 150-153.
Wörgl, 66.
Worms (Bormio), 235.
Wrede, General, 202.

Zaniboni, Eugenio, 248, 252.
Zebru, The, 228.
Zell am See, 69.
Zell am Ziller, 83-85.
Zemmthal, 86.
Zernale, Bernardo, 22.
Zillerthal, vii., 66, 70, 80-86.
Zingerle, Professor Ignaz von, 62, 144.
Zotto, Antonio dal, 303.
Zürich, 3.
Zwölfmalgreien, 172-173.

GERMANY
SWITZERLAND
ITALY
ARGO

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.